McCLURE'S

Edited by Herbert Kaufman

MARCH
1921

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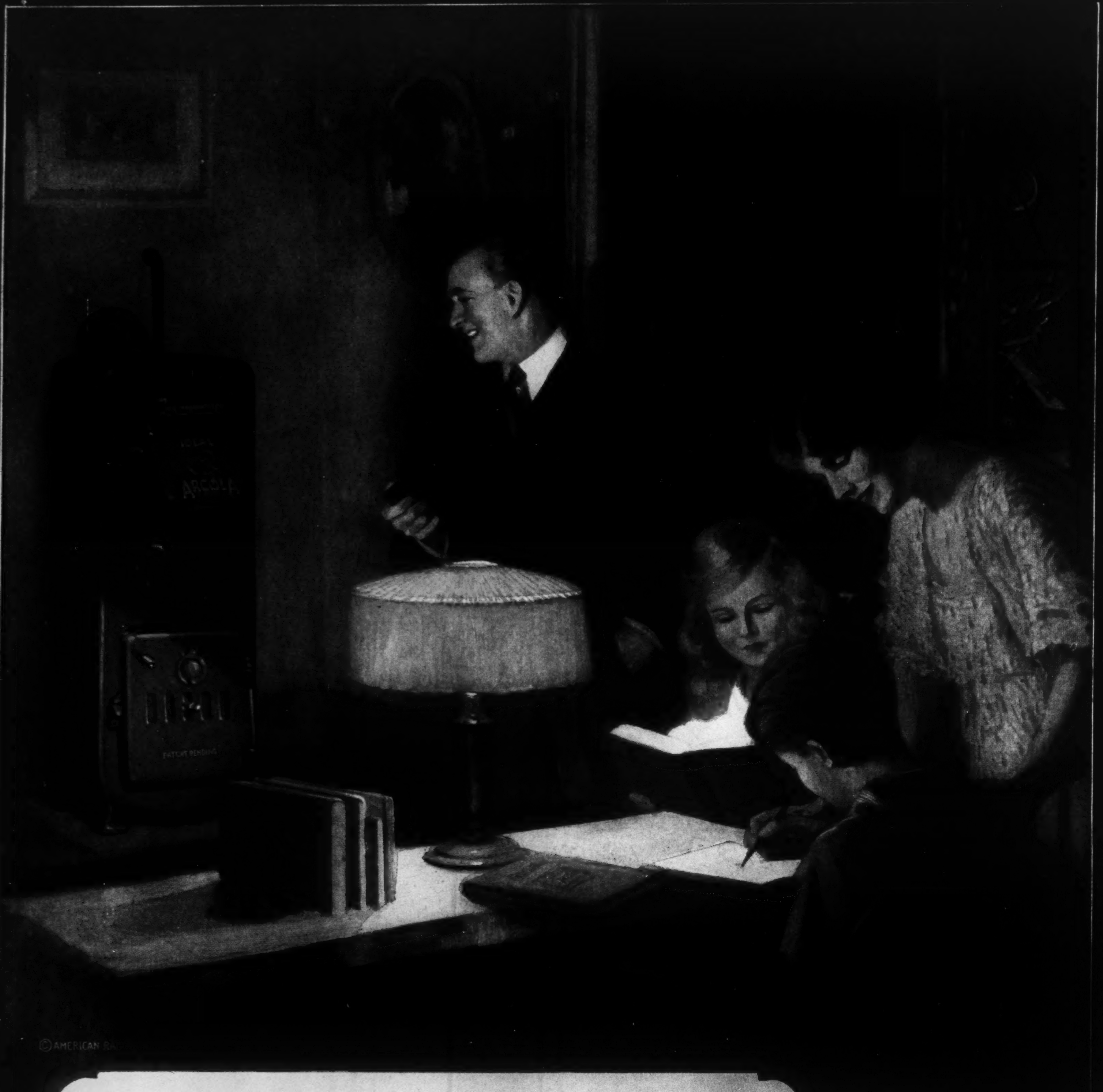
15¢

Painted by
Neysa McMein

The American Mind – Is There Something Wrong With It?

By Harvey O'Higgins



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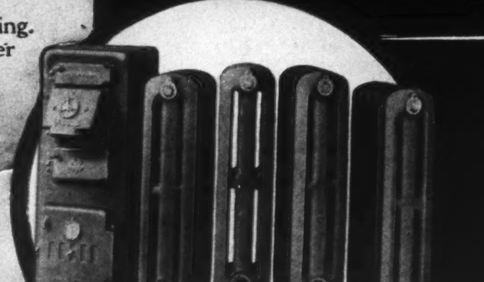

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Volume 53
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McCLURE'S

Number 3
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Looking Forward to April

"Diplomacy According to Hoyle"
by Arthur Bullard

An article that will tell you more about the workings of diplomacy than you ever knew before; it will tell you just what you would be confronted with if you were Secretary of State. It is written by a man who has been for years on the inside in the diplomatic game.

"The Keeper of the Bridge"
by Donn Byrne

Here is a prophecy: This story will be listed among the best published in 1921.

"Mark Twain as Exhibit A"
by Harvey O'Higgins

Mr. O'Higgins is dissecting the American mind — he's trying to find out if there is anything wrong with it — and he uses Mark Twain for purposes of illustration.

"The Wind in the South"
by Edgar Lloyd Hampton

Beginning of a story of the conquering of a wilderness; a vital sort of story, one that pictures America in the making, with cross currents of love, intrigue, adventure.

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by Samuel Merwin

The world loves a beautiful woman but it will find her flaws. An able bit of characterization in a story along new lines.

"Mustela of the Lone Hand"
by Charles G. D. Roberts

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by Bruno Lessing

And in addition there will be instalments of two great novels:

"The Wasted Generation"
by Owen Johnson

"The Wanderer of the Wasteland"
by Zane Grey

Also "The Life-Story of Clyde Fitch", Herbert Kaufman's Editorials and other features in

The April McClure's 15 Cents

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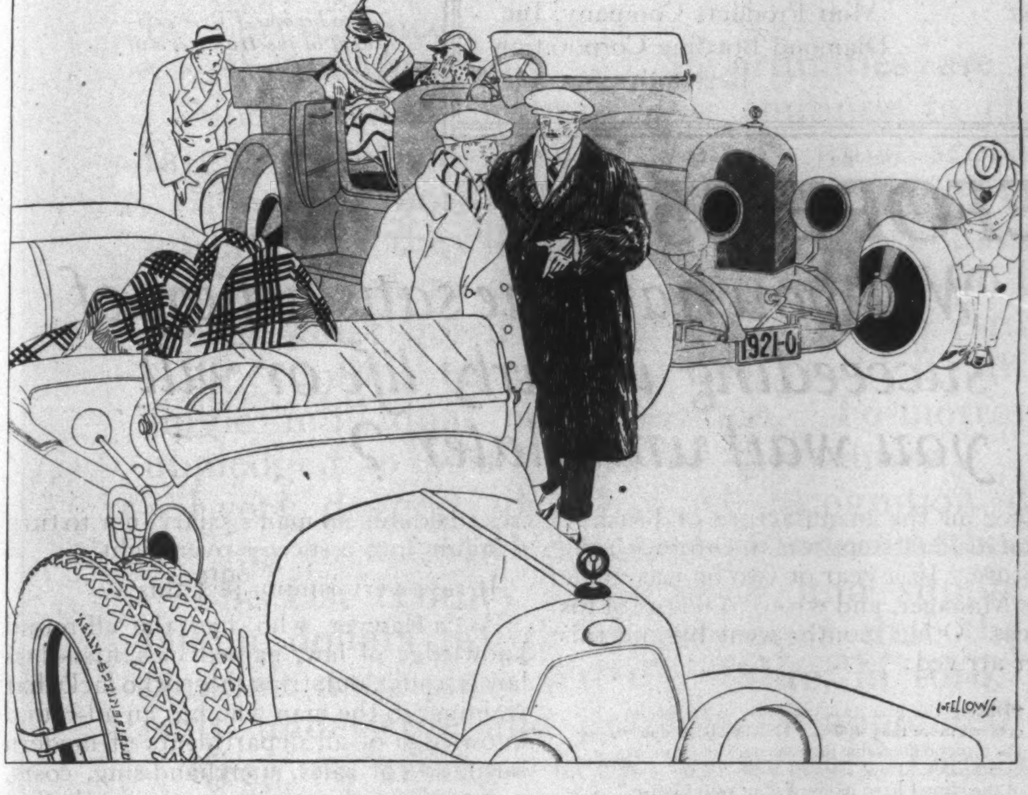
Published monthly. Entered as Second-Class Matter, February 19, 1917, at the Post Office at New York, under the Act of March 3, 1879. Entered as Second-Class Matter at the Post Office Department, Canada. Entered at Stationer's Hall, London. Copyright, 1921, by McClure's Magazine, New York, 25 West 44th Street, New York. All dramatic, moving picture, and other reproduction rights reserved. Subscription terms: In the United States, Mexico, Cuba, and American Possessions, $1.65 per year. In Canada, $2.00 per year. In all other countries in the Postal Union, $2.65 per year. An order blank with the magazine is notice that your subscription has expired. The Editor assumes no responsibility for unsolicited manuscripts, but he will use all due care while they are in his hands.

McClure's Magazine, Inc., 25 West 44th St., New York



$250.00 Prize Contest

This picture is an advertising illustration. It is similar to the pictures that have been used in like advertisements during the past year. Do you know what well-known product it advertises? If you do, you may win $250.00

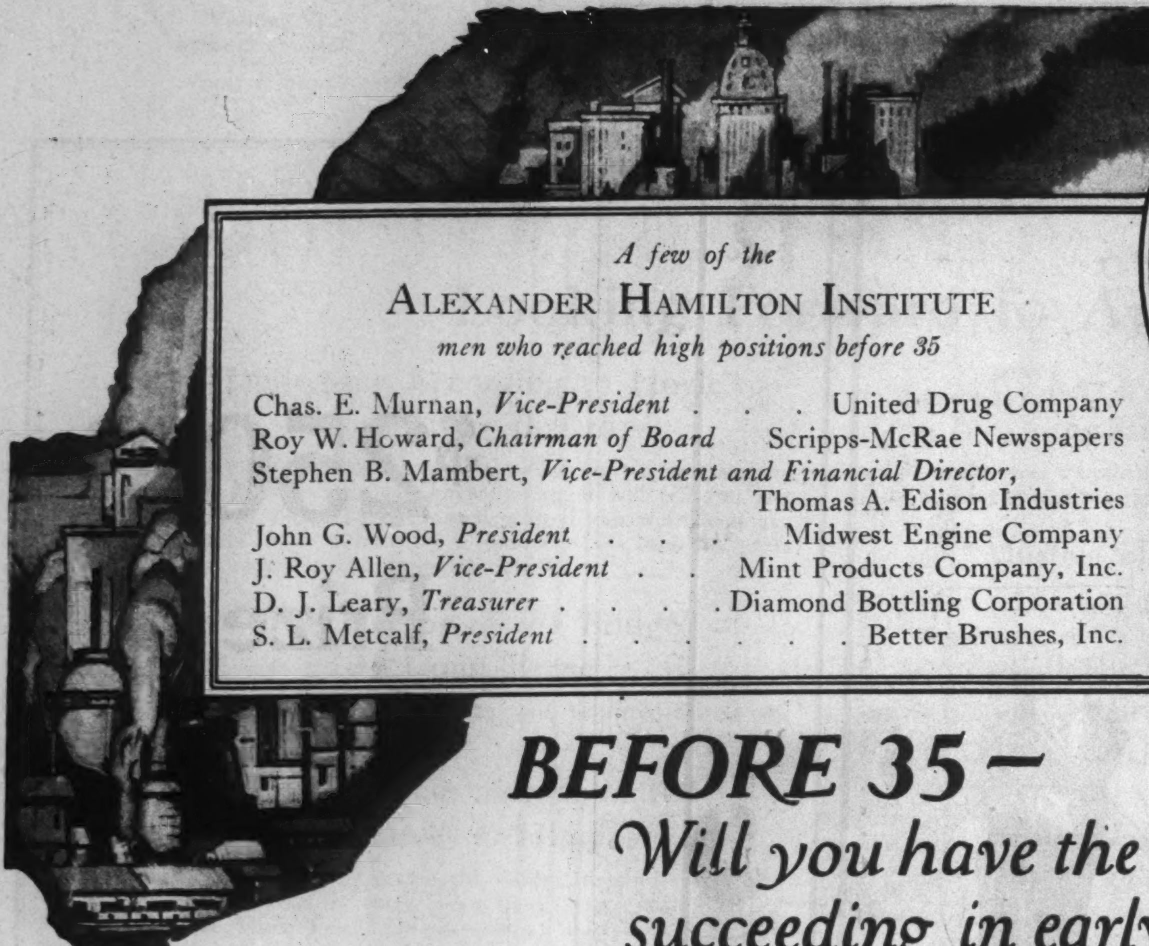
Read the Conditions Below

To complete this advertisement we need a dialogue or monologue of not over 35 words which will represent the conversation of the characters in the picture and will bring out some desirable feature of the product advertised.

What are the people in this picture saying? For the most apt and most cleverly worded dialogue or monologue that completes this advertisement and that is submitted to us by May 15, 1921, we will pay $250.

Any one may enter this contest except professional advertising writers. Should the winning advertisement be submitted in identical wording by more than one person, each will be paid $250. The prize-winning answer together with the name and address of the winner will appear in the *September* issue of this magazine. However, a check will be mailed to the winner as soon as the contest can be decided.

CONTEST EDITOR, 16th Floor, 150 Madison Avenue, New York



A few of the

ALEXANDER HAMILTON INSTITUTE

men who reached high positions before 35

Chas. E. Murnan, *Vice-President*	United Drug Company
Roy W. Howard, *Chairman of Board*	Scripps-McRae Newspapers
Stephen B. Mambert, *Vice-President and Financial Director,*	Thomas A. Edison Industries
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J. Roy Allen, *Vice-President*	Mint Products Company, Inc.
D. J. Leary, *Treasurer*	Diamond Bottling Corporation
S. L. Metcalf, *President*	Better Brushes, Inc.

Norman W. Wilson, who became Vice-President of the Hammermill Paper Company at 29.

BEFORE 35—
Will you have the satisfaction of succeeding in early life or will you wait until later?

THE letters of Norman W. Wilson show pretty clearly just what it is that the Alexander Hamilton Institute can do for a man.

To say that the Modern Business Course and Service *made* such a man would be absurd. The Hammermill Paper Company is one of the great companies of its kind; and Mr. Wilson was a marked man in the organization long before the Institute ever entered his life.

But because he had the vision that comes with an all-round knowledge of every department of business he was able to reach a high place in the business world at an age when most men are still gathering experience in the hard school of dull routine.

He became Vice-President at twenty-nine; and this is his tribute to the Modern Business Course and Service:

> "Every moment's time I have devoted to it has been well rewarded. I want you to know what a high regard I have for the work you are doing and to know that I make it a point to encourage our people here to study your Course."

Another whose salary increased 400% in two years

IN Hartford, Connecticut, S. L. Metcalf went to work with a big concern engaged in the manufacture of brushes. One of his first steps was to enrol with the Institute. In a year or two he was made Sales Manager, and wrote to tell us of his success. Other months went by and this letter arrived:

> "During the past two years my salary has increased more than 400%. This has been due to the rather remarkable increase our Company has had in sales. These sales are indirectly the result of the ideas I have received from your Course."

Mr. Metcalf is now the head of his own business as President of Better Brushes, Inc., at Palmer, Mass.

They save the wasted years

AT the top of this page are seven names, picked out of thousands. Names of men who have experienced the joy of succeeding while they are still young; who put their financial and business worries behind them early, and have before them a long period of enjoyment of the fruits of success.

If you have read the Alexander Hamilton Institute's advertisements carefully you have noted their freedom from exaggerated claims. The Institute promises to double no man's salary, nor to turn a failure into a success over night.

It says very simply just this:

As a lawyer who has the all-round knowledge of law, gained in a first-class law training, outstrips those who lack that training, so the man who has an all-round knowledge of all departments of modern business—of sales, merchandising, costs, accounting, advertising, factory and office management, corporation finance—outstrips the man who gets his training only by the slow processes of experience.

The Institute *can* and *does* shorten the path of men to the larger opportunities in business; it can and does save the years that so many men waste in dull routine. And in proof of this fact it cites the examples of the men quoted above, and of thousands of others of the same type.

"Forging Ahead in Business"

IN this single month more men will enrol with the Institute than enrolled during the first full year of its existence. The knowledge of its training spreads fast; it has no need to argue or exert pressure.

The facts, with the answers to all your questions, are contained in a 116-page book, "Forging Ahead in Business," and there is a copy for every thoughtful reader of this magazine; send for your copy today.

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Volume 53
Number 3

McCLURE'S

MARCH 1921

Failure, the Range-Finder

by Herbert Kaufman

FAILURE is a range-finder. Few men have managed to hit a great mark without first missing a lot of little ones. Success is mainly the habit of self-correction. Prominence isn't born in a hurry. Wherever leadership survives, it has justified itself by performance.

All vital positions and opportunities are under constant challenge.

Nobody and nothing can continue to cheat the balance sheet, the target on which all effort finally must score.

If you're not making headway, you're making errors. Find your mistakes or they'll find you. If you believe you've done your best, you've begun to do your worst. Folk who believe that they can't improve, won't get farther than their own estimates.

The unfinished work of the world is far beyond the capacity of a single individual or generation. To-morrow is always a fresh job, unpledged to past genius or shrewdness.

Every dogged idea has its recognition day. Time and place are waiting to acknowledge any sounder method than we now know.

The last century found room and supplied capital for a thousand billion dollars' worth of industries that the preceding hundred years couldn't anticipate, and the future, in turn, will as promptly and lavishly underwrite and promote its appointed share of progress.

Keep on trying—keep on vying. Demerit can't escape detection: ability is invincible. No one is too important to be displaced, but by the same token, those who *do* remain dominant are measuring up to responsibility—they wouldn't last if they weren't still first in their respective fields.

If you are better than any of our present bests, you'll inevitably prove it. But no group of soreheads can wrest control of affairs from the hardheads who, generation by generation, brought America from wilderness to world power, by protecting workers from shirkers—by keeping the road to the top an open thoroughfare for talent and tenacity.

There *is* favoritism in these United States and it belongs to competence: there *is* prejudice, we're against non-producers and we despise quitters.

We *have* a capitalist class and the meanest-birthed immigrant within our gates is eligible to join it. There *are* merchant princes and captains of industries in this country and they and their fathers graduated into influence and affluence from farm and steerage—as you and your children may do with equal judgment and energy. This is the land of chances—but of *fighting* chances: fail on and learn to win here, too.

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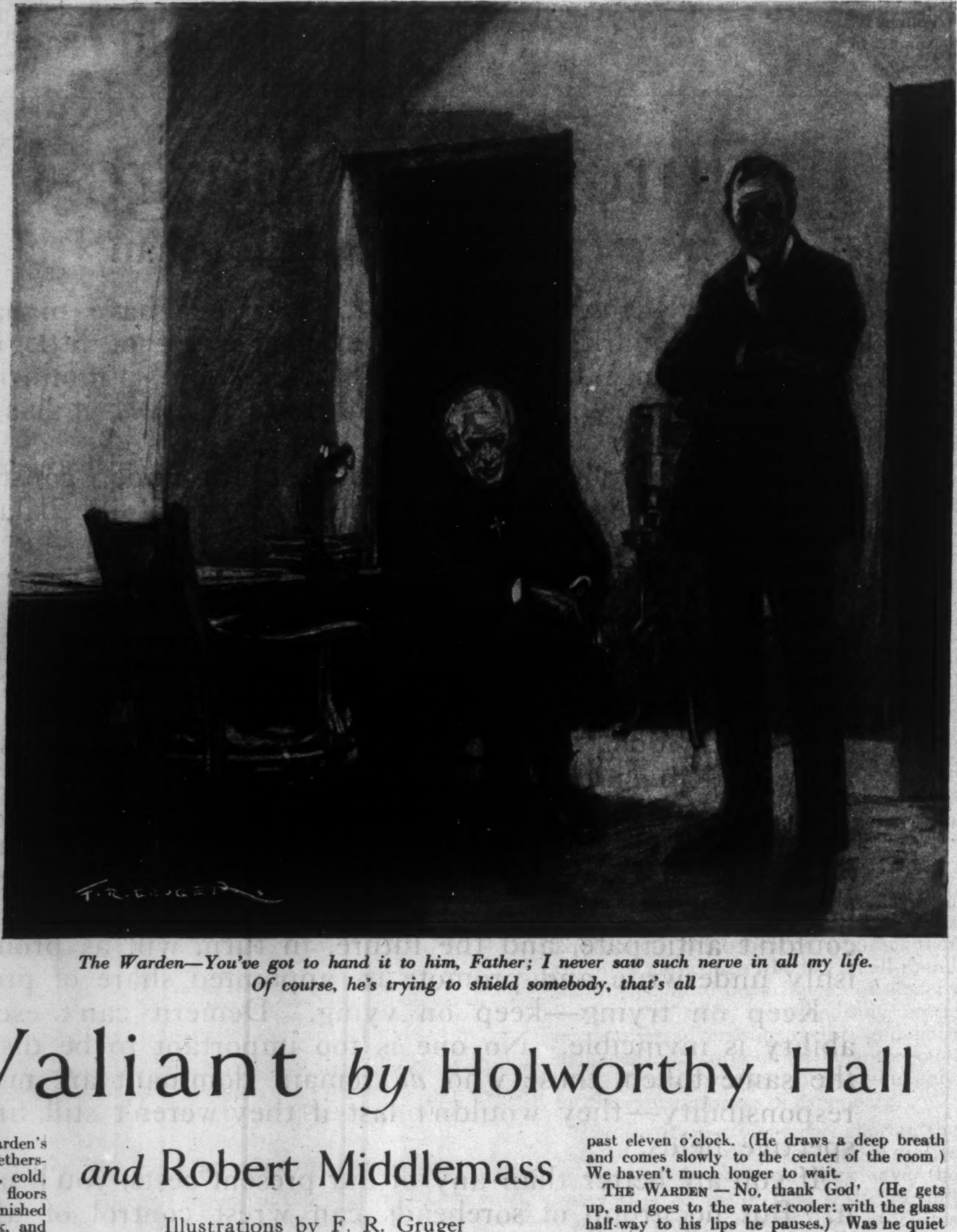
There's Something Fine in a Man Who, Facing Death, Can Still Be a Good Sportsman



The Warden—You've got to hand it to him, Father; I never saw such nerve in all my life. Of course, he's trying to shield somebody, that's all

The Valiant *by* Holworthy Hall *and* Robert Middlemass

Illustrations by F. R. Gruger

THE curtain rises upon the Warden's office in the State's Prison at Wethersfield, Connecticut. It is a large, cold, unfriendly apartment, with bare floors and staring, whitewashed walls; it is furnished only with the Warden's flat-topped desk, and swivel-chair, with a few straight-backed chairs, one beside the desk and others against the walls, with a water-cooler and an eight-day clock. On the Warden's desk is a telephone instrument, a row of electric push-buttons, and a bundle of forty or fifty letters. At the back of the room are two large windows, crossed with heavy bars; at the left there is a door to an anteroom, and at the right there are two doors, of which the more distant leads to the office of the deputy warden, and the nearer is seldom used.

Warden Holt, dressed in a dark brown sack suit, with a negligée shirt and black string-tie, carelessly knotted in a bow, is seated at his desk, reflectively smoking a long, thin cigar. He is verging toward sixty, and his responsibilities have printed themselves in italics upon his countenance. His brown hair, and bushy eyebrows are heavily shot with gray; there is a deep parenthesis of wrinkles at the corners of his mouth and innumerable fine lines about his eyes. His bearing indicates that he is accustomed to rank as a despot, and yet his expression is far from that of an unreasoning tyrant. He is no sentimentalist, but he believes that in each of us there is a constant oscillation of good and evil; and that all evil should justly be punished in this world, and that all good should generously be rewarded — in the next.

Behind the Warden, the prison chaplain stands at one of the barred windows, gazing steadily out into the night. Father Daly is a slender, white-haired priest of somewhat more than middle age; he is dressed in slightly shabby clericals. His face is calm, intellectual and inspiring; but just at this moment, it gives evidence of a peculiar depression.

The Warden blows a cloud of smoke to the ceiling, inspects the cigar critically, drums on the desk, and finally peers over his shoulder at the chaplain. He clears his throat and speaks brusquely.

THE WARDEN — Has it started to rain?

FATHER DALY (answers without turning) — Yes, it has.

THE WARDEN — (glaring at his cigar and impatiently tossing it aside) It *would* rain to-night. (His tone is vaguely resentful, as though the weather had added a needless fraction to his impatience.)

FATHER DALY — (glances at a big silver watch) It's past eleven o'clock. (He draws a deep breath and comes slowly to the center of the room.) We haven't much longer to wait.

THE WARDEN — No, thank God! (He gets up, and goes to the water-cooler: with the glass half-way to his lips he pauses.) Was he quiet when you left him?

FATHER DALY — (a trifle abstracted) Yes; yes, he was perfectly calm and I believe he'll stay so to the very end.

THE WARDEN — (finishes his drink, comes back to his desk, and lights a fresh cigar) You've got to hand it to him, Father; I never saw such nerve in all my life. It isn't bluff, and it isn't a trance, either, like some of 'em have — it's plain nerve. You've certainly got to hand it to him. (He shakes his head in frank admiration.)

FATHER DALY — (sorrowfully) That's the pity of it — that a man with all his courage hasn't a better use for it. Even now, it's very difficult for me to reconcile his character, as I see it, with what we know he's done.

THE WARDEN — (continues to shake his head) He's got my goat, all right.

FATHER DALY — (with a slight grimace) Yes, and he's got mine, too.

THE WARDEN — When he sent for you to-night, I hoped he was going to talk.

FATHER DALY — He did talk, very freely.

THE WARDEN — What about?

FATHER DALY — (smiles faintly, and sits beside the desk) Most everything.

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The Warden — (looks up quickly) Himself?

Father Daly — No. That seems to be the only subject he isn't interested in.

The Warden — (sits up to his desk, and leans upon it with both elbows) He still won't give you any hint about who he really is?

Father Daly — Not the slightest. He doesn't intend to either. He intends to die as a man of mystery to us. Sometimes I wonder if he isn't just as much of a mystery to himself.

The Warden — Oh, he's trying to shield somebody, that's all. James Dyke isn't his right name — we know that; and we know all the rest of his story's a fake, too. Well, where's his motive? I'll tell you where it is; it's to keep his family and his friends, wherever they are, from knowing what's happened to him. Lots of 'em have the same idea, but I never knew one to carry it as far as this, before. You've certainly got to hand it to him. All we know is that we've got a man under sentence; and we don't know who he is, or where he comes from, or anything else about him, any more than we did four months ago.

Father Daly — It takes moral courage for a man to shut himself away from his family and his friends like that. They could have comforted him.

The Warden — Not necessarily. What time is it?

Father Daly — Half-past eleven.

The Warden — (rises and walks over to peer out of one of the barred windows) I guess I'm getting too old for this sort of thing. A necktie party didn't use to bother me so much; but every time one comes along nowadays, I've got the blue devils beforehand and afterward. And this one is just about the limit.

Father Daly — It certainly isn't a pleasant duty even with the worst of them.

The Warden — (wheels back abruptly) But what gets *me* is why I should hate this one more than any of the others. The boy is guilty as hell.

Father Daly — Yes, he killed a man. "Wilfully, feloniously, and with malice aforethought."

The Warden — And he pleaded guilty. So he deserves just what he's going to get.

Father Daly — That is the law. But has it ever occurred to you, Warden, that every now and then when a criminal behaves in a rather gentlemanly fashion to us, we instinctively think of him as just a little less of a criminal?

The Warden — Yes, it has. But, all the same, this front of his makes me as nervous as the devil. He pleaded guilty, all right, but he don't *act* guilty. I feel just as if to-night I was going to do something every bit as criminal as he did. I can't help it. And when I get to feeling like that, why, I guess it's pretty nearly time I sent in my resignation.

Father Daly — (reflectively) His whole attitude has been very remarkable. Why, only a few minutes ago I found myself comparing it with the fortitude that the Christian martyrs carried to their death, and yet——

The Warden — He's no martyr!

Father Daly — I know it. And he's anything in the world but a Christian. That was just what I was going to say.

The Warden — Has he got any religious streak in him at all?

Father Daly — I'm afraid he hasn't. He listens to me very attentively, but — (He shrugs his shoulders.) it's only because I offer him companionship. Anybody else would do quite as well — and any other topic would suit him better.

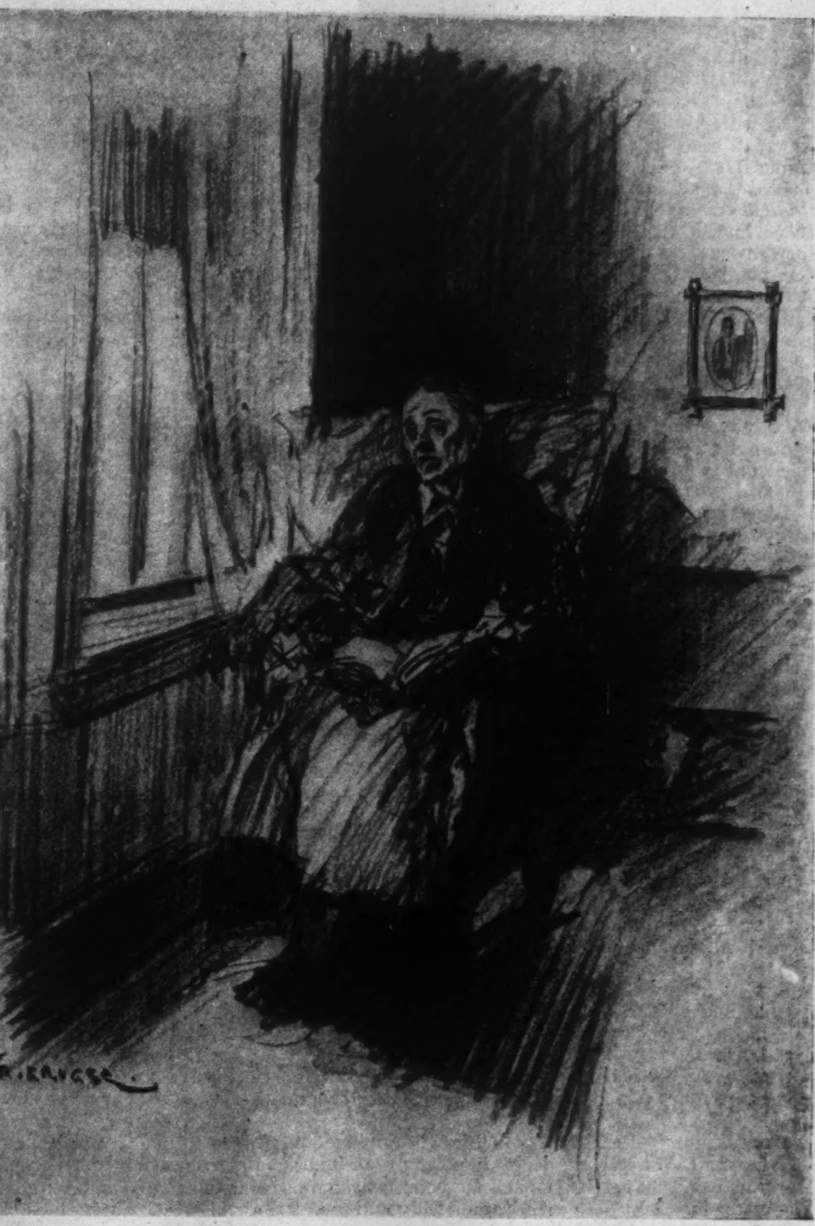
The Warden — Well, if he wants to face God as a heathen, *we* can't force him to change his mind.

Father Daly — (with gentle reproach) No, but we can never give up trying to save his immortal soul. And his soul to-night seems as dark and foreboding to me as a haunted house would seem to the small boys down in Wethersfield. But I haven't given up hope.

The Warden — No — you wouldn't.

Father Daly — Are you going to talk with him again yourself?

The Warden — (opens a drawer of his desk, and brings out a large envelope) I'll have to. I've still got some Liberty Bonds that belong to him. (He gazes at the envelope, and smiles grimly.) That was a funny thing — when the newspaper syndicate offered him twenty-five hundred for his autobiography, he jumped at it so quick I was sure he wanted the money for something or other. (He slaps the envelope on the desk.) But now the bonds are here, waiting for him, he won't say what to do with 'em. Know why? (Father Daly shakes his head.) Why, of course you do! Because the story he wrote was pure bunk from start to finish and the only reason he jumped at the chance of writing it was so's he could pull the wool over everybody's eyes a little farther. He don't want the bonds, but I've got to do *something* with 'em. (He pushes a button on the desk.) And besides, I want to make one more try at finding out who he is.



"*You see, Mother is ill from worrying about my brother, so I must be able to tell her whether this is he or not*"

Father Daly — Shall I go with you to see him or do you want to see him alone?

The Warden — (sits deliberating with one hand at his forehead, and the other hand tapping the desk.) Father, you gave me a thought — I believe I'm going to do something to-night that's never been done before in this prison — that is to say — not in all the twenty-eight years that *I've* been warden.

Father Daly — What's that?

The Warden — (who has evidently come to an important decision, raps the desk more forcibly with his knuckles) Instead of our going to see him, I'll have that boy brought into this office and let him sit here with you and me until the time comes for us all to walk through that door to the execution room.

Father Daly — (startled) What on earth is your idea in doing a thing like that?

The Warden — Because maybe if he sits here awhile with just you and me, and we go at him right, he'll loosen up and tell us about himself. It'll be different from being in his cell; it'll be sort of free and easy, and maybe he'll weaken. And then besides, if we take him to the scaffold through this passageway, maybe I can keep the others quiet. If they don't know when the job's being done, they may behave 'emselves. I don't want any such yelling and screeching to-night as we had with that Greek. (A jailer in blue uniform enters from the deputy's room and stands waiting.) Dan, I want you to get Dyke and bring him to me here. (The jailer stares blankly at him and the Warden's voice takes on an added note of authority.) Get Dyke and bring him in here to me.

The Jailer — Yes, sir. (He starts to obey the order but halts in the doorway and turns as the Warden speaks again. It is apparent that the Warden is a strict disciplinarian of the prison staff.)

The Warden — Oh, Dan!

The Jailer — Yes, sir?

The Warden — How nearly ready are they?

The Jailer — They'll be all set in ten or fifteen minutes, sir. Twenty minutes at the outside.

The Warden — (very sharp and magisterial) Now, I don't want any delay or hitch in this thing to-night. If there is, somebody's going to get in awful Dutch with me. Pass that along.

The Jailer — There won't be none, sir.

The Warden — When everything's ready — not a second before — you let me know.

The Jailer — Yes, sir.

The Warden — I'll be right here with Dyke and Father Daly.

The Jailer — (eyes widening) Here?

The Warden — (peremptorily) Yes, here!

The Jailer — (crushes down his astonishment) Yes, sir.

The Warden — When everything and everybody is ready, you come from the execution room through the passage — (He gestures toward the nearer door on the right) open that door quietly and stand there.

The Jailer — Yes, sir.

The Warden — You don't have to say anything, and I don't *want* you to say anything. Just stand there. That all clear?

The Jailer — Yes, sir.

The Warden — That'll be the signal for us to start — understand?

The Jailer — Yes, sir.

The Warden — (draws a deep breath) All right. Now bring Dyke to me.

The Jailer — Yes, sir. (He goes out dazedly.)

Father Daly — What about the witnesses and the reporters?

The Warden — They're having their sandwiches and coffee now — the deputy'll have 'em seated in another ten or fifteen minutes. Let 'em wait. (His voice becomes savage) I'd like to poison the lot of 'em. Reporters! Witnesses! (The telephone bell rings) Hello — yes — yes — what's that? — Yes, yes, right here — who wants him? — (to Father Daly) Father, it's the Governor! (His expression is tense.)

Father Daly — (His face also gives evidence of incredulity and hope.) What! (He walks swiftly over to the desk.) Is it about Dyke?

The Warden — Ssh. (He turns to the telephone) Yes, this is Warden Holt speaking. Hello — oh, hello Governor Fuller, how are you — oh, I'm between grass and hay, thanks — Well, this isn't my idea of a picnic, exactly — yes — yes — Oh, I should say in about half an hour or so — everything's just about ready. (His expression gradually relaxes, and Father Daly, with a little sigh and shake of the head, turns away.) Oh, no, there won't be any slip-up — yes, we made the regular tests, one this afternoon and another at nine o'clock to-night — Oh, no, Governor, nothing can go wrong — Well, according to the law I've got to get it done as soon as possible after midnight, but you're the Governor of the state — How long? — Certainly, Governor, I can hold it off as long as you want me to — What say? — A *girl!* — You're going to send her to me? — you *have* sent her! — she ought to be here by this time? — All right, Governor, I'll ring you up when it's over. Good-bye. (He hangs up the receiver, mops his forehead with his handkerchief, and turns to Father Daly in great excitement.) Did you get *that?* Some girl thinks Dyke's her long-lost brother, and she's persuaded the old man to let her come out here to-night — he wants me to hold up the job until she's had a chance to see him. She's due here any minute, he says — in his own car — escorted by his own private secretary! Can you beat it?

Father Daly — (downcast) Poor girl!

The Warden — (blots his forehead vigorously) For a minute there I thought it was going to be a reprieve at the very least. Whew!

Father Daly — So did I.

(The door from the deputy's room is opened, and Dyke comes in, immediately followed by the jailer. Dyke halts just inside the door and waits passively to be told what to do next. He has a lean, pale face, with high forehead, good eyes, and a strong chin; his mouth is ruled in a firm straight line. His wavy hair is prematurely gray. His figure has the elasticity of youth, but he might pass among strangers either as a man of forty, or as a man of twenty-five, depending upon the mobility of his features at a given moment. He is dressed in a dark shirt open at the throat, dark trousers without belt or suspenders, and soft slippers. The jailer receives a nod from the Warden, and goes out promptly, closing the door behind him.)

The Warden — (swings half-way around in his swivel-chair) Sit down, Dyke. (He points to the chair at the right of his desk.)

Dyke — Thanks. (He goes directly to the chair and sits down.)

The Warden — (leans back, and surveys him thoughtfully. Father Daly remains in the background.) Dyke, you've been here under my charge for nearly four months and I want to tell you that from first to last you've behaved yourself like a gentleman.

Dyke — (His manner is vaguely cynical without being in the least impertinent.) Why should I make you any trouble?

The Warden — Well, you *haven't* made me any trouble, and I've tried to show what I think about it. I've made you every bit as comfortable as the law would let me.

Dyke — You've been very kind, to me. (He glances over his shoulder at the chaplain.) And you, too, Father.

The Warden — I've had you brought in here to stay from now on. (Dyke looks inquiringly at him.) No, you won't have to go back to your cell again. You're to stay right here with Father Daly and me.

Dyke — (carelessly) All right.

The Warden — (piqued by this cool reception of the distinguished favor) You don't seem to understand that I'm doing something a long way out of the ordinary for you.

Dyke — Oh, yes, I do, but maybe *you* don't understand why it doesn't give me much of a thrill.

Father Daly — (comes forward) My son, the Warden is only trying to do you one more kindness.

Dyke — I know he is, Father, but the Warden isn't taking very much of a gamble. From now on, one place is about the same as another.

The Warden — What do you mean?

Dyke — (His voice is very faintly sarcastic) Why, I mean that I'm just as much a condemned prisoner here as when I was in my cell. That door (he points to it) leads right *back* to my cell. Outside those windows are armed guards every few feet. You yourself can't get through the iron door in that anteroom (he indicates the door to the left) until somebody on the outside unlocks it; and I know as well as you do where *that* door (he points to the nearer door on the right) leads to.

The Warden — (stiffly) Would you rather wait in your cell?

Dyke — Oh, no, this is a little pleasanter. Except — —,

The Warden — Except what?

Dyke — In my cell, I could smoke.

The Warden — (shrugs his shoulders) What do you want — cigar or cigarette?

Dyke — A cigarette, if it's all the same.

(The Warden opens a drawer of his desk, takes out a box of cigarettes, removes one and hands it to Dyke. The Warden striking a match, lights Dyke's cigarette, and then carefully puts out the match.)

Dyke — (smiles faintly) Thanks. You're a good host.

The Warden — Dyke, before it's too late I wish you'd think over what Father Daly and I've said to you so many times.

Dyke — I've thought of nothing else.

The Warden — Then — as man to man — and this is your last chance — who are you?

Dyke — (inspects the cigarette) Who am I? James Dyke — a murderer.

The Warden — That isn't your real name and we know it.

Dyke — You're not going to execute a name — you're going to execute a *man*. What difference does it make whether you call me Dyke or something else?

The Warden — You had another name once. What was it?

Dyke — If I had, I've forgotten it.

Father Daly — Your mind is made up, my son?

Dyke — Yes, Father. It is.

The Warden — Dyke.

Dyke — Yes, sir?

The Warden — Do you see this pile of letters? (He places his hand over it.)

Dyke — Yes, sir.

The Warden — (fingers them) Every one of these letters is about the same thing and all put together we've got maybe four thousand of 'em. These here are just a few samples.

Dyke — What about them?

The Warden — We've had letters from every State in the Union and every province in Canada. We've had fifteen or twenty from England, four or five from France, two from Australia and one from Russia.

Dyke — Well?

The Warden — (inclines toward him) Do you know what every one of those letters says — what four thousand different people are writing to me about?

Dyke — No, sir.

The Warden — (speaks slowly and impressively) Who *are* you — and are you the missing son — or brother — or husband — or sweetheart?

Dyke — (flicks his cigarette ashes to the floor) Have you answered them?

The Warden — No, I couldn't. I want you to.

Dyke — How's that?

The Warden — I want you to tell me who you are. (Dyke shakes his head.) Can't you see you *ought* to do it?

Dyke — No, sir, I can't exactly see that. Suppose you explain it to me.

The Warden — (suddenly) You're trying to shield somebody, aren't you?

Dyke — Yes — no, I'm not!

The Warden — (glances at Father Daly and nods with elation) Who is it? Your family?

Dyke — I said I'm not.

The Warden — But first, you said you were.

Dyke — That was a slip of the tongue.

The Warden — (has grown persuasive) Dyke, just listen to me a minute. Don't be narrow, look at this thing in a big, broad way. Suppose you should tell me your real name, and I publish it, it'll bring an awful lot of sorrow, let's say, to *one* family, *one* home, and that's your own. That's probably what you're thinking about. Am I right? You want to spare your family and I don't blame you. On the surface, it sure would look like a mighty white thing for you to do. But look at it *this* way: suppose you came out with the truth, flatfooted, why, you might put all that sorrow into *one* home — your own — but at the same time you'd be putting a tremendous amount of relief into four thousand — others. Don't you get that? Don't you figure you owe something to all these other people?

Dyke — Not a thing.

Father Daly — (has been fidgeting) My boy, the Warden is absolutely right. You *do* owe something to the other people — you owe them peace of mind — and for the sake of all those thousands of poor distressed women, who imagine God knows what, I beg of you to tell us who you are.

Dyke — Father, I simply can't do it.

Father Daly — Think carefully, my boy, think very carefully. We're not asking out of idle curiosity.

Dyke — I know that, but please don't let's talk about it any more. (To the Warden) You can answer those letters whenever you want to, and you can say I'm not the man they're looking for. That'll be the truth, too. Because I haven't any mother — or father — or sister — or wife — or sweetheart. That's fair enough, isn't it?

Father Daly — (sighs wearily) As you will, my son.

The Warden — Dyke, there's one more thing.

Dyke — Yes?

The Warden — Here are the Liberty Bonds (he takes up the large envelope from his desk) that belong to you. Twenty-five hundred dollars in real money.

Dyke — (removes the bonds and examines them) Good-looking, aren't they?

The Warden — (casually) What do you want me to do with them?

Dyke — Well, I can't very well take them with me, so, under the circumstances, I'd like to put them where they'll do the most good.

The Warden — (more casually yet) Who do you want me to send 'em to?

Dyke — (laughs quietly) Now, Warden Holt, you didn't think you were going to catch me that way, did you?

The Warden — (scowls) Who'll I send 'em to? I can't keep 'em here, and I can't destroy 'em. What do you want me to do with 'em?

Dyke — (ponders diligently and tosses the envelope to the desk) I don't know. I'll think of something to do with them. I'll tell you in just a minute. Is there anything else?

The Warden — Not unless you want to make some sort of statement.

Dyke — No, I guess I've said everything. I killed a man and I'm not sorry for it — that is, I'm not sorry I killed that particular person. I — —

Father Daly — (raises his hand) Repentance — —

Dyke — (raises his own hand in turn) I've heard that repentance, Father, is the sick bed of the soul — and mine is very well and flourishing. The man deserved to be killed; he wasn't fit to live. It was my duty to kill him, and I did it. I'd never struck a man in anger in all my life, but when I knew what that fellow had done, I knew I had to kill him, and I did it deliberately and intentionally — and carefully. I knew what I was doing, and I haven't any excuse — that is, I haven't any excuse that satisfies the law. Now, I learned pretty early in life that whatever you do in this world you have to pay for in one way or another. If you kill a man, the price you have to pay is this (he makes a gesture which sweeps the entire room) and that (he points to the nearer door on the right) and I'm going to pay it. That's all there is to that. And an hour from now, while my body is lying in there, if a couple of angel policemen grab my soul and haul it up before God — —

Father Daly — (profoundly shocked) My boy, my boy, *please* — —

Dyke — I beg your pardon, Father. I don't mean to trample on anything that's sacred to you, but what I do mean to say is this: if I've got to be judged by God Almighty for the crime of murder, I'm not afraid, because the other fellow will certainly be there, too, won't he? And when God hears the whole story and both sides of it, which *you* never heard and never will — and they never heard it in the court room, either — why, then, if he's any kind of a God at all, I'm willing to take my chances with the other fellow. That's how concerned I am about the hereafter. And, if it'll make you feel any better, Father, why I *do* rather think there's going to be a hereafter. I read a book once that said a milligram of musk will give out perfume for seven thousand years, and a milligram of radium will give out light for *seventy* thousand. Why shouldn't a soul — mine, for instance — live more than twenty-seven? But if there *isn't* any hereafter — if we just die and are dead and that's all — why, I'm still not sorry and I'm not afraid, because I'm quits with the other fellow — the law is quits with me, and it's all balanced on the books. And that's all there is to that. (An attendant enters from the anteroom.)

The Warden — Well? What is it?

The Attendant — Visitor to see you, sir. With note from Governor Fuller. (He presents it.)

The Warden — (barely glances at the envelope) Oh! A young woman?

The Attendant — Yes, sir.

The Warden — Is Mrs. Case there?

The Attendant — Yes, sir.

The Warden — Have the girl searched, and then take her into the anteroom and wait till I call you.

The Attendant — Yes, sir. (He goes out.)

The Warden — Dyke, a young woman has just come to see you — do you want to see her?

Dyke — I don't think so. What does she want?

The Warden — She thinks maybe she's your sister, and she's come a thousand miles to find out.

Dyke — She's wrong. I haven't any sister.

The Warden — (hesitates) Will I tell her that, or do you want to tell it to her yourself?

Dyke — Oh, you tell her.

The Warden — All right. (He starts to rise but resumes his seat as Dyke speaks.)

Dyke — Just a second — she's come a thousand miles to see me, did you say?

The Warden — Yes, and she's got special permission from the Governor to talk to you — that is, with my O. K.

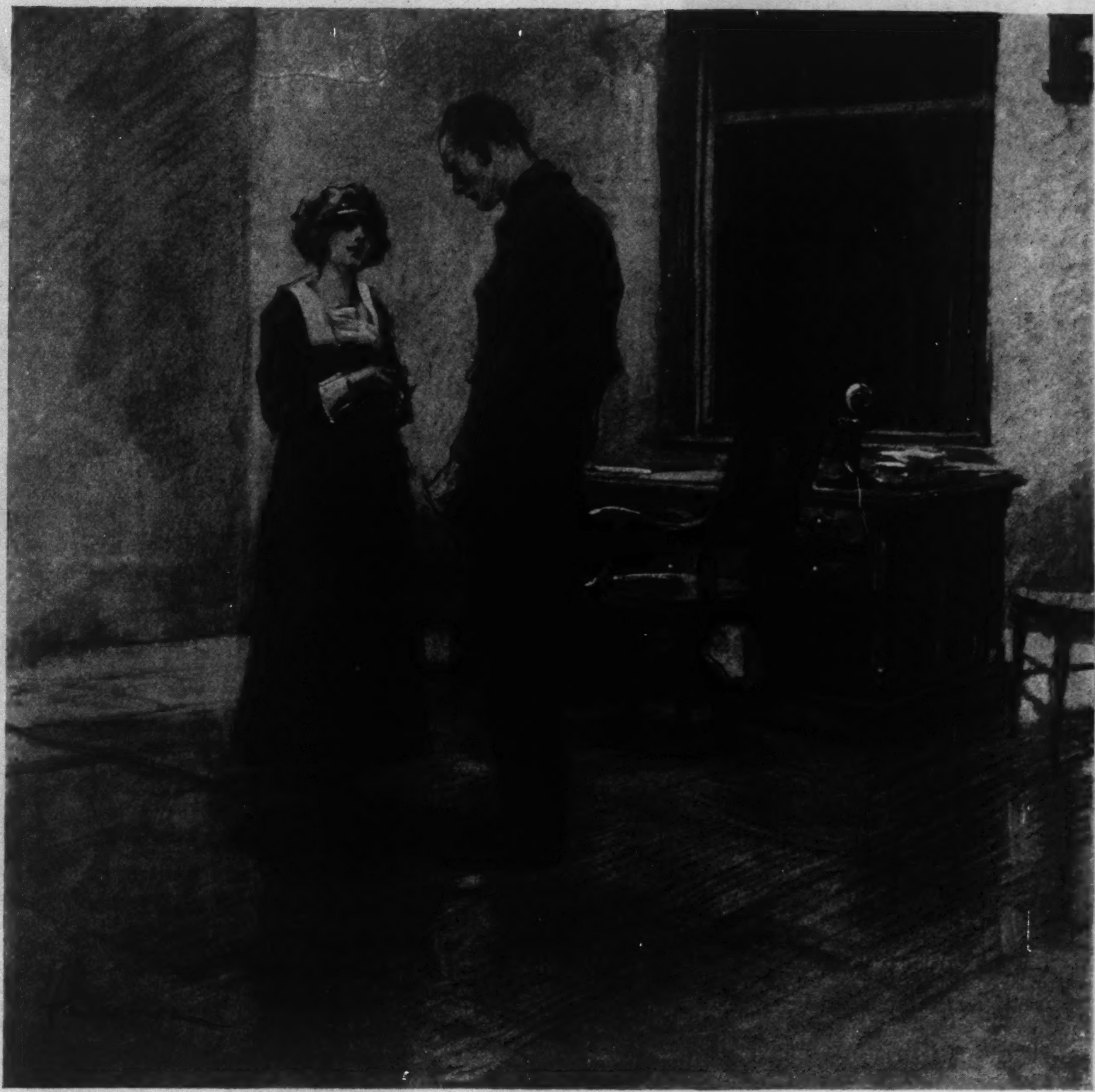
Dyke — A year ago, nobody'd have crossed the street to look at me, and now they come a thousand miles!

Father Daly — This is one of your debts to humanity, my boy. It wouldn't take you two minutes to see her, and, if you don't, after she's made that long journey in hope and dread and suffering — —

Dyke — Where can I talk with her — here?

The Warden — Yes.

Dyke — Alone? (The Warden is doubtful.) Why, you don't need to be afraid. I haven't the faintest idea who the girl is, but if she happens to be some poor



"In all the months I've been in this hideous place, you're the first girl I've seen. If you really want to do something — will you say a real good-bye to me?" She gazed at him, flushed, then slowly moved into his arms

misguided sentimental fool, with a gun or a pocket full of cyanide of potassium, she's wasting her time. I wouldn't cheat the sovereign state of Connecticut for anything in the world — not even to please a young lady.

The Warden — Dyke, there's something about you that gets everybody.

Dyke — How about the jury?

The Warden — You've got a sort of way with you ——

Dyke — How about that spread-eagle district attorney?

The Warden — I'm going to let you talk with that girl in here — alone.

Dyke — Thanks.

The Warden — It's a sort of thing that's never been done before, but if I put you on your honor ——

Dyke — (cynically) My honor! Thank you, so much.

Father Daly — Warden, are you sure it's wise?

Dyke — Father, I'm disappointed in you. Do you imagine I'd do anything that could reflect on Warden Holt — or you — or the young lady — or *me?*

The Warden — Father, will you take Dyke into the deputy's room? I want to speak to the young lady first.

Father Daly — Certainly. Come, my boy. (Father Daly and Dyke start toward the deputy's room.)

The Warden — I'll call you in just a couple of minutes.

Dyke — We promise not to run away. (They go out together.)

The Warden — (calls) Wilson! (The attendant enters from the left.)

The Attendant — Yes, sir?

The Warden — Is the girl there?

The Attendant — Yes, sir.

The Warden — Frisked?

The Attendant — Yes, sir.

The Warden — Everything all right?

The Attendant — Yes, sir.

The Warden — (throws away his cigar) Bring her in.

The Attendant — Yes, sir. (He speaks through the door at the left) Step this way, Miss. This here's the Warden.

(A young girl appears on the threshold, and casts about in mingled curiosity and apprehension. She is fresh and wholesome, and rather pretty; but her manner betrays a certain spiritual aloofness from the ultra-modern world — a certain delicate reticence of the flesh — which immediately separates her from the metropolitan class. Indeed, she is dressed far too simply for a metropolitan girl of her age; she wears a blue tailored suit with deep white cuffs and a starched white sailor-collar, and a small blue hat which fits snugly over her fluffy hair. Her costume is not quite conservative enough to be literally old-fashioned, but it hints at the taste and repression of an old-fashioned home.

She is neither timid nor aggressive; she is self-unconscious. She looks at the Warden squarely, but not in boldness, and yet not in feminine appeal; she has rather the fearlessness of a girl who has lost none of her illusions about men in general. Her expression is essentially serious; it conveys, however, the idea that her seriousness is due to her present mission, and that ordinarily she takes an active joy in the mere pleasure of existence.)

The Warden — (He had expected a very different type of visitor so that he is somewhat taken aback) All right, Wilson.

The Attendant — Yes, sir. (He goes out.)

The Warden — (with grave deference, half rises) Will you sit down?

The Girl — Why — thank you very much. (She sits in the chair beside his desk and regards him trustfully.)

The Warden — (He is palpably affected by her youth and innocence, and he is not quite sure how best to proceed, but eventually he makes an awkward beginning) You've had an interview with the Governor, I understand?

The Girl — Yes, sir. I was with him almost an hour.

The Warden — And you want to see Dyke, do you?

The Girl — Yes, sir. I *hope* I'm not — too late.

The Warden — No, you're not too late. (He is appraising her carefully) But I want to ask you a few questions beforehand. (Her reaction of uncertainty induces him to soften his tone.) There isn't anything to get upset about. I just want to make it easier for you, not harder. Where do you live?

The Girl — In Ohio.

The Warden — (very kindly) What place?

The Girl — In Pennington, sir. It's a little town not far from Columbus.

The Warden — And you live out there with your father and mother?

The Girl — No, sir — just my mother and I. My father died when I was a little baby.

The Warden — Why didn't your mother come here herself, instead of sending you?

The Girl — She couldn't. She's sick.

The Warden — I see. Have you any brothers or sisters?

The Girl — (slightly more at ease) Just one brother, sir — this one. He and I were the only children. We were very fond of each other.

The Warden — He was considerably older than you?

The Girl — Oh, yes. He's ten years older.

The Warden — Why did he leave home?

The Girl — I don't really know, sir, except he just wanted to be in the city. Pennington's pretty small.

The Warden — How long is it since you've seen him?

The Girl — It's eight years.

The Warden — (His voice is almost paternal) As long as that? Hm! And how old are you now?

The Girl — I'm almost eighteen.

The Warden — (repeats slowly) Almost eighteen. Hm! And are you sure after all this time you'd recognize your brother if you saw him?

The Girl — Well — (She looks down, as if embarrassed to make the admission.) Of course I — I *think* so, but maybe I couldn't. You see, I was only a little girl when he went away — he wasn't a bad boy, sir, I don't think he ever could be really bad — but if this *is* my brother, why he's been in a great deal of trouble and you know that trouble makes people look different.

The Warden — Yes, it does. But what is it makes you think this man Dyke may be your brother — and why didn't you think of it sooner? The case has been in the papers for the last six months.

The Girl — Why, it wasn't until last Tuesday that mother saw a piece in the *Journal* — that's the Columbus paper — that he'd written all about himself, and there was one little part of it that sounded so much like Joe — like the funny way he used to say things — and then there was a picture that looked the least little *bit* like him — well, mother just wanted me to come East and find out for sure.

The Warden — It's too bad she couldn't come herself. She'd probably know him whether he'd changed or not.

The Girl — Yes, sir. But I'll do the best I can.

The Warden — When was the last time you heard from him, and where was he, and what was he doing?

The Girl — Why, it's about five or six years since we had a letter from Joe. He was in Seattle, Washington.

The Warden — What doing?

The Girl — I don't remember. At home, though, he worked in the stationery store. He liked books.

The Warden — (suspiciously) Why do you suppose he didn't write home?

The Girl — I — I couldn't say. He was just — thoughtless.

The Warden — Wasn't in trouble of any kind?

The Girl — Oh, *no!* Never. That is — unless he's — here now.

[*Continued on page 47*]

Is There Something Wrong With It?–

The American Mind

by
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Illustrations by Lejaren Hiller

THE American mind is conceded to be at once the most idealistic and the most practical of minds. Why is it so?

Why is the superior quality of the American intellect in business and industry so manifest to our foreign critics, and the lack of superiority in our literature and our art so equally admitted by the world?

Why does America produce inventors, but not scientists?

Why, when we are the most prosperous and comfortable people in the world, do we seem to be among the least contented?

Why do we pursue amusement with such a passion for distraction and yet take so little apparent joy in our play?

Why are we so driven by the ambition to succeed in life and so unable to rest happy in our success?

Why do we appear to have so much personal initiative and self-reliance, yet so little calm assurance and serene self-confidence?

Why are we so sensitive to foreign criticism?

Why are we so prone to use "American bluff"?

Why are we so victimized by worry, anxiety, restlessness, haste?

Why, for all our boasted American humor, does our laughter show so little of the spontaneous gaiety that arises from the joy of living?

Why did we exhibit such an admirable national morale after our entry into the late war, and why then — as soon as the war was won — did we become so indifferent to all constructive efforts to cure the conditions that had produced the war?

Why are we so virulent in our campaigns for political reforms, and so lukewarm about the reforms themselves after the campaign is over?

And so forth.

Is there an explanation for these and similar peculiarities of our national psychology?

According to the modern physicians of the mind, there is.

The workings of any sort of mind used to be, admittedly, a perverse and marvelous puzzle. The psychologist, looking inward, tried to make his mind observe his mind; and the evidence that he gathered was about as trustworthy as if a defendant in court were to examine himself on the witness stand and sum up his own case. But, within the last twenty years, a way has been found to catch the mind off its guard and to make it tell the truth about itself. The result is a new science of psychology that promises to set us free from many of our old self-deceptions — we Americans as well as any others. And that psychology has some rather startling answers to make to such questions as those that we have recited above.

Not to be too technical about it, the mind, it would appear, is really like a man riding a horse; and the rider is what we call our intelligence. When we fall asleep, this rider drops the reins, but the mind continues moving along, in our dreams, just as actively as when intelligence was in control, and far more freely. Alcohol will stupefy the rider and let the horse have its head. When we hypnotize, we put the rider out of the saddle, apparently, and give our orders to the horse direct. There are abnormal conditions of mind — such as mediumistic trances, the semi-trances of automatic writing, the ramblings of the ouija board — when the horse becomes more or less independent of its rider and kicks up its heels. And there are states of insanity in which the rider seems to have been thrown and the horse just runs away.

Science calls this rider "the conscious mind", because he is aware of himself. That is his distinguishing trait. And science calls the horse "the unconscious mind"— or "the subconscious mind"— because it is never aware of itself and because it seems to be a substratum of the mind, below consciousness. For instance, you are unconscious of your dreams until you wake and call them into consciousness; but apparently your dreams go on continuously while you sleep, though you have a conscious memory of so few of them.

IT WAS in the study of dreams that Freud, the great exponent of "unconscious psychology", first began to see the workings of the subconscious mind and to analyze them. From the recorded mass of observed phenomena that has now accumulated, science concludes that the mind of man is nine-tenths subconscious. It is like an iceberg — as has been said — of which the major mass is submerged and unperceived; yet the drift and direction of the berg proceed almost wholly from the currents affecting this unseen mass. Consequently, our mind is not so much like a man riding a horse as it is like a centaur, half-man and half-horse, joined in an indisseverable unity of life and function, with the man-half almost wholly dependent on the horse for power and movement.

The subconscious mind, indeed, may have been the original mind out of which intelligence developed. It is the mind of infancy, the mind of primitive man, the animal mind, unaware of itself, that acts according to what we call "instincts", not intelligently. And in its automatic response to the call of these animal instincts, against the orders of our intelligence, we find the source of most of those perversities, aforesaid, which have made psychology such a puzzling muddle — the American psychology as much as any other.

Here, of course, there is matter for much thought and endless exposition; but, for the purpose of these articles, we need only canvass those aspects of subconscious psychology that seem to explain the more striking peculiarities of the American mind and to account for its most notorious contradictions. To do even that fully, and with scientific accuracy, arguing all the items of the evidence and citing the authorities, would take a volume; and such an exposition would have to be given in a terminology that is puzzling to the average reader. Let us, rather, at the risk of inexactness, give the gist of the matter simply, in language that does not pretend to be unimpeachably precise.

To begin with, then: the distinguishing characteristic of the typical American mind is that it is largely Puritan. Ours is a Puritan civilization predominatingly. Every visitor from abroad is at once struck by the Puritan aspects of our life. Every foreign critic of our literature and our art judges them Puritanical. We know that we have softened the original harshness of the Puritan code and greatly liberalized our outlook on life by absorbing foreign stock and assimilating foreign ideas; and we are more aware of our improvement in these respects than our critics seem to be; but there is no denying that our civilization is of Puritan origin, and that Puritan traditions and ways of thought still determine the chief differences between our national life and foreign modes and morals. It is in these considerations that the new psychology finds its clue to an explanation of our idiosyncrasies.

The Puritan saw life as a continual war between the Flesh and the Spirit. He was a Pauline Christian, and Paul might have been writing of him when he wrote of himself, in his Epistle to the Romans: "I find then a law that, when I would do good, evil is present with me. For I delight in the law of God after the inward man. But I see another law in my members, warring against the law of my mind, and bringing me into captivity to the law of sin which is in my members. O wretched man that I am! who shall deliver me from the body of this death? . . . So then, with the mind, I myself serve the law of God; but with the flesh the law of sin." And that Pauline conflict — that Puritan conflict — between the spirit and the flesh, between the mind and the members, is recognized by science, now, as the conflict between the intelligent ideals of the conscious mind and the compulsive urgings of animal instincts moving in the subconscious mind.

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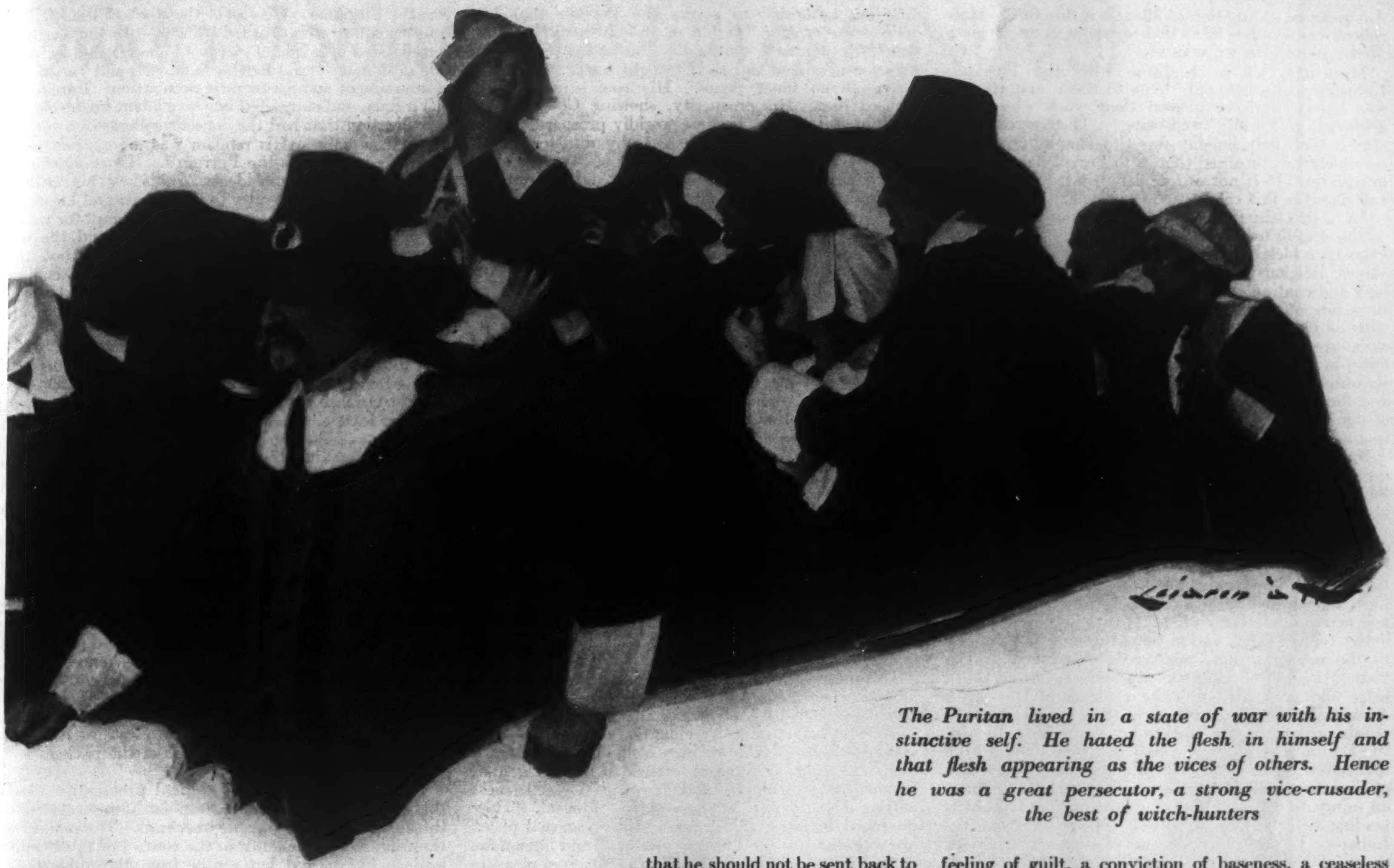


The Puritan lived in a state of war with his instinctive self. He hated the flesh in himself and that flesh appearing as the vices of others. Hence he was a great persecutor, a strong vice-crusader, the best of witch-hunters

Do not misunderstand what science means by the word "instinct." Instinct is an automatic response of the body, independent of intelligence. Take the instinct of fear, for example. A rabbit hears the bark of a dog. Instantly, its pulse quickens; its blood pressure rises; its blood is shunted to its running muscles, and its whole body is prepared for flight. There is no conscious intelligence in the action. It is automatic and almost instantaneous. What the rabbit feels, probably, is merely an anxious nervous tension which it relieves by bounding away to its burrow, happy in the satisfaction of an instinct.

Now, the instinct of fear in man uses exactly the same mechanism. When the soldier goes under fire, his heart quickens; his blood pressure rises; the blood is shunted to his running muscles; and he feels the anxious nervous tension of his whole body prepared instinctively for flight. All this, with him, is as automatic and independent of intelligence as it is with the rabbit. But, unlike the rabbit, man has been taught to deny his fear, to be ashamed of cowardice. The intelligent ideal of his conscious mind conflicts with the compulsive urging of his animal instinct. He stands fast. He "overcomes fear", as we say. He may even repress the feeling of fear from his conscious mind and become entirely unaware of it. That is to say, in this little conflict between the flesh and the spirit, between the mind and the members, the spirit may apparently win an absolute victory.

But only apparently so. The fear remains in the subconscious mind, and its effects continue in the body. That is a significant discovery which science confirmed in the recent war. It was found that if the strain of danger was continued to the breaking-point, the bravest soldier ended as a bad case of "shell-shock." In such a case, the tension in the subconscious mind — registering there as a dumb unconscious wish to escape — brought on blindness or deafness or some other physical disablement that put the man out of the firing line. He was not really blind or deaf or paralyzed. His eyes were receiving their usual messages of light and transmitting these messages to the brain, but the subconscious mind was in some way preventing the conscious mind from receiving them. This strange fact was demonstrated when the physicians learned that they could often cure a shell-shock patient by hypnotizing him — so as to reach his subconscious mind — and then telling him that the danger was over, that he should not be sent back to the front. When he was brought out of the hypnotic trance, he had miraculously recovered his sight.

What happens when we repress the instinct of fear, happens also in less degree when we repress any other less compulsive instinct. Any instinct creates, automatically, a nervous tension in the body, in preparation for the carrying out of the instinctive act; and the nervous tension is a sort of index of the energy that has been made ready to carry out the act. The energy and the tension may be repressed from the conscious mind, but they will remain registered in the subconscious mind. They will show in sleep as nightmares. They will leak into the conscious mind as worries, useless anxieties, unaccountable depressions; or they may appear as compulsive thoughts which we struggle in vain to put away from us. And, if they are strong enough, they may produce a case of moral shell-shock very like the brave soldier's.

THE instincts which the Puritan set himself most determinedly to repress were the most potent instincts of ordinary healthy life. They were the sex instincts and those ego instincts that show as self-assertion in the form of anger, envy, emulation, pride, ambition and so forth. Above all, to the Puritan as to Paul, sex was sin. "Now," Paul declares, "the works of the flesh are manifest, which are these; Adultery, fornication, uncleanness, lasciviousness, idolatry, witchcraft, hatred, variance, emulations, wrath, strife, seditions, heresies, envyings, murders, drunkenness, revelings, and such like; of which I tell you that they which do such things shall not inherit the Kingdom of God." Observe that these sins are not sins of action alone; half of them are sins of thought. The instincts were not merely to be prevented from impelling to sinful action, they were to be stopped from getting into the conscious mind as sinful thoughts. They were to be dammed up in the subconscious mind, with all their undrained energy and all their unrelieved tension, and allowed no escape into the conscious mind.

The Puritan, in fact, was attempting what we now know to be practically impossible. The conscious mind can easily control instinctive action; it cannot wholly control instinctive thought. It can control the action the more easily if it allows the thought into the conscious mind, where it will drain off the energy harmlessly and relieve the tension. The Puritan could not permit himself the safety valve of this drainage. When his instinctive thoughts came into consciousness, they filled him with a fear of eternal punishment, a feeling of guilt, a conviction of baseness, a ceaseless anxiety from which he rarely obtained any secure escape. This is the key to the Puritan character and to the code of social conduct which he set. At his worst, he had a bad case of "floating anxiety", as physicians now call it. His repressions, in various disguises, leaked into his mind poisonously; and he "blew up" under the strain in an appalling way. At his best, he was likely to be a worried, sour-faced, self-persecuted, joyless hypochondriac.

Fortunately, the Puritans came to a new country where an unconquered wilderness gave them an outlet, in physical labor, for some of the energy which their repressions had stored up within them. They had first gone from England to Holland and formed a colony there, which had failed to prosper. Their leader, Bradford, wrote that his unsuccess in the business of silk-dyeing in Holland was a punishment of God upon him because, "in the midst of worldly cares", he had suffered his inward piety to fall into certain "decays." Any calamity, any failure, any ill-luck was similarly attributed by the Puritan to divine displeasure. And when, in the new world, the colony began to succeed, its prosperity was equally looked upon as an evidence of God's favor. Industry, which begat prosperity, became therefore a public virtue. It also promoted a feeling of personal security to counteract the Puritan's inner fear; and since it relieved repressions somewhat, by draining off energy, it was doubly approved by the individual's inner satisfaction and the community's respect. Idleness became a dangerous sin. "For Satan finds some mischief still for idle hands to do." Industry ranked as a cardinal Puritan virtue. Indeed, outside of the rites of self-denial, good conduct became largely a matter of industry, and labor attained a degree of esteem that it had never known in any other community.

It is still true of the typical American that industry is a virtue to him and idleness a vice. That is one of the strongest of our national convictions. Notice, for contrast, the attitude of the American's nearest relative, the Englishman. He has the aristocratic tradition that a gentleman is necessarily a man of leisure. To him, work — unless in the pursuit of sport — is a sort of curse. He does not give himself up to his business; he keeps a hobby, too, for after hours. He has rarely an American's singleness of devotion to his means of livelihood. To an Englishman, business is "of his life a thing apart", but it is often the American's "whole existence." Few Englishmen would think of the rich, in reproach, as "the idle rich." And this is not merely the effect of a class tradition. Our

American condemnation of idleness is due to the same subconscious causes in us that operated in our Puritan predecessors — as we shall see.

Meantime, let us continue with the Puritans. Industry was a cardinal virtue to them, and Heaven was known to have blessed their work when they achieved a worldly well-being. Their great and almost their only holiday was the Thanksgiving Day on which they returned thanks to Providence for their prosperity. It is not an accident that our President still dignifies this celebration — peculiar to Americans — by a proclamation appointing the day and calling on the citizens to solemnize it. Prosperity is still, to us, vaguely, a blessing on our virtue, and we have still an almost religious reverence for worldly success. Ill-luck and continued misfortune still carry for us a dim suspicion of heavenly disfavor. Nothing succeeds with us like success. Nothing so forfeits our respect as failure. It is as if an idea that was a conviction of faith in the Puritan had become, by tradition, an unconscious habit of mind in the modern American and formed an unpleasant national trait which many of our popular heroes, when they have failed — even in a noble endeavor — have had cause to deplore.

But though the Puritan believed prosperity to be a proof of divine favor — and prayed for it and gave thanks for it — he did not trust to prayer alone to attain it; he added the best efforts of his industry. "God helps him who helps himself" is a Puritan maxim derived through Franklin from the Puritan poet, Herbert. So the Puritans believed thoroughly in what they called "the use of means." Their leader, Bradford, almost died of rheumatism in the winter of 1620; and he wrote (January 21, 1621) that he "grew a little better toward night, and in time, through God's mercy in the use of means, recovered." Industry was a virtue; the use of means was necessary to obtain God's help; and prosperity was the evidence of His favor. A certain unscrupulousness in the means used to obtain prosperity was liable to be overlooked. Indeed, the Puritan's scruples of conscience were limited by a specialized idea of sin — the Pauline idea — the idea of sin as a pleasure of the senses, not an idea of sin as an injury to others. Hence, almost on the day of the landing of the Pilgrims, they stole corn from the Indians. Predatoriness was never stigmatized among them with any color of reprobation. Predatoriness does not carry any such stigma yet in the mind of the average American; and this is another of our business characteristics that perplexes the foreigner.

Most important of all, the Puritan had revolted against every ceremonial device by which the older religions freed the conscious mind from its conviction of sin; only God could free the Puritan of that guilt, through his conscience. He had revolted also against the belief in a clergy that could interpret for him the word of God infallibly. "It was taken for granted," as Fiske points out, "that each individual must hold his own opinions at his personal risk in the world to come." Here was another source of psychic insecurity. Except for the prestige of the elder, there was no commanding authority to assure the Puritan that his belief was correct. On top of this, his repressed instinctive impulses continually broke in upon his consciousness and had to be fought back. He could arrive at no inner peace. His conscience forever accused him. His prosperity, showing God's favor, left him still uneasy, because worldly prosperity is an uncertain thing, always menaced by disaster. But prosperity earned for him the respect of his neighbors. So did the practise of self-denial. And reputation, being visibly expressed in the regard of the community, was a great anodyne and easement of his inner apprehensions. Hence the opinion of his fellows gained an abnormal authority over him; and the will of the majority grew to have a mystical power. It still has that power recognizably in our civilization, and the foreigner marvels at it.

SINCE there was among the Puritans no priestly class to act as the authorized interpreters of the scriptures, it was necessary that every one should have sufficient education to be able to read and understand the Bible. "So much instruction as this," says Fiske, "was assumed to be a sacred duty which the community owed to every child born within its jurisdiction." To the Puritans, ignorance was the source of superstition in religion and the stronghold of "despotism in politics"; so they "cultivated knowledge with might and main." By so doing they established in America our characteristic belief in the magical power of education. And when education itself destroyed their theocratic ideal of society and freed the people from the conscious fear of a Puritan divinity, education earned a new approval as a liberator in the popular mind.

To sum up, then, the Puritan's inner life was one of immense psychic anxiety — of soul-fear. His reservoired energy, driven by that anxiety, attacked the adversities of a rigorous climate, a niggardly soil, savage enemies, and the ruthless competition of his own kind; and these adversities, instead of breaking him, toughened and tempered and sharpened to the keenest cutting-edge all the faculties of his intellect. They produced "Yankee smartness." Every sensual pleasure was sinful to the Puritan, and he would have none of the poetry, the music or the art that gives pleasure through the senses. The American civilization is still distinguished by its lack of these things. The Puritan did not play games, since play is too nearly akin to idleness; and we modern Americans still find it necessary to defend our golf or our baseball with the excuse that it is good for us because it keeps us out in the open air. The Puritan expressed none of the joy of living that arises from the healthy satisfaction of animal instincts; neither do his modern descendants. And he gave the world none of those dreams, either of philosophic reverie or of imaginative art, which are secreted in the quiet of a contented subconsciousness.

There was another American type that struggled for a long time with the Puritan for leadership. This was the Virginian. He was of the stock of the English country squire who satisfied his soul with the spiritual consolations of a liberal clergy — liberal, that is, outside of dogma — and lived a more rich and varied life of amusement and aristocratic occupation. Implanted in Virginia, and supported by slave labor, he developed a civilization that had the conscious ideals of a sort of pastoral chivalry. His religion was more a matter of ceremonial than was the Puritan's. His conduct was regulated by more genial ideals. At his best, his cardinal traits were bravery, loyalty to his friends and kinsmen, regard for womanly chastity, and a contempt for trade. A conscious security in his way of life and the unconscious security of instinctive emotions not too rigorously repressed saved him from the endless anxieties which drove the Puritans. If he had become the dominant type in the nation, our life and our history might have been very different.

The Puritan, of course, defeated him. That was sure to happen in an industrial democracy. Unremitting toil and keen dealing and untiring application put the Puritan into positions of conspicuous success where even his least admirable qualities aroused the instinct of imitation. Puritan ideals of godly toil and blessed prosperity became the dominant ideals of the land. And no life has ever lent itself to the formation of a national ideal with greater facility than our American life. We had no caste system to divide the social mass into varying class aspirations. The canal-boy became the President, the errand boy the banker, the clerk the head of the trading corporation, the laborer the captain of industry. The ideal of the highest class could be followed by a member of the lowest as a guiding star to his ambition, and a particular class-purpose in life could become as general and popular as a classy fad in clothes. Such an ideal, once formed, could be held up to all children by all parents, taught to youth by educators, fed to the people in their popular reading, and diligently realized by energetic, young ambition with sufficient success to establish it in the habits and customs and traditions of the nation.

We need not follow the gradual process by which the first rigidity of the Puritan faith was relaxed in the movement of the people westward. The pioneer in the wilderness escaped from the control of the Puritan leaders, but he did not escape from the influence of their ideals, which he took with him. The advent of revivalistic religions freed him somewhat from the self-persecuting conviction of sin; for, at the moment of conversion, he had the joy of a security derived from crowd esctasy. But the compulsion to an impossible sinlessness of thought remained the same as with the Puritans; the feeling of security wore away; and the anxieties of conscience had to be relieved by frequent "revivals." Even so, the pioneer became a much more joyful ascetic than the Puritan had been. His inner life of idealism was less a matter of Puritan ritualism and more a matter of a Sir Galahad type of purity. He was an intense individualist, depending on his own strength and his virtue and God's [*Continued on page 44*]

Though the Puritans considered prosperity proof of divine favor, and gave thanks for it, they did not trust to prayer alone to attain it. They believed in "the use of means", and a certain unscrupulousness was liable to be overlooked

Owen Johnson's Latest Novel

The Wasted Generation

Read it and ask yourself this question:
"Does the author mean me?"

Illustrations by James Montgomery Flagg

A PASSENGER on a big ship, looking forward to one whole month as a free agent, to no longer being a part of a great orderly machine, without eyes or ears or will — this was an incredible experience to Sergeant David Littledale — of Littledale, Connecticut — Foreign Legion, homeward bound on sick-leave.

And to make it all the more perplexing, there was present on board a reminder of a sweet, youthful love affair — Stephen Brinsmade, father of Anne, whom David had given up because of a trivial misunderstanding. Brinsmade liked David, felt sure that his daughter loved him. So in blunt American fashion, and without any preliminaries, he had said to the young man:

"I want you for my son-in-law. I want to invest what I have made in a man who counts."

"But Anne," David interposed abruptly.

"I am convinced she cares — has always cared," was Brinsmade's frank reply.

"But there was a woman, I almost went on the rocks," David struggled on, feeling it his duty to tell Brinsmade of the affair in Paris with Letty who had since married his brother Ben in America. Ben had once, years ago, prevented him from making a fool of himself over a worthless girl, and now David wished he had been present to render a like service when the rôles were reversed.

"Are you your own master to-day, David?"

"Yes, thank God."

"That's all I want to know."

So ended the conversation with Brinsmade. David could not keep from debating in his mind the question of accepting the odd proposal of Anne's father. He did not love her. That he knew, for there was on board a girl — a beautiful French girl — who had awakened in him what he declared to himself to be the great love of his life. She was traveling alone to America, and evidently suffering from some overwhelming sorrow.

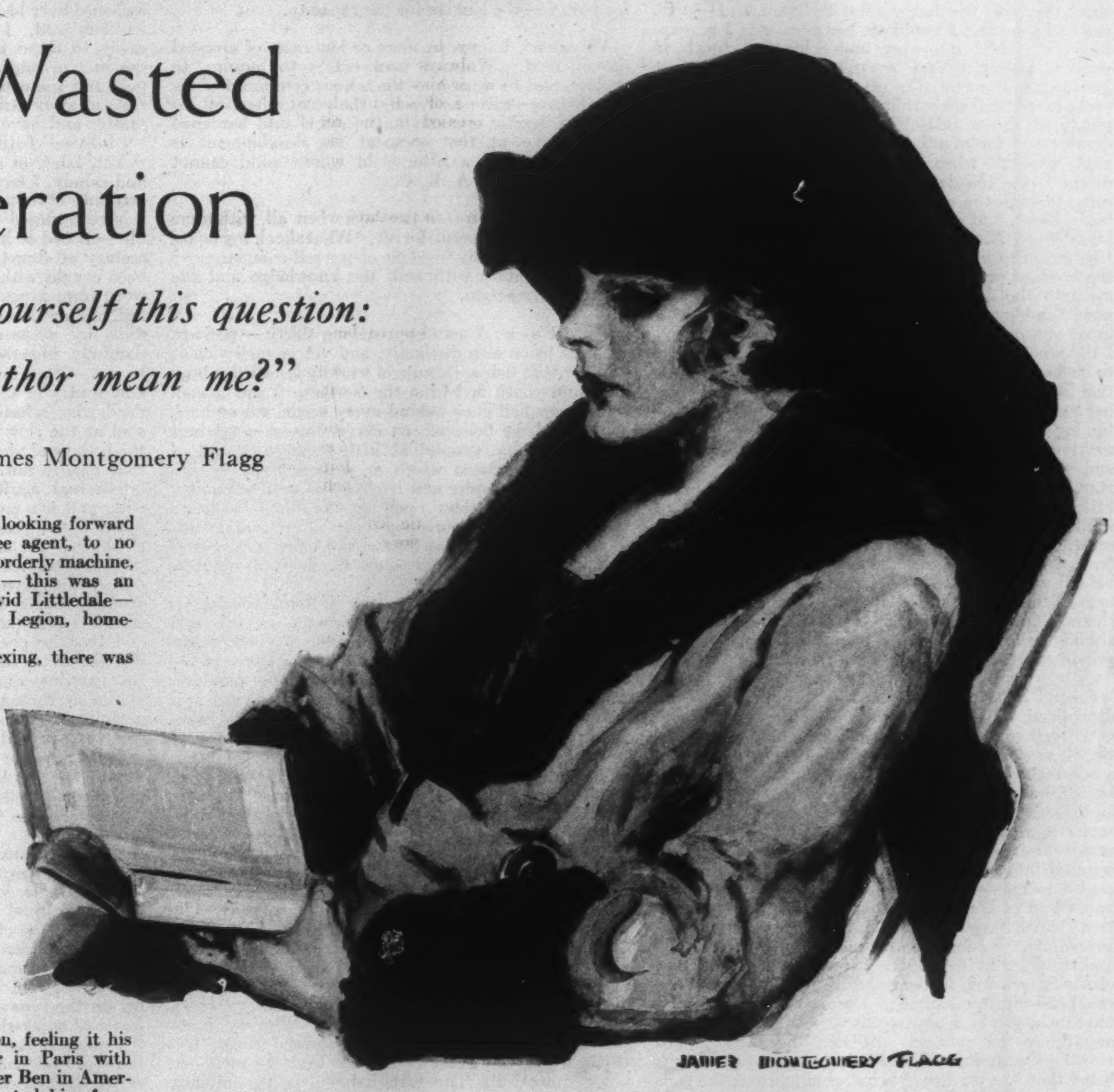
At first she repelled all his attempts at sympathy and friendship; finally she exacted of him a promise that he would never seek her after they had landed, but still he hoped, as a young man in love always hopes, that somehow, somewhere, without being false to his promise, he would see her again.

There were other problems, too, confronting David. What of his family, who had everything to make them leaders — family traditions, unlimited opportunity and undoubted energy — the Littledales, who, to the son, now that he had been up against realities in the war, seemed wasters, parasites — examples of a wasted generation?

David was fearful of his country and his fears were heightened by the radical talk of a Socialist, Peter Magnus, who was a fellow passenger.

"To me the greatness of America is that it is not American," Magnus said. "It is international, and not in a hundred years can it be anything else."

David's diary continues:



She became so absorbed in her book that she forgot my presence completely

OFTEN have I wondered what makes us so blind to our own selves and sometimes I think it is the need of perceiving our lives as a logical development. We seek in all phases of life a working formula (formulas which are not knowledge but the substitute for knowledge) and we early adopt a formula about our own selves. We never see ourselves whole, because, perhaps, we never complete our own image.

I know that I, too, am a slave of my own formula. I say to myself that I am an average man — that, given a problem of action, I will do under given circumstances just what the average man will do; that, if I am better or worse, it is all in the quality of opportunity. I am influenced largely by the judgment my neighbors would pass on me — by a desire to maintain my own self-respect, or to return to it — and yet I am conscious of but a distant and imperfect acquaintance with this self which is my court of last judgment. And, when I have said all this, I am conscious that I have explained nothing — that there is always at the bottom of myself some unpremeditated, rebellious impulse that in the moments of most determined progress toward a given point suddenly upsets all my own knowledge of myself, and sends me blindly in another direction. What is that invisible, intangible sense? I obey by instinct something that I do not comprehend, and, only at rare intervals, do I follow myself through changing phases and wonder at the instinct that brings me back to the level of common sense — as a ship in a storm struggles to right itself. I am here as I am to-day by some agency that mystifies me — invisible forces from without, or some instinct from within. Yet as I look back I see no logical relation in the process.

That night, half-awake, half-a-dream, four figures passed before me, conjured up from the cauldron of my imagination, as the mystic sequence which greeted Macbeth:

The First: A boy, with the eyes of faith, believing in the good of the world, a scrubby, tousled little urchin, in and out of mischief, just beginning to penetrate beyond the borders of fairyland, passionately curious — a rich little mind exploring vast continents of treasured knowledge — a youngster who had already dared climb the magic walls of childhood and hesitated before the jump into the strange, real world. What was I then? All of creation was within my imagination; society was expressed in three laws — the rising bell, soap, and the Sunday prohibitions; the first two I comprehended (in my male's instinct for order), the last I never did. What had happened to the world that, periodically at the end of each week, a sudden hush should fall on the household, that romping must cease and playthings be hidden away, and the body encased in starched shirts and shining black suits, and the young romping spirits should be led in leash to hard benches and the pointing finger. . . . Father and mother were majestic, Olympian figures, never quite understood, authority was absolute, and the world black or white; my first love, a young lady of twenty years, an angel stepping down out of the parted heavens, whose voice thrilled to the secret caverns of my heart. She stopped but a week at our home, and I have never seen her since, yet in those short days I fell so desperately in love with her — greatest and most radiant of fairy princesses — that to this day I can feel my little heart stop as over the bed-covers I saw her come to my bed-side, all fragrance and loveliness, to touch my eyelids with her lips. And then, they told me that she was to be married — that she had gone and I would see her no more. I remembered the child quivering under his first touch of sorrow, poignant and overwhelming. That first knowledge of sorrow, the utter loneliness, the incomprehension that such things could exist in the simplicity of the world! There was no refuge but in dreams and for months I lived for my dream — for that moment when the candle-wick glowed and dropped into the darkness and the shimmering stars came through the open window, and my dream would begin anew, and out of the peopled dark, ogres and kings' sons, Napoleons and presidents, Hercules and Ulysses, fairy godmothers and elves and — always — the loveliest princess in the world came forth to fetch me into the fantasy of the future. . . . Sometimes now, thinking on that future, I wonder if, should I have sons, any of them will be as real to me as that boy. I think not. In the man, the first-born and the closest to his heart, must ever be the boy that was. I see now that it was that first imagined sorrow which led me beyond the magic garden of childhood into the questioning of youth. There were nights — moonlit nights and starry nights, when I crept to my window and strove to piece the riddle of the strange things above — when I stood and wondered and shivered — a little mind striving to penetrate the sky — pitting itself against Infinity. And, as I watched this young self there in the still of the covered night, I wondered. Now, I neither dream nor question: I have retreated behind my formulas. But what became of all the brave little thoughts, the fancy, the rich curiosity and the eagerness for first knowledge? Which is the true, abiding self — this, or the pebble fashioned by the grinding, restless forces of Society?

Second Figure: A young man of twenty, outwardly disciplined, walking, talking, dressing like ten thousand other well-groomed mechanical products of the educational factories; inwardly, a turbulent appetite for life, a mind which had stopped functioning, an imagination buried, but with every impulse and curiosity vibrantly awake. Never have I been surer of myself, and never was I more worked upon by forces which I did not understand: — I, a high-strung young animal suddenly released into the pastures of youth. Everything appealed to me — every broad-way and by-way in the vast forest of life set me galloping down it in exploration. Each impulse, good or evil, was genuine and irresistible. I adored one woman as a saint, blushed and stumbled in her presence, trembled at the contact of her fingers and, in the full flush of this puppy-love, could feel my blood surge at a brazen glance. I drank too much, gambled outrageously: yet it was not from any desire for ugliness but from the sheer joy of wrestling with invisible outside forces, in a strange belief that I, a privileged being, could affront the gods of chance and bind them to my way.

I dissipated a month's allowance in a day — fell into deep periods of religious speculation — rebelled at dogma and constituted authority; rejected all that was old, and followed everything that was new. All this I did as hungrily as I sat down at table, without knowing why I did it. Yet this is not quite true. Already, I had begun to be conscious of a dual self, a self that acted and a self that watched. Often, I went madly toward an infatuation which would have meant the end of all things — knowing all the time the fatality of it — powerless to resist and saved only by some trick of circumstance. The truth was that my blood ran too rapidly in my veins, the delight in every sense was too imperious, the joy of being alive too intoxicating.

STILL, in this period when everything was fermenting, fructifying, bubbling to the surface in me, my outlook was of the simplest. Black was still black, and white white. Women were good or bad — and both drew me to them. I broke the laws of society but I believed in them, fully determined at some calmer, wiser period of my life to maintain and defend them. So, at this moment, when I was most inconsistent, I had faith and consistency. I repented with the same ardor with which I transgressed. Mentally, it was a period of arrested development. I walked down the avenue, and my imagination took fire at the brilliant women in their speeding luxury. What did I feel? The need of exerting the supremacy of my youth over their shallow sparkling little souls. I sat in a great Opera House and, before that insistent, imperious parade of Society, dreamed of some future date when I who was now lost in the crowd would impose myself. Everything in me was force, faith and desire, and all these young impulses tugged at my soul for the opportunity to express themselves. How confident — how wise — how convinced I was, and — I knew nothing: for, mentally, it was a period of arrested development — when I mistook the hunger for strength, the vanity for power — the longing for the capacity.

We are all, I suppose, more or less cases of arrested development. When a man ceases to inquire, to explore, and to wonder — when he is convinced of his knowledge — when he reaches the point where all his free and flexible opinions have settled into hardened convictions — at that moment his development is stopped, even as a little child whose mind cannot move beyond the A, B, C.

THIS is what I was in the days when all within me was but an appetite for life. What shook my equanimity and violently freed me of my self-complacency? The first contact with evil, the knowledge and the mysterious reaction.

Third Figure: A man approaching thirty — perhaps too near to be seen distinctly, and yet in such violent contrast that before its note of worldly knowledge boyhood and youth fled from the contact. I saw a man whose eyes had gone behind every scene, whose back had turned, he believed, on every illusion — tolerant of every frailty, amused at little hypocrisies and of those greater shams which an arrogant society imposes on the outsider and itself defies with impunity; steeped in this class cynicism — without realizing that in the strong nourishing forces of civilization this society is but the scum that rises to the surface and that in the old *pot-au-feu* below are the vital nourishments of the race.

I had come eagerly into the brilliant cosmopolitan society of Europe with enough money and proper credentials, and I had come as how many young men of imagination and fire before me — believing in pleasure as the goal of life — pleasure, which I had seen in my ardent nature as one sees and believes, in youth, the painted beauties and the paste jewels in the dazzle of footlights. I grew accustomed to what I at first resented — I shrugged my shoulders, and, in the end, I did as those I lived with did. The whole story is in the unconscious progression. I became a *flaneur* of society. I knew the comedies and tragedies of a ballroom or a dinner as an old collector on the *Quais* recognizes and smiles over the titles whose stories he knows. I lived a life of crowded inconsequences — the days and nights of what to-day is a blank of — years. But how my world had narrowed! The limitless horizons and starry spaces of childhood — even the mystery depths of youth — had contracted into confines so narrow that my daily run of life was more provincial than that of a buried village. Why did I not go on in the paths of worldly wisdom — with a cynical weighing of actual values? Why did I not continue steadfast as my logic showed me? The truth lay in the heart of a child that we men can never quite kill. The first impulse is the abiding impulse: if you would know the man know the child.

It was in vain I told myself that only the living was vital, and that in a world of sceptics and pagans only the fools clung to compunctions. I repeated to myself that the sense of all moralities is in the instinct of man to believe what he wants to believe. It brought me no calm. I did wrong saying to myself that it was not wrong — and yet all the time I knew in my restlessness that it was wrong. Mme. de Tinquerville instilled into my veins this mental corruption, and yet, at the end, when I believed that I had accepted everything, a nausea seized me and I flung this self violently aside. Then the mobilization, and a new self.

Fourth Figure: I, myself — if not the self of to-morrow, the self of to-day: an exile. For I had been that all these long embittered months — an exile from all that life had been to me, a man grown suddenly taciturn, who smoked his pipe, lying in a mud hole behind a flap, and gazed over at the thin, blue avenue of the trenches overhead; smoked, obeyed, questioned not, and was content to have found the meaning. Atavism, perhaps, the content to be just man again, following man's instinct to survive among the fittest. I knew life as though I had been born to it again. Three times a day I thrilled with the delight of eating — I knew the ecstasy of sleep after fatigue — I wept at the loss of a comrade, and my whole heart rejoiced when in the exhaustion after battle with my closing vision I felt the rough hands of a convict drawing his coat over me with the tenderness of a woman. The world had no perplexities for me. The mask was discarded. I felt myself brute, crusader, sinner, pagan and saint, and each mood was genuine. I saw men in the frenzy of combat swept into moments of unbelievable ferocity. I myself knew moments when there was nothing human in me, when courage was but the panic for existence. And out of the abnormal slaying self I would grope back into the man that reasoned over his actions and shiver at the animal who had run wild. I knew the pagan hour that comes so easily to those who have felt the breath of passing destruction continuously at their side. In the whirlpool and the whipping trenches I have seen my comrade at arms struck and strewn into unrecognizable matter and have felt but one instinctive thought:

"I live — I still live!"

Yet, later, in a more reasoning mood, deliberately and calmly, I have gone back as others went, into the certainty of destruction, to rescue a wounded stranger. I have returned with the living — singing, greedy of life — a bed of hay paradise and a can of Pinard the ecstasy of forgetfulness. I have rebelled, hesitated, been caught with the cold nausea of fear, thrilled at a word from a peasant boy kneeling and crossing himself, and awakened to the call of leadership which was mine by *noblesse oblige*, become suddenly and disdainfully impersonal when responsibility had fallen to me. Other moments there were, when I walked, a lone sentry in the night, among the sleeping and the dead, when a feeling of reverence and awe possessed my soul at the slow revolving stars, and I wondered at the futility of victors and vanquished under the things that change not. I knew those moments of intense intellectual clarity when my mind seemed to take wing and lift me above the soiled reality of conflict into a mystic sense of my own loneliness in the scheme of things. At such moments, when only the questioning remained — I had a disdain of danger and the death which went unseen and whining in the night, a disdain that was absolute. Yet in the morning, cramped in a dugout, I heard the great shells shatter and felt the cold sweat rise on my back. After this can the other life be real? I wonder. Or will all this pass into dim incredible memory?

And so, through the long night, there on the hidden deck among those who waited and feared, next to the woman at my side, awake, too, with her memories — I saw my strange selves pass and wondered. Which was the nearest kin to the David of that hour? What new figure would come out of the future that was impenetrable as the dark that wrapped me about?

I THINK I must have gone off into a half-sleep, for all at once my eyes opened to a gray and wavering shape. The skeleton outline of the creaking ship grew out of the fluid dawn, figures of sleeping passengers rose out of the obscurity and across the rail the white curl of the clearing sea. My first instinctive impulse was to the woman at my side.

The veil had been thrown back — the long lashes lay on the brown cheek across which a spray of dark hair had adhered in moist transgression. The front of the rough Breton hood half-concealed the clear rise of the forehead and soaring eyebrows, the fine delicacy of the high-bridged nose, the full and sensitive lips. One hand lay at her throat, a rosary entwined in her fingers and there was the silver flash of a crucifix. I thought then that I had never looked upon anything so gentle, so fragile, so pure. She was so far removed from the things of this heavy world that in her semi-recumbent position, I thought of her as some sculptured saint, asleep in an olden monastery.

Her eyes opened, rested on mine a full moment, read deep into my thoughts, and dropped away. Instantly she drew her veil, sat up and averted her head. Within me everything grew troubled and confused. I rose hastily and went down the deck.

I can remember to this day the sudden timidity that overcame me always in her presence, the eagerness to speak to her, and the hesitancy whenever I found an excuse. In her, too, I see now, two impulses fought, for at times, in her instinct to repel me, she was brusque almost to the point of rudeness and her manner was so determinedly antagonistic that I grew diffident as a boy. What had become of the man of the world? I, who prided myself on my knowledge of women, was as awkward in her presence, as helpless and at a loss as the veriest school-boy. I can remember that I had but one thought on awaking — to do her some service, and yet when I had returned from below-decks with a thermos bottle of hot coffee I stood stupidly staring, utterly at loss for some pretext to approach her.

I came hesitantly down the strewn deck. The sky was graying rapidly now, as the dawn crept in chill and sickly. Astern, the low-huddled funnels of our escort — guardian of our night. Brinsmade and Magnus had wakened and gone below. The lady with the child was sitting up, re-arranging her veil. A sudden inspiration came to me. I stopped and made my offer.

"A drop of hot coffee, Madame?"

She took it, smiling and grateful, refusing a second cup. I breathed more freely, for I felt that I had removed all personal emphasis.

"Won't you also have a little bit of coffee? It's a long way to breakfast."

Yet, as I said this, I had a sudden weak feeling of intruding and I looked away from her for fear she would read beneath the studied impersonality of my tone. Behind the veil, I felt a moment of hesitation.

"If you will hold the bottle, I will get some clean glasses."

When I returned, I brought a box of crackers, taking the precaution to offer them along the way. This action evidently disarmed her prejudices for she had drawn her veil when I came to her chair. I poured a full glass.

"But you, Monsieur?"

"Oh, I've had my cup, below. Take it — you need it. I'm afraid you had a bad night."

She took the glass but made no answer. A moment, when I had referred to the night, her gray-eyed glance rose to my face, rested a furtive moment in thoughtful inquiry, and retreated; but the moment was not one of embarrassment or hesitation, but rather of a settled attitude of aloofness.

"THERE is just a little more."

"Some one else, then."

I poured out what remained and handed it to her, pressing her acceptance.

"Thank you — no more."

She drew on her gloves, lowered her veil and sank back once more.

Feeling a certain irritation that in this first clash of authority she should have resisted, I sat down.

"To-morrow morning I'll be better provided."

"To-morrow? We spend another night on deck?" she said, in surprise.

"That's orders. But you don't obey orders," I said, glancing at the deck. "Orders are to bring your life-belt and you've not done it."

"No — I didn't think of it."

"You are not afraid?"

"Afraid? Of that?" she said, slowly. She shook her head and I wondered at the look behind her veil.

The tone in which it was said, coupled with the memory of that meeting on the upper deck, thrilled me. I sought to make her talk, to establish a natural acquaintance, through no curiosity but out of a genuine sympathy. Yet I was so keenly aware of the bar which her traditions interposed that I waited a long moment before I had courage to say:

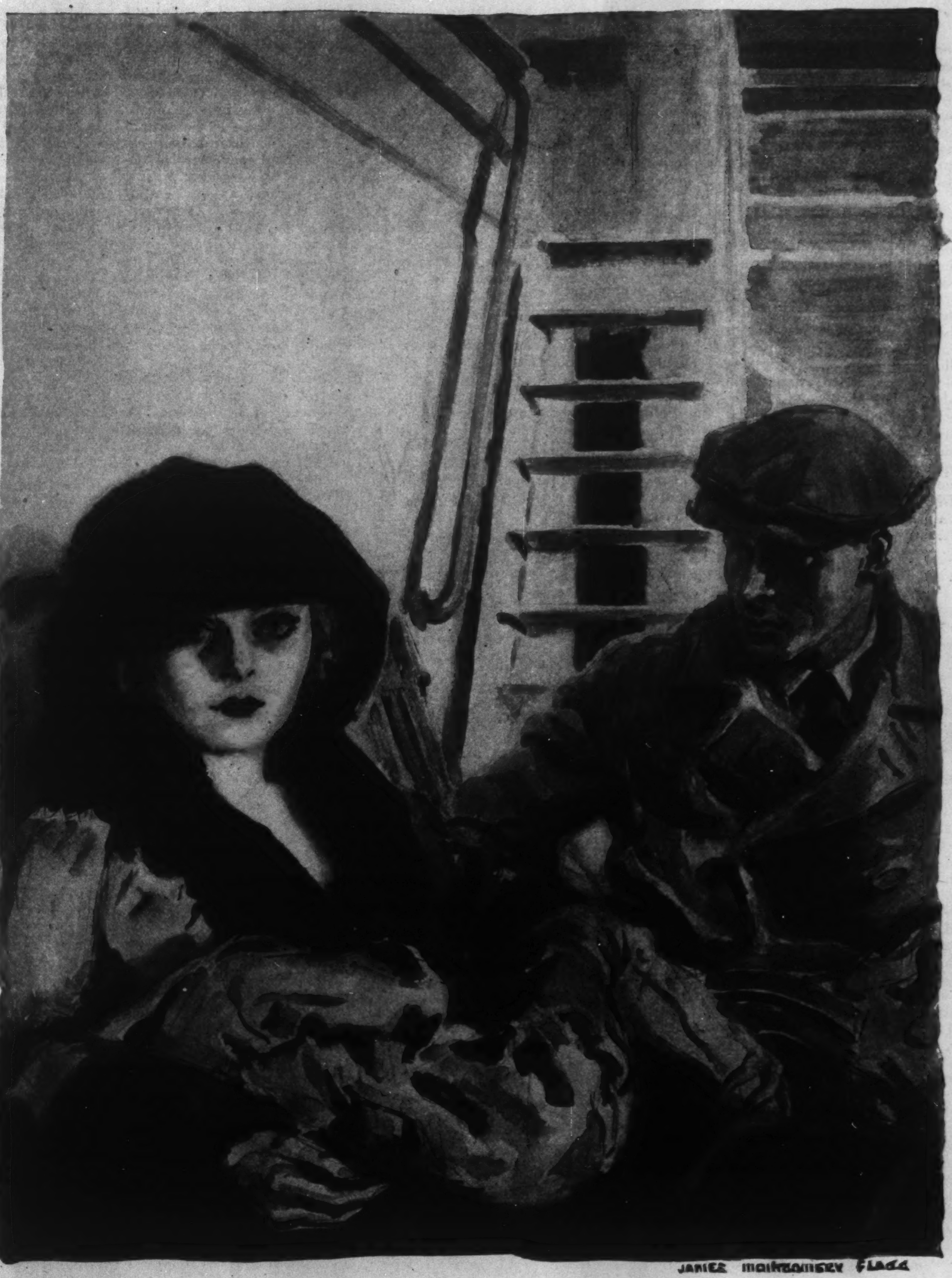
"Mademoiselle — I hope you will forgive my presumption of last night."

"Presumption?"

"Yes — it was that. I hope you did not misunderstand my action."

She turned.

"I did not misunderstand that, no," she said, reluctantly, for I was forcing her into conversation against her will, "and yet, why should you have done it?"



Her voice was low, warmed with tenderness. I bent forward, my eyes fixed on the mobile, fugitive expressions of her face. But only half of the audience heard her. Master Jack was fast asleep

"Mademoiselle," I said, surprised at the quickening of my pulses, "I have done what little I could to help, because I love your people. I have lived among sorrow and terror. Am I not allowed to understand, and try to help, just — because it is one of my own kind?"

She did not reply at once. I felt that her eyes were on me.

"You Americans have kind hearts, Monsieur, and I thank you again."

To this day I can remember the thrill of pleasure that came to me with the first softening of her voice, that first note which told me that in her eyes I was no longer just one of the passing crowd.

"I know how a young girl is brought up in France," I began, hurriedly. . . .

"We are no young girls now, Monsieur. There are only women in France."

The voice was back into the measured, impersonal tone.

I looked at her, amazed — started to speak and stopped. I understood that I should gain nothing by forcing a conversation and though every instinct urged me to remain near her, I rose to withdraw.

"May I present myself, Mademoiselle, since we are to be companions for a while? Mr. David Littledale."

She bowed an acknowledgment but made no answer and I went down the deck with a stirring uneasiness at the awkwardness which it seemed to me I had displayed in every word and action. Later in the day I found a card on her chair. The name was like herself, a veil thrown up against my curiosity.

"Mlle. Denise Duvernoy."

An ocean steamer is a great university of the world. Infinity of sea and sky being an incredulity of the defined land, where strange human beings move under precise conventions to the tyranny of what is or is not done — for me the comprehensible world was but this speck of wood, swinging between water and sky. The salt democracy of the sea and the common sense of danger run quickened our senses and let down the barriers of our Anglo-Saxon restraint.

Yet of all those who crowded the decks the one woman who interested me most defied all my attempts at friendship. Beyond the unconventionality of our first meetings on the dock and by the upper rail I had been unable to progress. Indeed, all her attitude indicated a studied resolve to retreat from the memory of an accidental intimacy. Her greeting each morning was gracious. She allowed me to arrange her pillows and wrap her solicitously in her steamer rugs.

"Monsieur — I thank you — you are very kind."

She said it gravely, with a slight acknowledgment of her head, but her tone remained impersonal and she conveyed to me, without possibility of misunderstanding, that her privacy was to be respected, and it was not until I had gone off for a tramp of the decks or had turned into the constant discussion which ran on between Magnus and Brinsmade that she drew her veil and picked up her book. The book was but a pretext. For hours she held it before her without the turning of a page.

At times, I pretended to go off in long *siestas*, studying her furtively in short examinations. For despite every precaution, if my glance remained on her too long, she was aware of it and, if I persisted, she retired behind her veil.

This very reserve stirred my curiosity. My imagination was drawn to a mystery that I divined, an inner conflict beneath the precise formality of her outer manner. Her slightest action became to me the important record of my day. I studied her and wondered. There were hollows in her cheek that should not have gone with her years. Often in the warm impulsive lips I detected the set droop of long fatigue, while about the eyes, which remained long moments lost in the healing distance, I felt the still quivering lines of remembered pain. She seemed so out of place that, with the memory of my own exile, I felt intuitively the struggle of a soul brutally torn from its protecting affections and forced by the tragic hazards of war to struggle for readjustment and the right to go on living. I felt this and yet I could not intrude. About her, in everything she did, in every word she uttered was an authority I could not but respect.

Her day was measured in an unvarying routine. She came from breakfast, walked alone for an hour, took to her chair and read with long periods of abstracted contemplation, until a glance at her watch apprised her of the time for another turn of the deck.

When she walked, it was without movement of the hips or shoulders — her elbows to her sides, with a curious erect and measured grace, as our grandmothers used to walk — when our grandmothers were straight and slender. Her step was light and leisurely, without purpose. She paused often, leaning against the rail, to gaze into the Western distances, before resuming her pensive strolling. In the afternoon, particularly at the stealing in of the dusk, I saw her turn to her prayer-book. Then she became so absorbed that she forgot my presence completely, lifted into regions where I could not follow.

The method, the dryness, the precision of this routine would have convinced me were it not for a memory — the cry of the woman in her loneliness on the upper deck. With that memory in my imagination, I felt from the first the struggle and the conflict — two natures contending within her; or rather that, with some determined resolve before her, as a novice about to renounce the world, she was striving to impose upon herself a discipline, mental and moral, which was not in the ardent and impulsive rebellion of her temperament.

The short word of greeting, the punctilious farewell at night, in a manner grave, restrained and without a smile, were all so carefully adjusted to the most obvious civilities that I despaired of ever penetrating her reserve. Yet when the opportunity came it came as naturally as it was unexpected.

Among the few children was a boy of five or six who enjoyed great popularity among the passengers. The child, attracted to Mlle. Duvernoy by childhood's instinct to those who have borne pain, passed and repassed a dozen times a day before her chair, seeking by every coquetry to catch her eye.

The fourth morning out, when we were stretching languidly in our steamer chairs, Master Jack, enveloped in leggings, sweater and muffler, wabbled down like a rolling ball of cotton and, after the usual preliminary skirmishes, rallying his courage, stopped directly between our chairs, and said, timidly:

"How do?"

The piping voice startled her from her mechanical contemplation. She dropped her book abruptly and her body seemed to shrink back.

"I talk to you a little while — yes?"

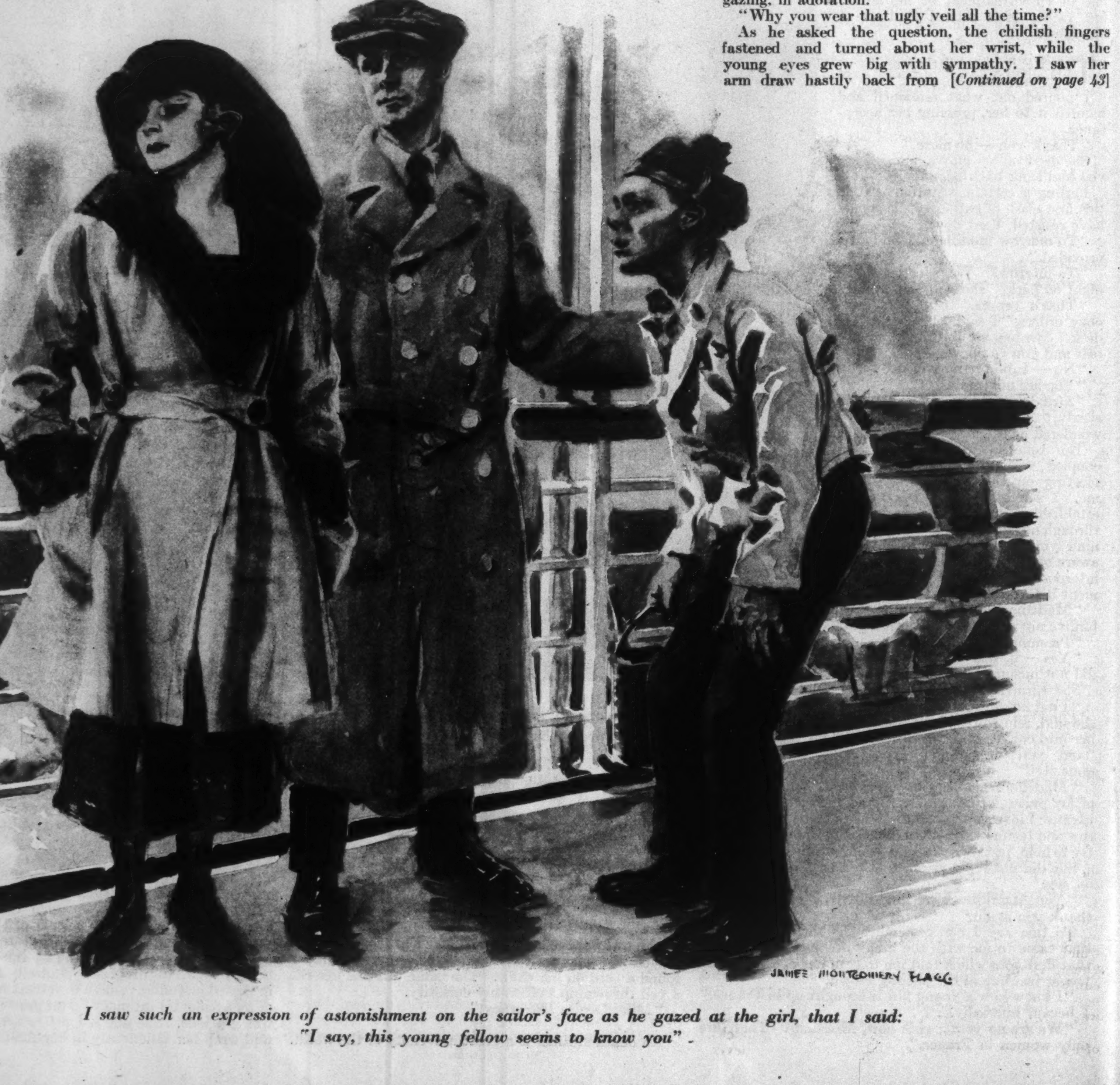
The smile of the young suppliant would have won over a jury, yet to my surprise she did not unbend and the greeting was forced and perfunctory.

"Good morning."

Determined, the youngster sidled up and stood gazing, in adoration.

"Why you wear that ugly veil all the time?"

As he asked the question, the childish fingers fastened and turned about her wrist, while the young eyes grew big with sympathy. I saw her arm draw hastily back from [*Continued on page 43*]



I saw such an expression of astonishment on the sailor's face as he gazed at the girl, that I said: "I say, this young fellow seems to know you"

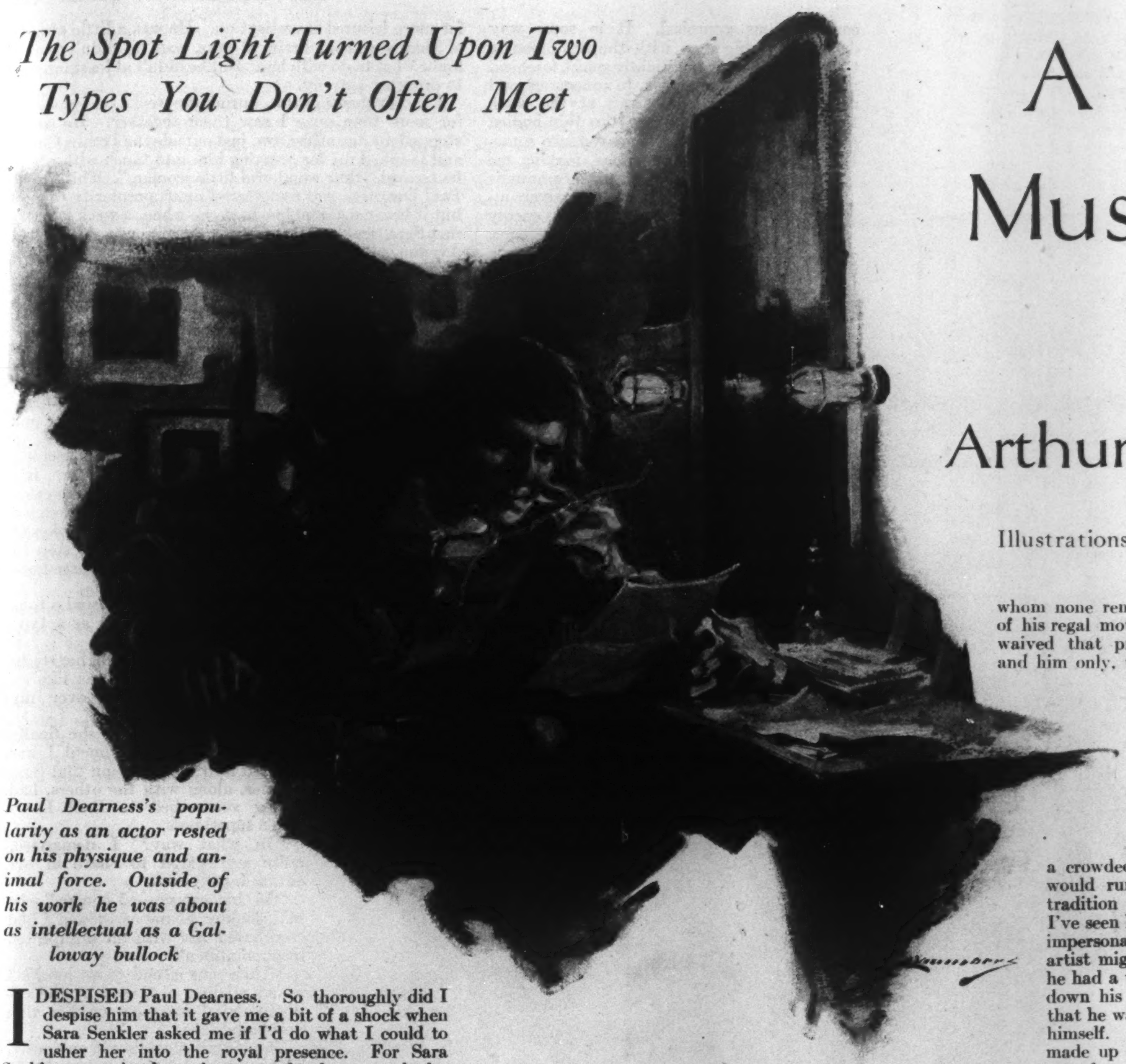
The Spot Light Turned Upon Two Types You Don't Often Meet

A Lion Must Eat

by

Arthur Stringer

Illustrations by C. E. Chambers



Paul Dearness's popularity as an actor rested on his physique and animal force. Outside of his work he was about as intellectual as a Galloway bullock

I DESPISED Paul Dearness. So thoroughly did I despise him that it gave me a bit of a shock when Sara Senkler asked me if I'd do what I could to usher her into the royal presence. For Sara Senkler, even in those days, was far from a nobody. She had come over from England with half-a-dozen rather sombre novels to her credit, had somewhat timorously assisted at the Broadway launching of her *Daughter of Adam*, and through the same had been startled to find herself the possessor of a seemingly self-perpetuating income which must have had not a little to do with her remaining in America.

Not that Sara Senkler was venal. She was still under thirty. And at that age the ardors of youth can nest comfortably enough on the crags of illusion. But she took her work much too seriously to sell her birthright for a pot of message. Her flare, in fact, was intensity. She was a smallish, alert-bodied woman with habitually eager and hungry eyes, the type that would be clumsily written down as cerebral, but a person of such singular shyness, *more Anglico*, that the uninitiated stranger might be tempted to accept her as inarticulate. For it was only on paper, apparently, that her extraordinary expressiveness, that galloping and somewhat bewildering gift of language of hers, could be given free rein. Her intensity seemed to escape only through her ink-pot, but I flattered myself, from the first, in being able to detect some persistent and incongruous potentiality of emotion in her, notwithstanding those neat and meager gestures and that mouse-like quietude of manner which customarily bespeaks the soul well in control of itself.

So I prided myself, when she told me how anxious she was to meet Paul Dearness, on having stumbled across the public confirmation of a private suspicion. This quiet-eyed little woman was, after all, not exactly "fishy", as I had once heard her described. Genius itself must know something of those human passions which it so meticulously exploits. And it seemed human enough, in those days, for womankind to succumb to the superbness of Paul Dearness. For Dearness, it must be admitted, was superb. That, I imagine, was why I hated him so heartily, why ninety-nine men out of a hundred hated him. He had learned the tricks of his trade as an actor, of course, or he would never have been a star. But the bridge of his popularity rested on the twin abutments of physique and animal force. Outside of his work he was about as intellectual as a Galloway bullock.

In the matter of work, however, he seemed to know his limitations. I can't be sure whether that knowledge came through the box-office or through instinct, but he stuck to the costume-play until the world got its overdose of rapiers and regurgitated history, and then embalmed his heroic manliness in that breed of romantic drama where dignity is never sacrificed on the altar of emotion and the tailor is never quite eclipsed by the calamities of intrigue.

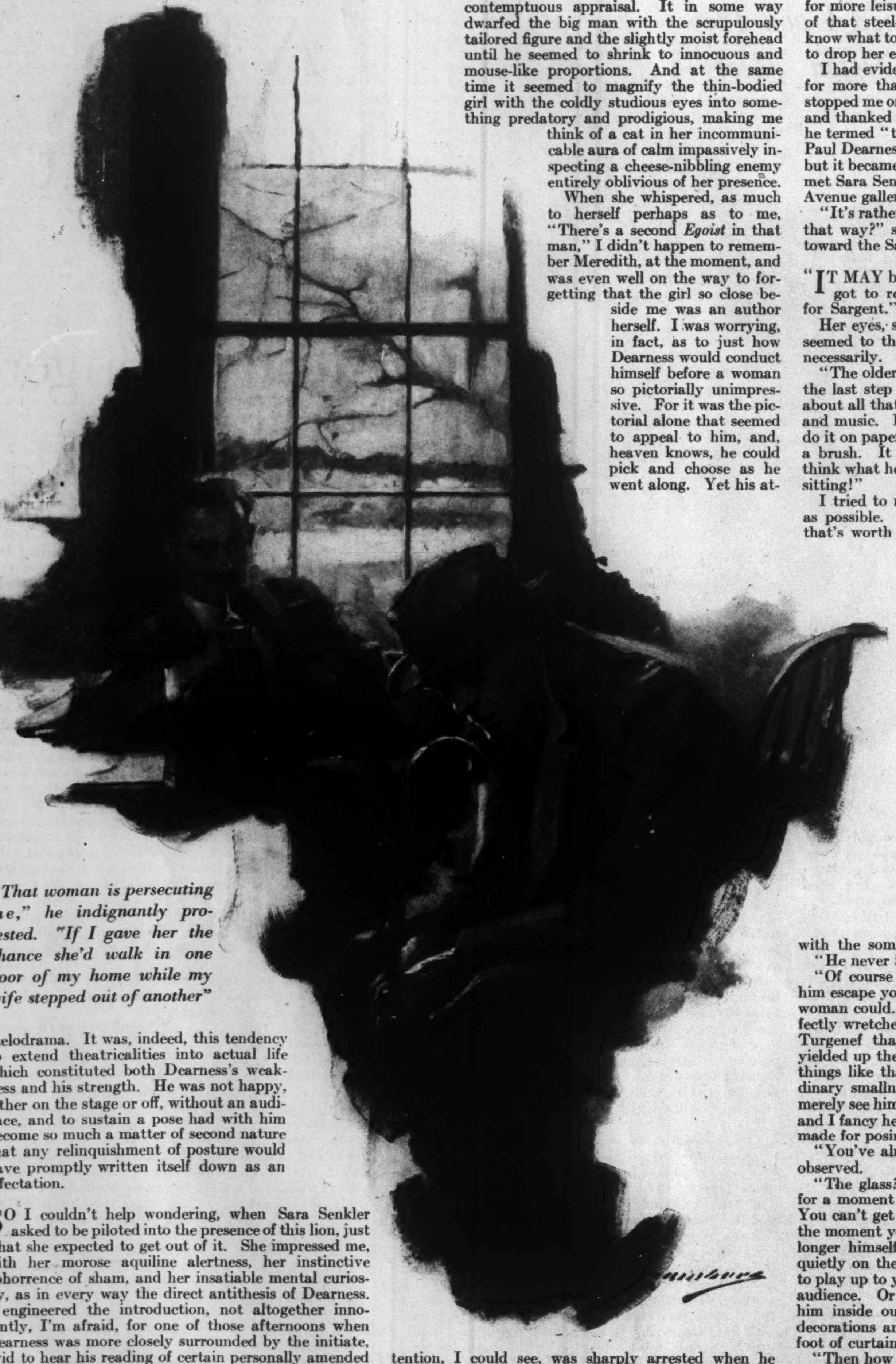
SO IT was the ladies, the dear delightful ladies, who swarmed to see him and sighed after him, who translated him into the matinée-idol he was. He made love to them, of course. He couldn't help it. They threw themselves at him. They waylaid him, and tremulously accosted him as he stepped out of his big, new, ivory-tinted landaulet that looked for all the world like a Childs' restaurant on wheels. He made love to them after the manner of the kingfisher in dining, one swoop and plunge and swallow followed by another. I rather fancy that Napoleon in the days of the Empire was small fry, in this respect, compared with Paul Dearness. Really adorable girls, confounding that big, empty-headed brute with the romantic heroes he simulated on the stage, sent him flowers and smoking-jackets and asked him for signed photographs.

All this, of course, could do only one thing to Dearness. It converted him into the vainest man, all things considered, that I ever had the privilege of knowing. For it *was* a privilege to know Dearness, so peculiar and so precious a type did he seem to me, the mere unattached and impersonal student of life. When he stepped up into starhood he naturally became the center of his own little universe. All activities revolved around him. He was the master of his company, the emperor with his imperial prerogatives, the star before whom none remained seated, unless, with one of his regal motions of the hand, he graciously waived that privilege. It was about him, and him only, that the publicity man had to romance. They fed him on electric-bulbs and big type and that back-stage lubricant known as adulation until he simply couldn't help falling in love with himself. And he never had been conspicuous for self-depreciation.

He actually dreaded to cross a crowded street, for fear an automobile would run him down and bring a new tradition in acting to an untimely end. I've seen him study himself in a mirror as impersonally and as approvingly as an artist might study a finished canvas, and he had a way of running a caressing hand down his own side-face, which intimated that he was not altogether unpopular with himself. Once I remember seeing him made up as a polo-player, for the second act of one of his tea-cup comedies. His dresser had helped him into a pair of shining patent-leather top-boots and as he stood before the full-length mirror which he kept in his dressing-room, inspecting his legs, he laughed quietly and contentedly. I have never been able to forget that laugh. It reminded me of a child's happiness in the possession of a French doll without one flaw in its perfection.

But it wasn't, of course, all happiness for Dearness. Life doesn't deal the cards that way. He suffered acutely, I know, when reading of the triumphs of his rivals. He was vaguely depressed, too, when his audiences were less responsive than usual. He used to time the length of his 'hands' and occasionally even had the curtain rustled, as though signifying his impending reappearance before the audience, to prolong to the last moment that precious but attenuating applause. And during those more crowded functions — before he abjured society for, as he termed it, a deeper study of his art — where competitors for attention were not quite satisfactorily insignificant, he suffered actual pain at the thought of any too careless partition of homage. As a lion, he preferred to roar alone.

And he roared well, it must in candor be admitted, though his own knowledge of his efficiency in this matter always, to me, tended to spoil the picture. He loved his own voice, so carefully cadenced, just as he loved his own figure, so carefully groomed. But he loved that voice best when it was sounding its chest-tones, with all the *vox humana* stops pulled out, and I never heard it more virile and more vibrant than when he rose from his table at the Ritz one night and resonantly demanded to shake hands with a complete stranger who with alcoholic altriusm had just proclaimed that "no matter what happens to a man's mother, I'm the kind that stays with her to the end!" More than once I've wondered just what Sara Senkler would have said, with her instinctive abhorrence for the obvious, if she could have seen those two ponderous and slightly inebriate sentimentalists solemnly shaking hands over a platitude so resonant of Third Avenue



"That woman is persecuting me," he indignantly protested. "If I gave her the chance she'd walk in one door of my home while my wife stepped out of another"

melodrama. It was, indeed, this tendency to extend theatricalities into actual life which constituted both Dearness's weakness and his strength. He was not happy, either on the stage or off, without an audience, and to sustain a pose had with him become so much a matter of second nature that any relinquishment of posture would have promptly written itself down as an affectation.

SO I couldn't help wondering, when Sara Senkler asked to be piloted into the presence of this lion, just what she expected to get out of it. She impressed me, with her morose aquiline alertness, her instinctive abhorrence of sham, and her insatiable mental curiosity, as in every way the direct antithesis of Dearness. I engineered the introduction, not altogether innocently, I'm afraid, for one of those afternoons when Dearness was more closely surrounded by the initiate, avid to hear his reading of certain personally amended passages of Molière's *Tartuffe*. The room was crowded, the air was heavy with Egyptian cigarettes, wilted violets, and those subtly aggressive French perfumes which run like a series of epidemics through the competitive ranks of our womankind. I thought it was shyness, at first, which prompted Sara Senkler to ask me to hold back a bit, once we were in the imperial presence. But I knew, as I watched her, that I was mistaken in this.

It was not timidity I saw in her eye as she sat studying Paul Dearness from a distance. It impressed me more as a look of hunger, a look of judicial and slightly contemptuous appraisal. It in some way dwarfed the big man with the scrupulously tailored figure and the slightly moist forehead until he seemed to shrink to innocuous and mouse-like proportions. And at the same time it seemed to magnify the thin-bodied girl with the coldly studious eyes into something predatory and prodigious, making me think of a cat in her incommunicable aura of calm impassively inspecting a cheese-nibbling enemy entirely oblivious of her presence.

When she whispered, as much to herself perhaps as to me, "There's a second *Egoist* in that man," I didn't happen to remember Meredith, at the moment, and was even well on the way to forgetting that the girl so close beside me was an author herself. I was worrying, in fact, as to just how Dearness would conduct himself before a woman so pictorially unimpressive. For it was the pictorial alone that seemed to appeal to him, and, heaven knows, he could pick and choose as he went along. Yet his attention, I could see, was sharply arrested when he finally shook hands with her, though she winced visibly when he cavalierly inquired if, at some time or other, she hadn't met him before.

He was always announcing to round-eyed rapturous ladies that they had surely met somewhere before. But this young lady was neither round-eyed nor rapturous, and she even confronted him with two or three prompt contradictions to over-airy generalizations of his as to the traditions of the Paris stage. She piqued him, I could see, from the first, and he was not accustomed to dealing with material which he could not comprehend. He decided, apparently, to detain her for more leisured investigation. He was a little afraid of that steel-cold brain of hers, and he didn't quite know what to do with her. But he didn't at least intend to drop her entirely.

I had evidence of this, during the weeks that ensued, for more than once I saw them together. He even stopped me one afternoon, just outside the Lambs Club, and thanked me for bringing him into touch with what he termed "that wonderful little woman." This, from Paul Dearness, was a matter of much perplexity to me, but it became a double-edged one when, a week later, I met Sara Senkler at a portrait exhibition in one of the Avenue galleries.

"It's rather awful, isn't it, being shown up on canvas that way?" she said as she waved her card-catalogue toward the Sargent that stood above us.

"IT MAY be for the victim," I agreed, "but we've got to remember how superb it must have been for Sargent."

Her eyes, startled out of their barricaded quietness, seemed to thank me for that, to thank me quite unnecessarily.

"The older I get," she told me, "the more I feel it's the last step in all art, this getting at *character*. It's about all that's left, after our little pagan joys in color and music. But we have to build so slowly, when we do it on paper. *He* does it with half a dozen strokes of a brush. It takes my breath away, when I stop to think what he'd do with Paul Dearness in a three-hour sitting!"

I tried to make my next inquiry in as casual a tone as possible. "Then you regard Dearness as a type that's worth perpetuating?"

She swept me with one of her steely stares of appraisal. It was like an open razor-blade going over my face.

"He's unmatchable!" she finally averred. And for a moment I was deluded into the suspicion that Sara Senkler, along with the others, had tritely succumbed to Paul Dearness's superbness.

"In what way?" I demanded, quite unprepared to share in her enthusiasms.

"In his egoism, of course," she said, looking at me as though I had confronted her with an unexpected disappointment.

"Then you intend to *do* him?" I asked, slightly disturbed by the undissimulated intensity on her thin and pallid face.

She looked up, almost enviously, at the flat canvas so miraculously made precious with hardened paints.

"He's too big for me," she said with the sombre light once more in her eyes.

"He never impressed me that way," I remarked.

"Of course he didn't, or you would never have let him escape you. And a man would never see him as a woman could. For example, *can* you imagine the perfectly wretched week of it he'll have when he reads in Turgenef that a hundred different countesses once yielded up their souls in the arms of Chopin? It's the things like that that make him colossal, the extraordinary smallnesses which you can't get at when you merely see him posing over a piano or a mantel-piece—and I fancy he feels pianos and mantel-pieces were only made for posing over!"

"You've already been getting the glass on him," I observed.

"The glass?" she repeated, not catching my point for a moment or two. "But that's just the difficulty. You can't get him the way Goya got a drapery. And the moment you get him under the microscope he's no longer himself. And if you asked him to please sit quietly on the slide, he'd spoil everything by starting to play up to you, the same as he plays up to any other audience. Or if he thought you were trying to turn him inside out, like a glove, he'd insist on interior decorations and having the stage neatly set before a foot of curtain could go up!"

"Then how would you propose to get at him?" I inquired, slightly chilled with her operating-room air of impersonality.

"That's the problem which every big-game hunter has to face," she retorted, with still another meditative look at the Sargent canvas. Then, apparently disturbed by the none too sympathetic look in my eye, she sought shelter behind an entrenching little laugh of inconsequentiality.

"But you'd at least admit that he'd be worth trying for?" she concluded, with a valedictory glance down at her watch.

"Rembrandt has already made a quarter of beef quite interesting," I retorted as I held the green-baize swing-door open for her.

I had accustomed myself to thinking of Sara Senkler, for all her protective feathering of timidities, as a young person of subterranean and singular audacity. But I was scarcely prepared for the recklessness with which she attached herself to Paul Dearness.

She must have known what it meant, from the first, for Dearness had given the world small chance to misestimate either his motives or his methods with women. I even began to suspect, as I beheld her more and more in the company of this posturing big hedonist with the patchwork past, that she had been rather clever in the way in which she had thrown a smoke-screen about her surrender. For, while examining the crocodile's palate, the crocodile's jaws had closed. And as time went on, she gave further and still further evidence of unexpected reversion to type. It was, after all, merely one more conquest for the conqueror. Our intent-eyed little woman trotted about under his big wing, silent and subjugated. He seemed to have appropriated her in his customary kingfisher way. And, remembering what I had once accepted as Sara Senkler's genius, I felt rather sorry to see her mucking up a career that had seemed so rich with promise.

I DON'T know how Anatolian the affair may have been, but it began to dawn on me that it was an affair with a difference. I wakened up to the fact that Dearness was less gregarious than of old, that he was either edging or was being edged away from the circle which had once meant so much to him. I had no means of knowing through what patient and laborious campaigns of segregation it had been brought about, but it became evident that the dear, delightful ladies who had once clustered about their matinée-idol were now as silent as a parliament of birds with a hawk overhead. And the thing that most impressed me was Dearness's own personal satisfaction with this newer condition. He was even willing to acknowledge to me that too many petticoats could smother the life out of an artist and that a man owed his work everything that was best in him. It struck me that he was sounding the note of Ecclesiastes a little early in life. It also struck me that that newer strain as to the sanctity of accomplishment was an echo from the lady of whom he had of late seen so much. And I began to watch, not without reward, for signs of change in my Byronic big friend.

Dearness, of course, had always been as impressionable as a woman, emulating the chameleon in his responsive alterations to environment. After six weeks in London, for instance, his accent had become irreproachably English. And after nine weeks in Paris a distinctly Gallic tinge overtook him and he betrayed a tendency to pinch the air with a sensitized thumb and forefinger on those occasions when he instructed his leading-lady, struggling over a new part, to "*Lilt* it!" When he learned, indeed, that Montigny had once conducted rehearsals at the *Gymnase* from an armchair at the front of the stage, he promptly insisted on the same armchair in his own theatre.

And now I seemed to detect in him a tendency toward Sara Senkler's more intellectualized outlook on life. He even fell into the habit of quoting her. In her presence he waited for her slightly parsimonious endorsing of opinions with a meekness which began to amaze me. It seemed incredible that he should succumb to a woman so negative in everything that had once appealed to him and so positive in those subtler things which stood beyond his comprehension. And I began to wonder which of the two, after all, could have changed the more.

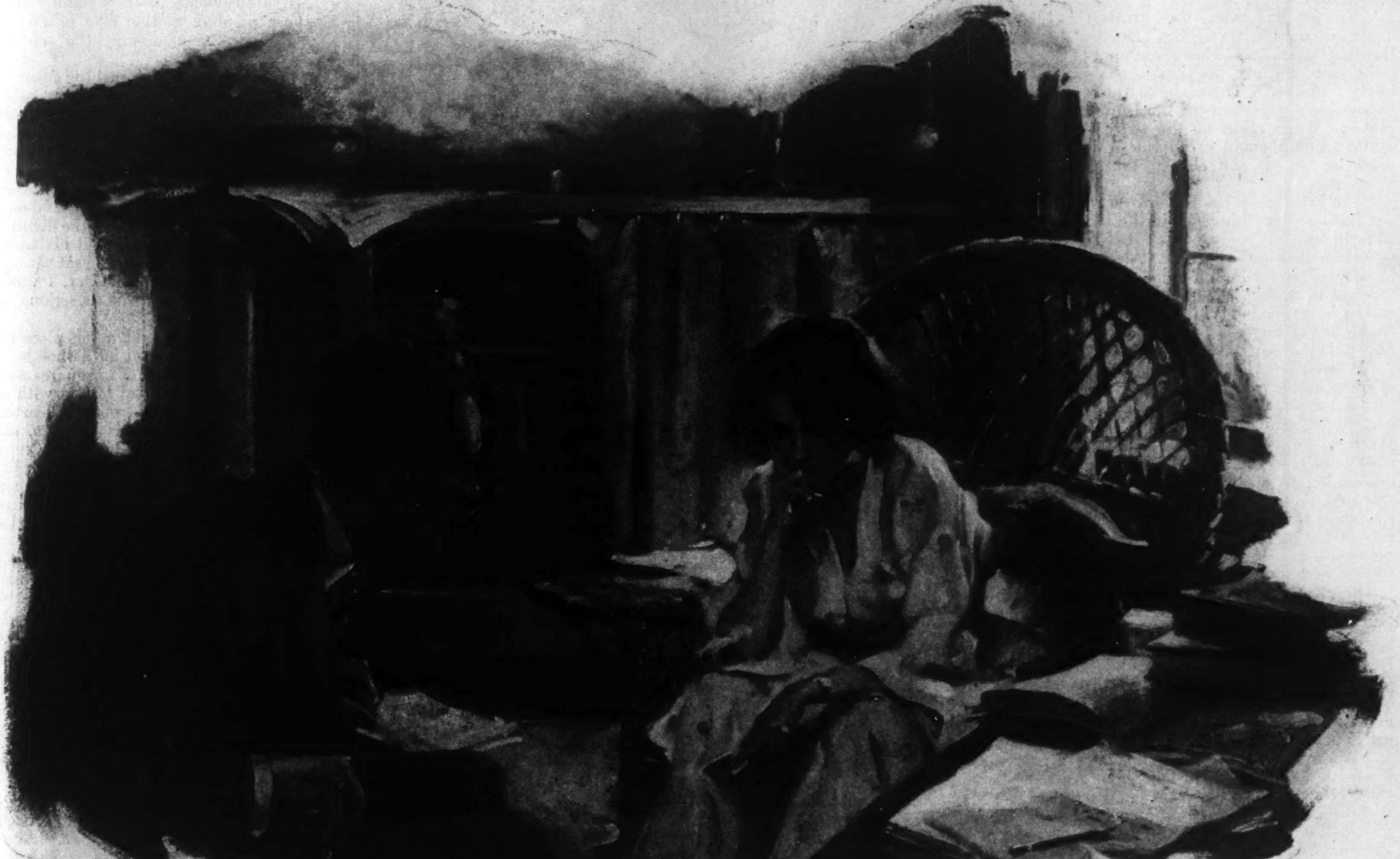
"She's so wonderfully interested in my work," Dearness once explained to me. "It never seems to tire her, or bore her, the way it did those—those emptier-headed women. She comes back to it, every day, as keen and curious as a child. I find it a great stimulus. Her mind, sir, is amazing. It keeps telling me that I've one of my own which must be used." And he rather pompously concluded with a slowly intoned "*Cogito, ergo sum.*"

As for Sara Senkler herself, an odd mood of incommunicability seemed to have taken possession of her. Dearness, apparently, filled her world for her and she was interested in nothing else. She lost caste, undoubtedly, and she just as obviously lost power. But she went about with a morose contentment on her thin young face, reminding me of a child who endures punishment, hugging a consolatory secret to her breast. It must have been something, I remembered, to know that she had taken him away from that brilliant retinue of rivals; that she had rolled him up as tenuously, yet as effectively, as a warrior-spider rolls up a house-fly.

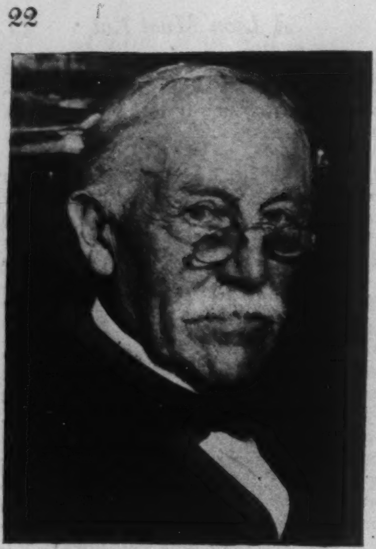
BUT I was wrong in this, as circumstances showed when Arvilla Dengate came back from her year of opera work on the Continent. Arvilla, in private life, was the same large and Valkyrean gypsy that made her the ideal goddess of lawlessness on the operatic stage, big-limbed, red-mouthed and imperial-minded. When her orbit and Dearness's had impinged, in times past, it had seemed like deep calling unto deep, like demigod mating with demigod. But Arvilla Dengate had thought too much of her European contracts to allow a personal attachment to interfere with professional advancement, and Dearness had always impressed me as sighing with secret relief at the flight of that over-tempestuous and over-taxing giantess. On her return, however, she coolly undertook to resume a relationship which must have remained at least warm in her memory. She didn't even stop, such being her imperial way, to think of any newer factor in the situation. She sent for Dearness, and Dearness, we all saw, was weak enough to respond. He did so in a hang-dog sort of way which accentuated that impression of weakness and which persuaded me the reestablished suzerainty would not be an enduring one. But this in no way lessened my pity for Sara Senkler, who crumpled up like a startled child, stunned to find her orange so casually and so completely taken away from her.

She even came to me about it. She looked wretched, but she was much quieter in manner and tone than I had expected.

"I wish you'd talk to Paul," [*Continued on page 36*]



I found it hard to keep a not unnatural hostility out of my voice. "You don't mean you've married a man merely to pickle him in ink?"



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Dr. Harding is the only father who has lived to see his son elected to the Presidency

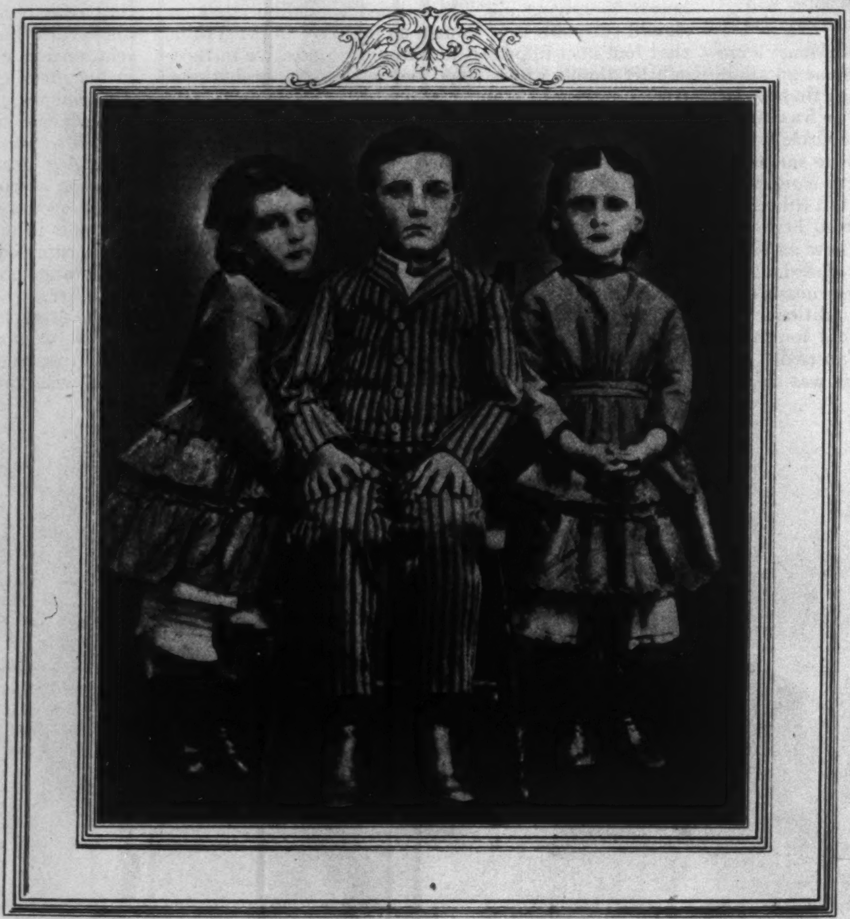
My Boy Warren

The Father's Story of the President-Elect and His Success System

by George L. Edmunds

(C)

Warren's success, his father says, is due to his mother's devotion and training



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Warren Harding, wearing the famous red-topped boots he purchased himself when he was four years old. The little girls are his sisters, Mary (deceased) and Charity

DR. GEORGE TRYON HARDING, father of the President-elect of the United States, settled back into the comfortable recesses of a "sleepy hollow" chair before a patent gas-radiator in his dim-lit, downtown office in Marion, Ohio. He had consented to tell the world through *McClure's Magazine* about the boyhood of his son Warren. Less than a fortnight before, the election had been held and Marion had been the center of the storm. This night it was as quiet as a country churchyard.

"Warren has won the greatest honor his country has to give," Doctor Harding began, "and I have won something, too, for my position is absolutely unique. There have been twenty-eight presidents of the United States. Warren will be the twenty-ninth. But no man except me ever lived to see his son elected to the Presidency.

"The Presidency has come to Warren just as everything else in life has come to him, not because he went after it, but because he deserved it. Always he has worked for himself purely as an incident to working for others. There was never a time in his life when a man could lay a finger on anything my boy did and say 'that's selfishness.'

"Warren gets that habit of thinking of himself last from his mother. She was the most wonderful woman that ever lived and the good that's in Warren, the way he has of bringing cheer and comfort and confidence to others, he got straight from her. It was just as marked in him as a little shaver as it has been throughout the rest of his life, as a kid editor, as a politician, here in Ohio, and in the Senate. It is his success system and I think it's a mighty good one."

There was the power behind the throne in the case of Warren Gamaliel Harding soon to be inaugurated President of the United States — a mother who started her boy right. It was interesting to watch the face of Dr. Harding as he turned back the calendar some fifty years and talked of the boyhood of his eldest son. His cheeks rosy, as active as a man twenty years younger, his hair almost snow-white, he has the clear-cut typically American face. He digressed with an apology:

"You'll forgive me for telling you my love story when I know you want to talk about Warren," he said: "Mrs. Harding died ten years ago the 29th of last May, and the light went out of our home with her. We went to school together at Blooming Grove. She was fifteen and I was sixteen. We just singled each other out from all the world from the very start. Her Aunt Clara was the teacher and later we were both school-teachers and I remember the Principal saying to me: 'You've got the smartest girl in the Academy'; and I snapped back at him — quick as a flash — 'I found that out long ago.'

"But her mother said to her then, 'Phebe, you and Tryon are too young to be keeping company,' and so Phebe wrote me a pretty little note saying: 'The decision of the house is against us.' And as her people thought it best, and we, rather strangely for young lovers, agreed with them, there was a compact made that we weren't to see each other for two years. Then we would be 'most eighteen and things would be different.

"It was a long two years. During the whole time we scarcely laid eyes on each other; we had no confidences, wrote no letters. And then, when the second winter rolled around, a neighbor invited us both — each unbeknown to the other — on a sleighing party. It was dark and when I climbed into my place in the straw under the buffalo robes, whom should I find, elbow to elbow with me, but Phebe.

"'Aren't those two years 'most up?' I asked her as soon as the bells began to jingle.

"'I'm sure they are,' she answered and there in the night shadows we squeezed hands. In a month we were engaged and in a year we were married.

"Warren was our first baby. He was mighty welcome, a fine sturdy little fellow with a strong voice and a stronger appetite and the disposition of a baby angel."

"Was he handsome?" I asked. The Doctor laced his fingers together, and stared into the gas blaze for nearly a minute. Then he replied:

"There wasn't any unanimous opinion about that; some said 'yes' and some said 'no' but his mother and I both thought he was real pretty."

Babyhoods were not protracted seasons in the Harding family. The little people came to the tiny home in Caledonia in a steady procession; each new arrival displacing another toddler and the expanding mother-love of Phebe Harding encompassing the entire group.

Doctor Harding skipped the ensuing three years and took up his story with the first step in the education of the youngster whose star of destiny was to shine so brightly half a century later.

"Warren learned his letters in a single afternoon," he said. "I was away from home, for the day, and our young man, now arrived at the dignity of kilts and underpants, laid his hand on his mother's knee as she sat sewing before the fireplace: 'Mother, I want to learn to read,' he said as serious as a preacher.

"And so Phebe got a big piece of cardboard, the bottom of a shoe-box, I think, and drew it off in squares and marked all the capital letters with a stick of charred wood from the hearth, and Warren learned his A-B-C's, all of 'em, before I got home for supper. He learned how to spell simple words in a jiffy. Sometimes he got them twisted but that was to be expected for he was only a baby; the important fact is he learned them.

"He was what the actor-folks call a 'quick study.' He could memorize long poems before he was four and it was his greatest ambition, wherever we went, to speak his piece. 'Mother, will it do for me to speak my piece now?' Warren would ask everywhere we went and, of course, she'd let him and everybody would applaud and Warren would be delighted. Funny, how the readiness to speak in public blossomed so soon with the little fellow. He was never embarrassed; never had stage fright; he was always ready, and this readiness has followed him all through his career. It came natural to Warren to address a crowd and that's a mighty lucky thing for a politician."

Again the Doctor digressed to discuss his own boyish efforts on the platform. His boyhood had been interrupted by the war between the States. As a stripling he had played a man's part, also a drum in the Union Army. And he took another rôle — that of defender of the Lincoln cause in school polemics.

"We used to have school exhibitions," the Doctor continued. "I remember almost the first time I met Phebe was at one of these. There was a debate and the question was 'The Issues of the Election.' There'd been a hot contest in Ohio. Of course, Lincoln won in '64 without much trouble over General George Brinton

McClellan but here we'd had a fight for the governorship that was a corker. Clement L. Vallandigham, the 'Copperhead' leader whom Lincoln had banished across the Confederate lines, had run the blockade and gone to Windsor, Canada, to await the outcome of the war. The Democrats nominated him for Governor on an anti-Union 'Copperhead' ticket; peace at any price, you know. It was a good deal the same sort of talk that we heard here in Ohio four years ago when there was so much to say about keeping us out of war; only Vallandigham was promising to get us out of war by actual surrender instead of by pacifist pussyfooting.

"The Republicans nominated John Brough and swept the State after all by 100,000 majority and it was on this that I spoke. At the same exhibition Phebe read an essay. It was a good essay and right there we took a kind of notion to each other. I was sixteen years old — I know I've said that before — and she was a year younger. I was getting ready to teach school. It was just sixty years ago the fourteenth of this month that I taught my first school."

Throughout the interview the Doctor kept reverting to the love that had remained young through the long years of a busy life. Then he told some of the things that Warren liked to do when a boy:

"'Let's go fishin' to-night, Muvver?' he'd ask as the time for my appearance approached. That meant that his mother would adjourn to the garden and with a spade turn over big chunks of loam while Warren, bait-can in hand, busily captured and interned the fat garden worms.

"About an eighth of a mile away was a little bridge over a deep creek and there, as I tramped home, I'd find Warren waiting for me, with my fishing-pole and his bait-can, and I'd stop and lay my coat and hat on the grass and cast into the pool.

"When a fish was landed Warren would dance about in no end of excitement and help get him off the hook and then pop him into a bucket of water so that he'd keep alive right up to eating time. But he wasn't a persistent fisherman. If the biting slackened a little Warren would go over to my coat and stretch himself out and in a minute he'd be asleep.

"He was a wonderful sleeper. Big healthy babies are strong on sleep and Warren was a wonder. Also he was the hardest fellow to wake up you ever saw. Nothing would arouse him. Often I had to pick him up, in addition to the other burdens, and lug him home to supper, sound asleep."

It was about this time that the Doctor, like so many others of his time, determined to forsake teaching and adopt a "learned profession." He read medicine with intermittent attendance at lectures in a medical college. There were long absences while the prospective sawbones was assimilating the necessary knowledge; many weeks of longing for the little family circle and then, the holiday season. At the first returning, in early December, 1870, the Doctor got off the train four miles from Caledonia and started to trudge home through the snow.

"It was pitch black, cold and there was fourteen inches of snow on the level," he continued. "I was hours and hours making it; there was a light burning down-stairs and mother sat waiting for me, all the little folks having been stowed away for the night. I was so tired that I went to bed and didn't wake till long after breakfast. Only mother knew I was home. She'd kept my arrival as a surprise for the little folks.

"'I DO wish Poppie'd come home last night,' said Chatty (Charity). 'He said he would.'

"And then mother said, 'Chatty, you and Warren slip up-stairs and see what's in the big room.'

"It was me," the Doctor laughed. "Then we had our first family reunion.

"That very summer, when Warren was four years old, he had his first pair of boots. Little fellows in the country always wanted them with red tops. Not only did Warren get 'em himself; he even had 'em charged, establishing his first credit account before he could more than talk plain.

"Mrs. Harding and I were going away to make a little visit and take the baby, Chatty, with us and we wanted to leave Warren behind in care of his Aunt Frank Wyant. Warren wanted to go with us, of course, but I pacified him by promising that while we were away he might go down to Mr. Day's store and pick out a pair of red-topped boots. We left him all smiles and straining to be off to the store. After we got back Day told me of Warren's purchase.

"He walked into the store and, singling out the proprietor himself, he said, big as a man:

"'I'd like to look at a pair of boots.'

"Day showed 'em to him and made him pull them on, straining fit to bust a blood vessel, and Warren strutted up and down the store.

"'I think they'll do,' said Warren.

"'Want to wear 'em home?' asked Mr. Day.

"'Oh, no,' Warren replied. 'I only came because my Paw says I'm to see how I like 'em.'

"Day prevailed upon Warren to wear them home, saying: 'Your Paw means you to have 'em and you've got 'em on, so why not?'

"'Well,' said Warren, feeling pretty good by this time, 'if you're sure it's all right I would like to wear 'em home.' So down the road he started, walking in the middle of the highway and kicking up the dust. All at once he stopped stock-still. He eyed the new boots and the coating of dust, then turned back.

"'Mr. Day,' he exclaimed, as he re-entered the store, 'I guess I'll have to have a bracker!'

"'A what?' Day asked.

"'A bracker to brack 'em with an' a box of brackin'.'

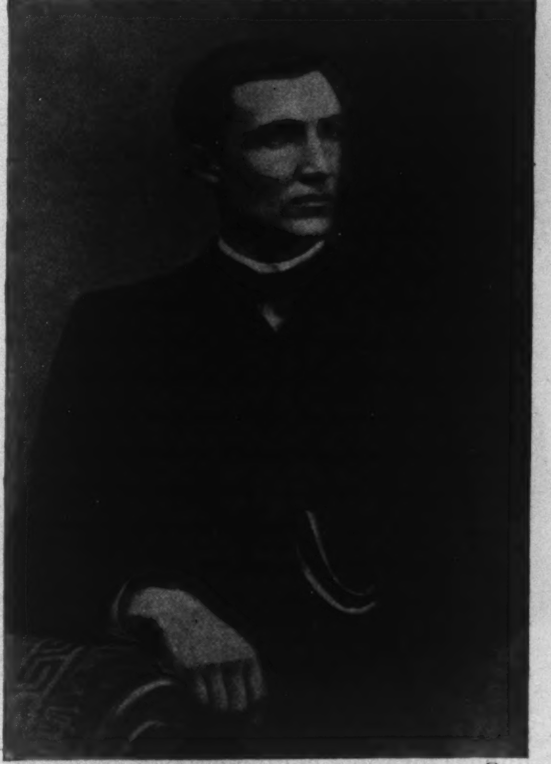
"So he had these charged, too, and that's how Warren Harding first established credit."

Afterward there was a trip to Day's store that did not result so happily.

"Mrs. Harding was a wonderful butter-maker — she was raised on a farm, you know," the Doctor continued, "and she used to make extra money for little trinkets and luxuries by selling our butter surplus. One day after she'd made a ten-pound roll of beautiful golden butter and wrapped it in a white cloth she sent Warren to Day's with it.

"BUT Warren got interested in watching two birds building a nest and in the middle of the roadway he dropped that butter, in all the dust and dirt, and he was heart-broken. He was ashamed to go home and ashamed to try to sell such a mess at the store; he was standing there with tears running down his fat face when along came his Aunt Frank. He sobbed out his troubles to her and she took him and the butter to her house. There she washed the butter all sweet and clean, rinsed the cloth and fixed it up just as good as new. Warren went to Day's and did his trading and came home happy as a big sunflower and told his mother all about it.

"There never was a child that thought as much of his mother as Warren did. This devotion followed all through. For the last fifteen years of his mother's life — from the time Warren once got his feet and was able to do little things — there never was a Sunday passed that a big sheaf of flowers didn't greet his mother. Why, when he was over in Europe for months, he made arrangements before he started that sure as Sunday rolled around there would be the flowers for mother. All through his political campaigns, no matter what part of the country he went to, the flowers always were on hand, and when Warren was in Marion he always brought them himself.



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From his early days as an editor, Warren Harding's genial unassuming good nature always won for him whatever he wanted

"Oh, Warren's mother was a saint on earth if there ever was such a thing."

And yet in registering Dr. Harding's recollections of his wife one never gets the idea that Mrs. Harding was the sort of a mother that embellished without adorning the Sunday-school books of the Mid-Victorian period in which she developed. She was much more than an altar for the reception of lisped prayers or the spiritual director of her children's destinies. She was playmate, companion, chum and guiding light. She romped with them, encouraged them, but she could put them in their places when occasion demanded.

Americanism, as a wholesome genuine principle, was alive within her. And in this Doctor Harding shares, for he is a typical American of what we like to think will be the America of all time.

"WHY, America's the best place to live in and the best place to die in," was the Doctor's response when this topic was broached. "A man has as good a chance in America to-day as he ever had. In some ways I believe he has a better chance than when I started. The road is open, and you can trust the common sense of Americans to keep it open, for the man who is honest, ambitious in the right way, and industrious enough to climb from the bottom to the top of profession, industry or business. You have examples of this all around you. Warren's one of 'em."

The Doctor's telephone tinkled. It was a professional call.

"Got any appetite yet?" I heard him ask. "Don't satisfy it. How's his mind? Coming around? Yes, yes, not much water, very little at a time, very little. Yes, he's coming along all right.

"Typhoid," he remarked as he sank back into the easy-chair. "The treatment is a good deal simpler and the disease a good deal less dangerous than when I started practise. In nearly forty years I haven't lost a typhoid case. One time, when we had an epidemic, I had thirty-eight down with it at one time."

The Doctor then returned to the subject nearest his heart — his boy.

"Warren wasn't much of a fighter. I don't think he ever dodged a fight, but he just didn't have to. Back in Caledonia there was gang organization. Warren belonged to the 'Stunners.' They were a sort of younger-set to the 'Chain Gang' to which Dick Crissinger and some of the bigger boys belonged. They were forever playing jokes on one another and trying to see who could kick up the most deviltry on Hallowe'en and election nights, but they didn't seem to clash otherwise.

"Warren was always ready for a fight if he thought some one was being abused. There was a little fellow by the name of Billie App whom the older boys used to pick on and I remember coming up with Warren once when he was protesting to some youngsters that had been cuffing Billy about.

"'If you don't leave that kid alone I'll squash the side of your head in!' Warren said to the boy that was doing most of the teasing. Warren was a husky fellow and he looked out of his eyes as though he meant business, so that was the end of it.

"You remember how we used to bend pins at two angles so they'd sit up point erect? Well, Warren had the pin habit in school. He had lots of other tricks but the pin trick brought him to grief. He fixed one for a boy named Rice — the same S. B. Rice who is the Sheriff of Marion County now — and Rice sat on it with considerable force. Then he fixed a pin in the end of a ruler and jabbed it into Warren's knee-cap good and hard. Of course, it hurt and it must have infected the knee for Warren limped around for several weeks and I was quite alarmed about it. When I asked 'Elzie' Decker, the school wag, why the boys seemed to pick on Warren so, he said:

"'Why, don't you know, Doc, that Warren's the damnedest orneriest boy in school?'

"But I don't believe Warren was really ornery. He was just brimful of spirits all the time. He studied his lessons, I don't know when. I never caught him at it and it used to worry me, so I asked his teacher what Warren was doing to bring in such decent reports when he didn't seem to work.

"'Oh, he's just naturally smart, I guess,' his teacher said. 'I never saw him working yet.'

"Call it luck or destiny or what you will, things come right for some people and they came right for Warren. I'm tempted to ascribe it to his genuine, unassuming, good-natured way of dealing with people and with problems. It was so in the struggling days of his ownership of *The Star*, it has been so right along, all the while, in victory and in defeat he has made no enemies. I never knew Warren to have high words or get into jangles to amount to anything. He's patient to a point I wouldn't go with folks and when he's had enough of them he just lets 'em drop. There are mighty few people who have been dropped by Warren Harding, but those that have know it.

"Speaking of destiny, there's

[*Continued on page 49*]

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Published Every Month
by McClure's Magazine, Inc.

McCLURE'S is committed by tradition to serve loyal, humane and just causes— and to keep its pages clean and wholesome and unafraid.

MARCH, 1921

Weak, But Not Wabbly

IT hasn't happened — the panic you predicted or the crisis you expected. Skies did look cloudy for a while, but when we poked into them there was so much silver on the other side that we took heart and promptly went back to our enthusiasms and ambitions.

We're too rich — too well-organized to be stampeded. A few wheels stopped: an occasional plant suspended: some industries had to hobble along in pinched financial shoes and may be forced to endure the discomfort for quite a while to come: possibly two per cent. of our people are temporarily jobless while the country is shifting gears and making final adjustments between a peace and a war basis: some commodity gamblers have been bitten where they expected to bite: farmers and planters, with the proceeds of five extraordinarily profitable years represented by added acreage, new equipment and better homes — (even if they haven't the ready cash) — are getting a taste of the medicine which a majority of us had to swallow during the five years when they were writing the prescription: sundry manufacturers, who were preparing to have one more good snatch at the community pocket, have discovered that the law of supply and demand has visited poetic justice upon them: certain wage scales established by labor in hours of critical emergency are shrinking to match a perceptible fall in living costs: but otherwise everybody's feeling right chipper over the outlook.

Meanwhile, we've had a whack at government control that didn't commit us to its continuance. It cost a lot, but even at the price, the experience is a bargain.

Also, the body economic suffered several slight attacks of Europe's rash theories and healthily resisted them.

Labor, on the whole, has shown a sense of proportion and a spirit of loyalty in the face of confiscatory opportunities, — after which test, industry need not be afraid of its ability to work out a mutually satisfactory program with its workers.

In brief, we seem to have faced the worst and found the best. The sword has been hammered back into the ploughshare in half the time and with half the loss even Hope dared expect. The country has generally re-marked its values. We've begun to estimate again in terms of certainty, where for years we were fumbling in speculative futures.

Some of us will never be as well off again as we lately were, but most folks see sounder prospects than ever, — *and that's the important thing.*

We're still a little weak, but we're not wabbling a bit.

The Call from China

SING LI is starving. His all too meagre crops have failed; his *cash* string is empty. Famine gnaws at his throat and pestilence has called her venomous crew to share the grisly feast.

Death is king in China. Death by hunger — slow, inching death, devouring the life of entire provinces, taking daily toll at a thousand resistless doors, damming the yellow rivers with searching plagues — besides damning civilization with neglect.

Manifestly, that doesn't bother you. Otherwise a check would be on its way now to drag at least one pitiable little half-corpse from the grave. You can't afford to waste your hard-earned money on folk ten thousand miles away — it might be different if the horror were on your own block where the anguished eyes of a dying child might read your merciless soul. But *God* is on your block and never fear but what He knows and will remember. So shall conscience as you note the mounting mortality list and memory haunts you with the thought of how many fellow mortals you might have ransomed with a fragment of your income or wage.

But (as your particular heart is not strong with such strings), we won't dwell on international obligation or charity or humanity. Instead, let's consider the situation in the light of an investment — put it on a business basis.

Suppose we figure how cheaply China's eternal gratitude and good will may be bought for the United States.

Some day the Dragon Empire will awake and find what four hundred millions can accomplish. There's more unrealized wealth yonder than in any country on earth. Once enlightenment activates Sing Li's kinsmen and those naturally industrious and clever myriads decide to exploit their opportunities (as Japan less than sixty years ago opened its eyes upon possibility) there'll be a sudden hunger for tools, equipment, conveniences and comforts greater even than the hunger that is now consuming the people.

Don't you think it would pay to send over a few million paltry, trade-missionary dollars at a time when every penny of the pittance will take root in national gratitude and probably grow into a tradition toward America, that will crowd our ships with ordered merchandise? Don't you believe it's a bargain-moment to write a favored nation clause on poor old China's desperate heart?

They have a habit of remembering — the Chinese. It's their strongest trait — their greatest weakness. They live in yesterday, that's why they're where they are to-day.

They don't trust outsiders — a long time ago they built a great wall to keep them and their notions out. Now our mercy has a chance to knock the wall down and in serving China later serve ourselves.

You'll be surprised to find how cheaply you can buy the thrill of saving a few youngsters. No amount is too small to count, even a dime means a pound of rice and as for a minor greenback — it will support a family for an entire month.*

Think it over before you go to sleep to-night. And if you *do* decide to help, why not get full money's worth in your boyhood belief that we *can* run savings accounts in Heaven. And in case God *does* maintain a bank which credits us with all good-deed money, never fear but what He'll trace yours even as far as Asia.

***Contributions should be sent to Mr. Vernon Munroe, Treasurer of the Chinese Famine Fund, Bible House, New York City.**

They Had to Go

FIFTY years ago the "Far West" was covered with a great buffalo robe beneath which no crop could grow — a herd of bison so vast, so omnivorous that its destruction must needs precede development.

No farm could exist in the path of such annual migrations. We could have no cattle ranches until the buffalo range was cleared for a far more valuable domesticated cattle. We are already beginning to be hard pressed for grass country and practically all the land available for meat-raising is under holding. The buffalo simply had to go if the steer was to come. There wasn't room for both.

So, too, the incredible hosts of wild pigeons — which periodically hid the sun under their wings, whose numbers scattered forests, where they roosted, with broken branches — they likewise were manifestly destined to disappear before the homesteader. The yearly board bill of the boll weevil is a trifle compared with the ravages which that far-ranging appetite would inflict upon our present granaries.

Civilization is an epic of annihilations; one type of life vanishes that a more desirable species shall inherit. Progress is a process of selection. Only the hardiest and the most adaptable types endure.

Time cons the ages and remembers how often the universe has changed its face, its habits and its content — and always to human advantage. Nothing happens without a reason.

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The Miracle Machine

Proof That Humanity's Greatest Physician Is Success

by Konrad Bercovici

Illustration by T. D. Skidmore

AT the death of his father, "Ike" Silber left school to provide for his mother and two little sisters. The streets of New York are full of fatherless fourteen-year-old "Ikes" providing for mothers and sisters and another one was hardly more noticeable than the addition of a blade to a field of grass. But most boys go about it in the usual way, selling newspapers, peddling shoe-strings or strutting around in the undistinguished uniform allotted to messenger boys. Ike Silber, cursed by inheritance with imagination from a father who had died while working to invent a perpetual-motion machine, Ike Silber could not settle down to any of those things. He tried first one and then another of the means of provender and gave them up in disgust because they did not offer possibilities to satisfy his imagination.

Accustomed as his mother was, to hunger, having starved for years while her husband, a good-enough tailor, worked at his trade only when he needed money to buy some tools or make some wheels to finish the machine that was to bring wealth and fame to the Silbers, she protested violently every time Ike "dropped" a job or changed to a new one.

What made Ike so dreamy and unsteady was a mass of intricate little wheels and curiously twisted axles to which weights of different shapes hung at different angles from each other. It was "*the machine.*" It stood on a table between two windows of the front room facing the rails of the Third Avenue Elevated Railway. It had not been disturbed since Ike's father had been taken to the hospital. For Mrs. Silber, though she had never said so, had had infinite faith in the ultimate success of her husband. She had always looked upon him as a superior being, and had buttered her dry bread many a time with pride that she could call such a man her husband. It was that pride, even more than faith in him, that made her pay only secondary attention to her children; to Ike as well as the others. For none of them, she had decided, were or would be like their father, who had been one in a thousand million men.

BUT Ike did have imagination. He had watched his father work and had become interested in the machine more than any one in the house had guessed. He had heard his father say during the illness that took him away, that if he had had five thousand dollars he could have finished the machine. After the death of his father Ike had thought of nothing else: to get five thousand dollars in a hurry and finish the work of his father. Though he had frequently helped and had watched his father at work, Mrs. Silber forbade him to touch the machine. It was a sacred thing. However, Ike was not discouraged by that, and figured that if he but had the money, the five thousand dollars, his mother's objection could be overridden, and she would let him take possession of the table between the windows of the front room.

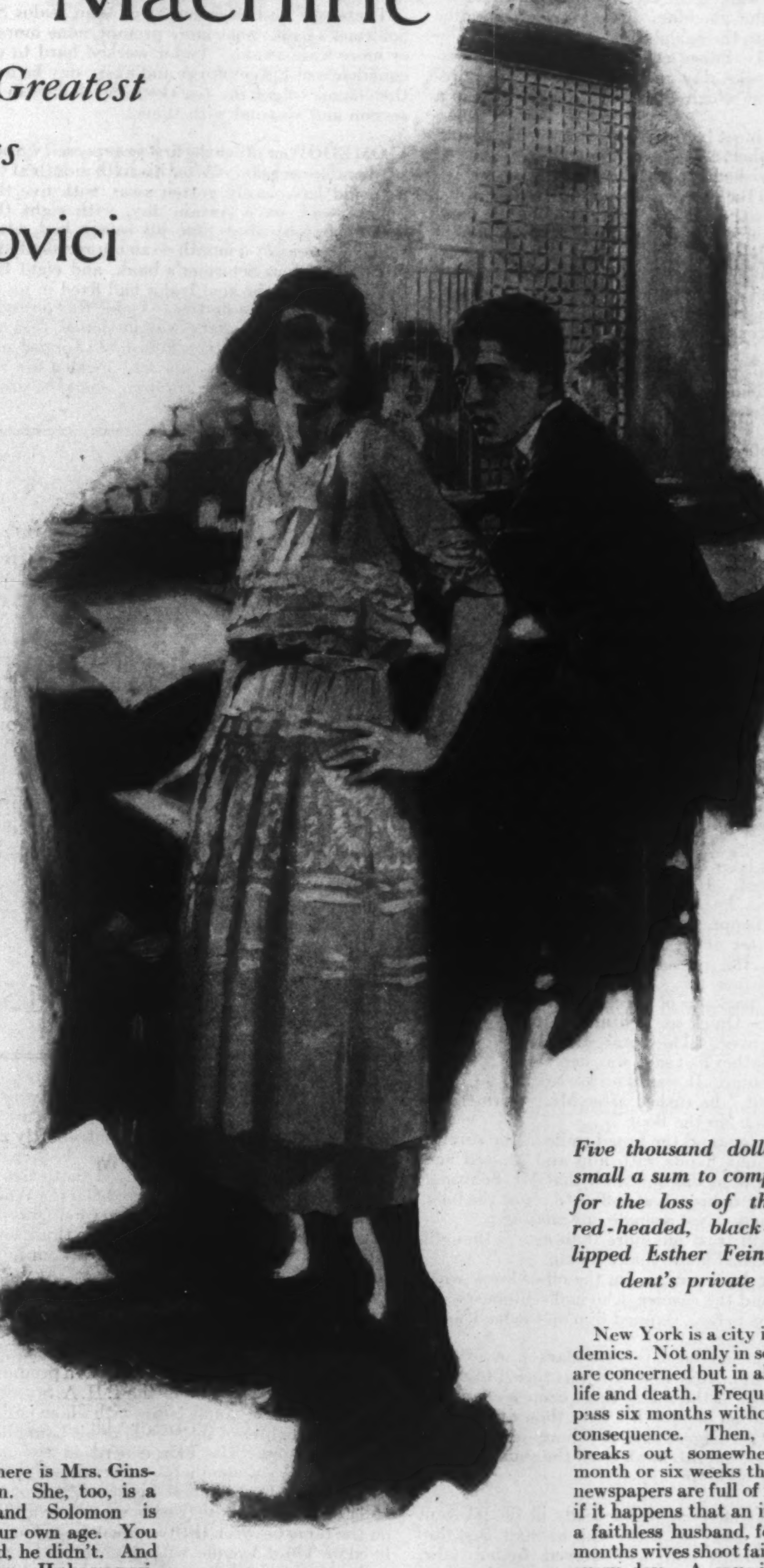
But how could one get such an amount of money? Ike had gone into the newspaper selling business first. Yet, even from the best day, he could not save more than a dollar. On rainy days the savings were eaten up by losses.

To say that he provided for his mother and sisters is putting it a deal too strong. It was only occasionally that he did so. The job or the business interested him only so far as it offered hope of bringing him nearer to his five thousand dollars. And because he had a vivid imagination he had little patience and changed from one bread-giving work to another in quest of something . . . of luck . . .

It lasted three years. At home his mother and sisters pined away on crusts and crumbs.

"Ike," the untimely aged mother would cry, "why don't you settle down? Why? Look at me, your mother, look at your sisters, Ike. We have no clothes, no shoes. Look at yourself, Ike. Look at the other boys. There is Mrs. Ginsberg's son. She, too, is a widow and Solomon is about your own age. You graduated, he didn't. And look at him. He has a position in a store, makes twelve dollars a week maybe, and will go higher, and his mother just bought a new shawl and he is spick and span. Ike, I tell you . . . Ike. . . ."

Yet his mother's talk did not touch him. A job! Where would that bring him? How much could he save from ten, twelve dollars a week? How long would it take him to get that five thousand dollars to complete the machine? It was easy for Solomon Ginsberg to stick to a job. His father had not died working at a perpetual-motion machine. Of course, he could not say a word of all that to his mother, and, not having anything else to say, he would leave the house to roam the streets. How to get five thousand dollars was his one thought. The machine would materialize afterward.



Five thousand dollars was too small a sum to compensate him for the loss of the smile of red-headed, black-eyed, full-lipped Esther Fein, the president's private secretary

New York is a city indulging in epidemics. Not only in so far as diseases are concerned but in all other walks of life and death. Frequently there may pass six months without a fire of any consequence. Then, one day, a fire breaks out somewhere; and for a month or six weeks the front pages of newspapers are full of fire reports. Or if it happens that an irate wife shoots a faithless husband, for the next two months wives shoot faithless husbands every day. A cave-in of a subway station is followed by a wave of cave-ins; an automobile accident by a hundred similar happenings; a crime causes a crime wave; a suicide is followed by an epidemic of suicides, and a bank-robbery by a series of bank-robberies.

The period concerning us now was one in which bank messenger boys absconded with money and convertible values, and Ike Silber's imagination was suddenly fired by the possibility of obtaining the amount he desired via the route that leads by or through a prison.

For days and days he thought of nothing else. It crystallized itself into the following proposition: If he escaped, if he succeeded in making his getaway to another city and keeping hidden, well and good. If they should catch him, they would give him a sentence of a few years. But when he would be set free he would dig out the money from a place of concealment, which he had chosen as he walked the river front, and would set about to finish the machine. Questions of morality hardly entered into the calculation.

And behold, Ike Silber energetically selling newspapers for two weeks, day and night, to buy that presentability without which the gates to a position in a bank are closed.

"A good spirit must have visited him during sleep," wondered his mother; and even the neighbors remarked the change and wished that the spirit of the boy's dead father would keep Ike at work. Then the great day came.

Ike Silber, neat, in blue serge, brown tie and clean collar, applied for a position as office boy in the well-known Delancey Street Bank. They investigated him the following day. The neighbors reported favorably, pleased to be of service to the poor widow. A few days later he received a letter asking him to come ready for work the following Monday.

Animated by his purpose to steal five thousand dollars, Ike, now Isidor Silber, worked early and late and so ingratiated himself by his willingness and air of wide-awakeness that even the president of the bank, shrewd and observing as he was, saw in the "new boy" material of a superior quality. Clean, neat, exact, he was trusted daily more and more. But not for one moment did Isidor swerve from his purpose. A month after he had entered the employ of the bank he was sent to deposit two thousand dollars in another bank, and a week later almost double that amount. He could have made his getaway then, as he had to cross the Hudson on the ferry and deposit the money with a Jersey institute. The river crossed, Isidor's head had begun to swim and his heart was beating irregularly as he fingered the crisp bills he had in the leather wallet. But it was not enough. It was fourteen hundred dollars short of the sum he had set his mind on. So he shook the immature temptation from him and returned to New York with the receipt of the Jersey bank safe in his pocket.

A few months later President Schirmer put the boy to a test. He purposely dropped a roll of bills as he walked by the little table at which Isidor was closing the office mail. It was after office hours and the boy was alone with the president in the room. When Mr. Schirmer left the room Isidor's eye caught the package of greenbacks. He pounced upon it. Quick as lightning he fingered the bills over. The total was short of the sum his father had said was necessary to finish the machine. It was of no use to him.

"Mr. President," he rushed after Mr. Schirmer, "I found this package on the floor."

He did not understand the broad smile of the shrewd old man who shook hands with him and praised and thanked him. And he did not know that Mr. Schirmer went immediately to his private office to count the bills. They were all there. Not a single one missing.

"Now they will trust me more than ever," thought Isidor as he returned home that evening.

The following day every one in the office knew what had happened and the cashier, who had seldom spoken a word to the boy before, slapped him on the back as he said: "Honesty pays, my boy."

Isidor's salary had been forty dollars a month till then. At the end of that month it was raised to sixty. And with the raise of the salary there came a change in the boy's estimation of wealth. Five thousand dollars was no longer the biggest sum revolving in his mind. To a sixty-dollar-a-month bank clerk the sum no longer appeared as big as before.

A FEW weeks later he was actually in the position of running away with the sum he had first desired. But Isidor's aim had moved higher now. He began to think that the original sum might not be sufficient to finish the machine. And he had also made some friends among the people in the bank. He did not feel that a small sum like five thousand dollars would compensate him for their company. They had paid no attention to him when he was merely the "new boy", but after Isidor had won the compliments of Mr. Schirmer and was given a higher position the young men admitted him to their company. Five thousand dollars was too small a sum to compensate him for the loss of their companionship and the smile of the red-headed, black-eyed, full-lipped Esther Fein, the president's private secretary. Ten thousand dollars was the new sum he finally fixed upon. His taste for food and clothes had undergone a change. The better quality of both now appealed to him. And as he occupied a better position he saw to it that his mother should have a new shawl and his little sisters new shoes for the fall holidays.

There was no better employee than Isidor Silber in Schirmer's bank; none more prompt, none more willing or more wide-awake. Isidor worked hard to gain the confidence of his employer and every day he hoped for the chance to get the ten thousand dollars in his possession and abscond with them.

SOMEHOW or other the first year passed without a favorable occasion. After his sixth month at the bank he could have easily gotten away with five thousand dollars, and, on a certain day, with eight thousand dollars, but by that time his salary had again been raised — to eighty a month — an unprecedentedly rapid advancement in Schirmer's bank, and eight thousand dollars was not the goal Isidor had fixed in his mind.

At the end of the first year Isidor was promoted to a tellership and his salary was increased to a hundred dollars a month. Esther Fein now stopped more frequently inside the wire cage and spoke a few words to the boy. She recognized in him, as all the others had, one who was going to go far. Isidor, who now frequented the homes of several office friends and had become a member of a society, and, shortly afterward, its treasurer, no longer looked upon Esther Fein as an unobtainable goddess. He bridged that when his salary had been increased to eighty dollars. When it had been increased to a hundred Esther Fein was on his own level and a little later Isidor began to think her "plain" compared to some young ladies to whom he had been introduced.

Also the sum of ten thousand dollars had lost its force. The risk was too great and the sum was too small. He earned now, the second half of the second year in the bank, a hundred and fifty dollars a month. He had a number of friends. He was a prominent member of the junior branch of the I. H. A. Society. There were a number of young ladies with whom he danced and one, the daughter of the cashier of his bank, in whom he was interested. His own sisters, in the meanwhile, had grown to womanhood. Occasionally some of his friends came to see him at his home, him or Sophy, his older sister, and those friends were shown the machine on the table between the two windows. They no longer lived on Third Avenue, with the Elevated rumbling day and night and making speech a deaf-and-dumb show, a lip-reading affair. They lived now on a side street, noisy enough for others, but a heaven to those who have lived where the Silbers had.

That machine, standing there unfinished, was a sort of title to nobility. It became known among friends that Isidor Silber's father had been a great inventor. Of course it was also whispered that he had died very poor, but the East Side is singularly tolerant to poverty when it happens to an extraordinary man. Indeed, great men, poets, writers, artists, inventors, gain in prestige when they are poor. Jewish literature and legends, like those of all other people, are full of sad tales of extraordinary people starving for the benefit of humanity.

The respect in which he was held by his friends, and a new increase in salary as recognition of his untiring work, was too much to give up for a paltry ten thousand dollars. It was, after all, counting the possibilities of future increases, not more than three years' salary. It was also a situation very different from the one of former days when five thousand dollars had bulged large in Ike's eyes.

When selling newspapers on the streets, prison fare, prison garb, prison solitude, hardly held any terror for the boy. It was not very different then from his daily life. But to the hundred-and-fifty-dollar-a-month bank clerk, to the treasurer of the I. H. A., to the guest of Mr. Reisin the cashier, and to the friend of his daughter, Eve, prison, shame, was indeed a prospect. The more his circle enlarged, the more he was trusted, the greater was the sum Isidor Silber set before himself as compensation for the risk and the loss he should incur in absconding from the bank. And always he worked harder to gain more confidence and higher place that should enable him to come into possession of the sum of money which kept on growing bigger and bigger as his salary was increased and his position bettered. In recognition of his good work his salary was increased every few months and, at the age of twenty-one, at the death of Mr. Reisin, the cashier of Schirmer's bank, Isidor Silber was promoted to the office that paid four thousand dollars a year.

Eve Reisin had heard her father praise Isidor Silber since she was fourteen years old. For old Mr. Reisin was not the type of man who had other interests beside his work. Some people carry their homes to their offices and others their offices to their homes. Old Reisin talked shop all the time. So it happened that Eve knew all about Isidor's honesty and efficiency and the great future that was in store for the boy.

When Isidor Silber had taken over her father's job he began to frequent the Reisin home and Mrs. Reisin thought it well for her only daughter to have such a prospect. She too had heard about Silber's father having been a distinguished inventor, which fact added to Isidor's eligibility as a future husband for her daughter.

It may seem strange to those who are unacquainted with Jewish psychology that Isidor Silber's position in the bank did not give the boy half the social prestige that the reputation of being a distinguished inventor's son gave him. That the father died without succeeding did not matter. In matters spiritual, in "higher" matters success does not count as much as in business. In olden days, in Russia or Rumania, a man's ancestry, the "Yuchus" was what counted. Money, wealth, did not count at all. The number of Rabbis, of learned men in the lineage, was what counted. A Rabbi in the family balanced six merchants. One who wrote songs, poems or prose conferred nobility upon three generations to come, no matter if he had starved while he lived or had left his family in dire poverty. His sons were sure to get great dowries from rich men desiring to get the good blood for their daughters.

EVE, who had inherited quite a fortune: all the savings of her father and the twenty thousand dollars paid by the insurance company at the death of the old man, could hope for a better husband, as far as salary and position went, than Isidor Silber. She was beautiful and accomplished. She could dance, she could play the piano, sing a little, paint a little. But Isidor's past was a romantic one, he was the son of a great inventor who had died before coming into his own. She was, therefore, only too willing to respond to the boy's courtship. He courted assiduously but had not yet declared himself. Now that he earned enough money, money began to lose its precise value in his eyes. Greenbacks, yellowbacks, piles of gold, of silver, tens, hundreds, hundreds of thousands passed through his hands daily, and as they passed they lost their charm, their hold upon the young cashier. No amount of money could tempt him to abscond. But the loss of that temptation also tempered his ambition in the bank. As his mother no longer objected Isidor began to potter about with the machine. It did not take him very long to understand the intricacies of its wheels and cogs and weights, and the desire reawakened, he absorbed himself in his father's perpetual motion machine. He had enough money to buy tools and order wheels.

The certainty of life's run held no pleasure for the boy. He was certain to have as much money as he needed. He was certain to hear "Yes" should he decide to ask Eve to marry him. The only thing uncertain was the machine. It absorbed him more and more. Like his father who had thought himself daily nearer to the final [*Continued on page 42*]

"The Wind in the South"

Thrilling Drama Based upon a Critical Epoch in the West's Development

by Edgar Lloyd Hampton

The author of this new serial was brought up in the wilds of the West; at eighteen he had never been in a real city, had never been inside a theatre, did not know the daily newspaper. He has watched, participated in the development of the country, and he has begun setting down his experiences in fictional form. In "The Wind in the South" there is everything that one wants in fiction.

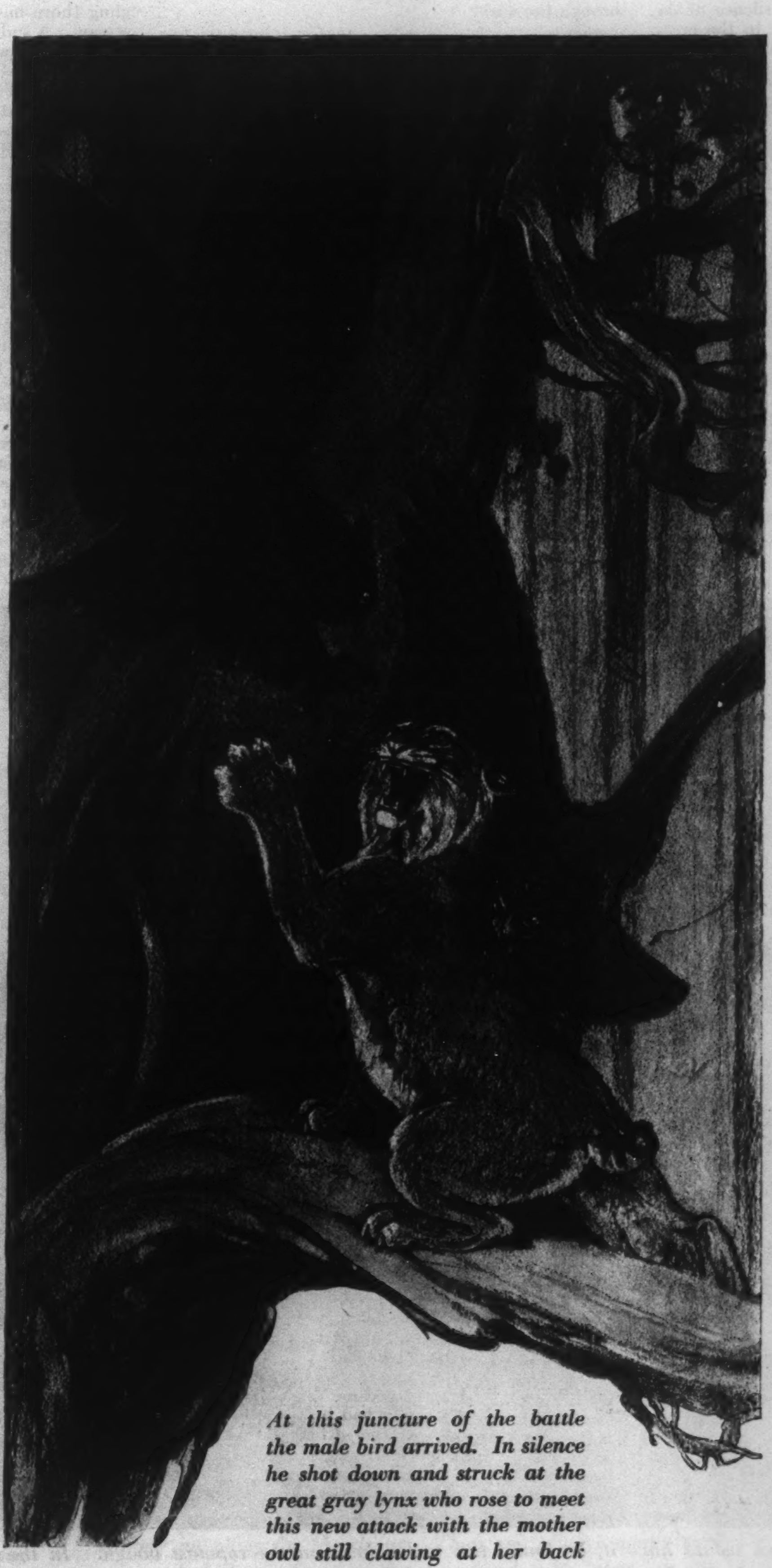
The April McClure's 15 Cents

The Winged Scourge *of the* Dark

Oppressors, Devourers of the Weak, Are Not Confined to Humanity

by Major Charles G. D. Roberts

Illustrations by Paul Bransom



At this juncture of the battle the male bird arrived. In silence he shot down and struck at the great gray lynx who rose to meet this new attack with the mother owl still clawing at her back

THE windless gray-violet dusk, soft as mole's fur, brooded low over the bushy upland pasture. In the shallow valley below, a gleam of yellow lamplight shone steadily from the kitchen window of the little backwoods farmhouse. Faint, comfortable sounds floated up on the still air from the low-roofed barn, where the two horses, resting after a hard day's work, reveled in their generous feed of oats. There was a soft creaking, a rattle and a splash, as the farmer's wife, a dim gray figure, drew a bucket of water from the deep well in the center of the farmyard. From a patch of alder-swamp beyond the brook which threaded the valley a bull-frog uttered his hoarsely mellow croak, repeating it several times with subtle variations as if trying to improve the note. Twilight and the dew-fall hushed the world to peace.

In the rough upland pasture, among the scattered stumps and patches of juniper and young fir-seedlings, some five or six brown rabbits were at play in the sheltering dusk like care-free children. They went leaping softly this way and that, passing and repassing each other in what looked almost like the set figures of a dance. At intervals one of the furry little players would stop short and thump heavily with his strong hind-paws upon the firm, close-cropped turf, producing a curious dully-resonant sound. At the signal all the other players would turn about, as if on drill, and continue the game with what looked like a new figure.

In the midst of this furry merry-making, from the dark woods which overhung the back and northern side of the pasture, came a strange and ominous voice. *Whuh-whoo-oo, — Whuh-whoo-oo,* — deep-toned, long-drawn, sonorous, and thrilling with an indescribable menace, it sounded, twice, across the quiet dusk.

AT THE first note the play of the rabbits stopped short, as if all the players had been smitten instantaneously into stone. In the next half-second the majority of them darted frantically into the shelter of the nearest bushes, with a momentary flicker of white tail-fluffs as they vanished. The rest, as if too panic-stricken to move, or else fearing the revelation of movement, simply crouched flat where they were, motionless save for the wild pounding of their frightened hearts. Their shadowy fur melting perfectly into the dusk and the shadowy turf, so long as they kept still they were as invisible as their companions who had found refuge under the bushes. And they kept still, as if frozen.

It was perhaps half a minute later when a great dim form, as noiseless as the passing of a cloud-shadow, came winnowing low, on downy wings, over the bushes of the silent pasture. It seemed but a fragment of denser dusk come alive — except for its dreadful eyes. These eyes — great, round, palely-shining globes — searched the thickets and the open spaces with deadly intentness, as their owner swept hither and thither with his head stooped low, on the watch for any slightest motion or sign of life. But nothing stirred.

Then, just as the dim shape drifted over the open space where the rabbits were crouching, it opened its sickle-shaped beak and gave forth a sudden, piercing cry, terrible and startling. This was too much for the over-strung nerves of the crouching rabbits. They sprang into the air as if shot, and leaped frantically for the bushes. The dim form swooped, struck; and the nearest fugitive felt himself clutched in neck and back by knife-edged talons hard as steel. He gave one short scream of terror, strangled on the instant. Then he was swept into the air, kicking spasmodically. And the dim shape bore him off into the deeps of the woods, to the hollow where its fierce mate and savage nestlings had their home.

THE great horned owl alighted with his prey on a stout, naked branch which stood out conveniently beside the spacious hole in the ancient, half-dead maple-tree which formed his dwelling. He laid the limp body of the rabbit across the edge of the nest, half in the hole and half out of it, and with a curious, formal bobbing of his fiercely tufted head he sidled up close to his mate, softly snapping his hooked beak by way of greeting, and giving utterance to a low, twittering sound that seemed ridiculously unsuitable to such a ferocious countenance as his. His mate, larger than he and even more savage-looking, had herself just returned from a successful hunt, laden with a luckless duck from some backwoods farmyard. Her two owlets, nearly half-grown but still downy, were tearing greedily at the duck and bolting huge mouthfuls of it, feathers and all. She herself had already satisfied her appetite — having probably gulped down two or three mice and small birds, captured on the edge of twilight, before bringing home the duck to her brood. She was not so unselfish as her mate, who, bloodthirsty and insatiable marauder though he was, could boast, nevertheless, of no small domestic virtue. A model spouse and father, he seldom consulted his own needs till he was sure that his mate and his young were fed. Now, having assured himself that all were supplied, he turned again to his prey. Holding it down with both feet, securely, he tore the skull apart with his sharp and powerful beak, and devoured first the head, which he considered the choicest morsel, bolting it bones and all. In the meantime his mate, moved purely by the hunting lust, had sailed noiselessly from her perch and winnowed off between the dark and silent tree-trunks to seek for other prey.

Having swiftly and voraciously satisfied his appetite, the great owl wiped his crimsoned beak on the edge of the nest, sat up very erect, and for a few moments solemnly watched his youngsters still tearing at the carcass of the duck. He was massively built, broad-breasted, and about two feet in length from the tip of his short, broad tail to the crown of his big, round head with its two fierce, hornlike ear-tufts. In color he was a mixture of soft browns, grays and fawns, above, distributed irregularly in vague bars and splashes, while below he was of a creamy buff, delicately barred with deep chocolate. The wide, circular discs of flat feathering which surrounded his eyes were cream-white, shading into fawn, and between them came down a frowning, pointed brow of darker feathers. His eyes, extraordinarily bright and cruel, were enormous, as round as full moons, of a gemlike yellow with great staring pupils of jetty black. They were fixed in their sockets — as with all owls — so that when he wished to turn them he had to turn his whole head with them. His look was always a full-faced stare, challenging and tamelessly savage. His legs and feet were thickly and softly feathered in white, right down to those inexorable horn-colored talons whose clutch could throttle a full-grown goose in a few seconds.

To ordinary ears, of man or beast, the silence of the forest, at this hour, was absolute. But to the great owl's super-sensitive ear-drums — veritable microphones, they were — the darkness was filled with innumerable furtive sounds. A far-off beech-leaf, suddenly unburdening itself of a gathering load of dew, spoke loudly, though without significance, to him. He caught the infinitesimal whisper of crowded young twigs as they occasionally stretched themselves in their growth. Down in the thick earth-darkness close to the ground, perhaps fifty feet away, he detected the stealthy, padded footfalls of a prowling lynx, so light as to be scarcely audible to their owner himself. Without moving his body he turned his head in the direction of the sound, and stared intently. The lynx, a brilliant tree-climber, was one of the very few wild creatures whom he feared; and he held himself in tense readiness to signal for his absent mate and do battle, if necessary, for his nest and young. But the sinister foot-falls crept off in another direction, and he knew that his home — which was well concealed from the ground by a bushy growth of Indian pea and wild viburnum — had not been discovered.

A minute or two later the grim listener on his high listening-post detected a fairy rustling which was not of stretching twigs or dew-laden leaves. It came from under a fir-thicket some fifty or sixty yards away; and so faint it was that other ears than his could scarce have caught it at a distance of ten paces. But he knew it at once for the scurrying of the shy little wood-mice over the floor of the dead and crisp fir-needles. On downy wings he dropped from his perch and sailed, swift and soundless as thought, straight in beneath the overhanging fir-branches. His outstretched talons struck, like lightning, in two directions at once — and in one successfully. In that annihilating clutch a furry little life went out, without time for even a squeak of protest. The unerring hunter swept on without a pause, and rose to the nearest convenient limb. Settling himself there for a moment he lifted his tiny victim in one claw — like a parrot eating a biscuit — bit off its head daintily and swallowed it with an air of appreciating a titbit, and then bolted the body at one careless gulp. A few seconds later he was back again upon his home perch, sitting upright as stiffly as a sentry at salute, his great eyes flaming spectrally through the dark.

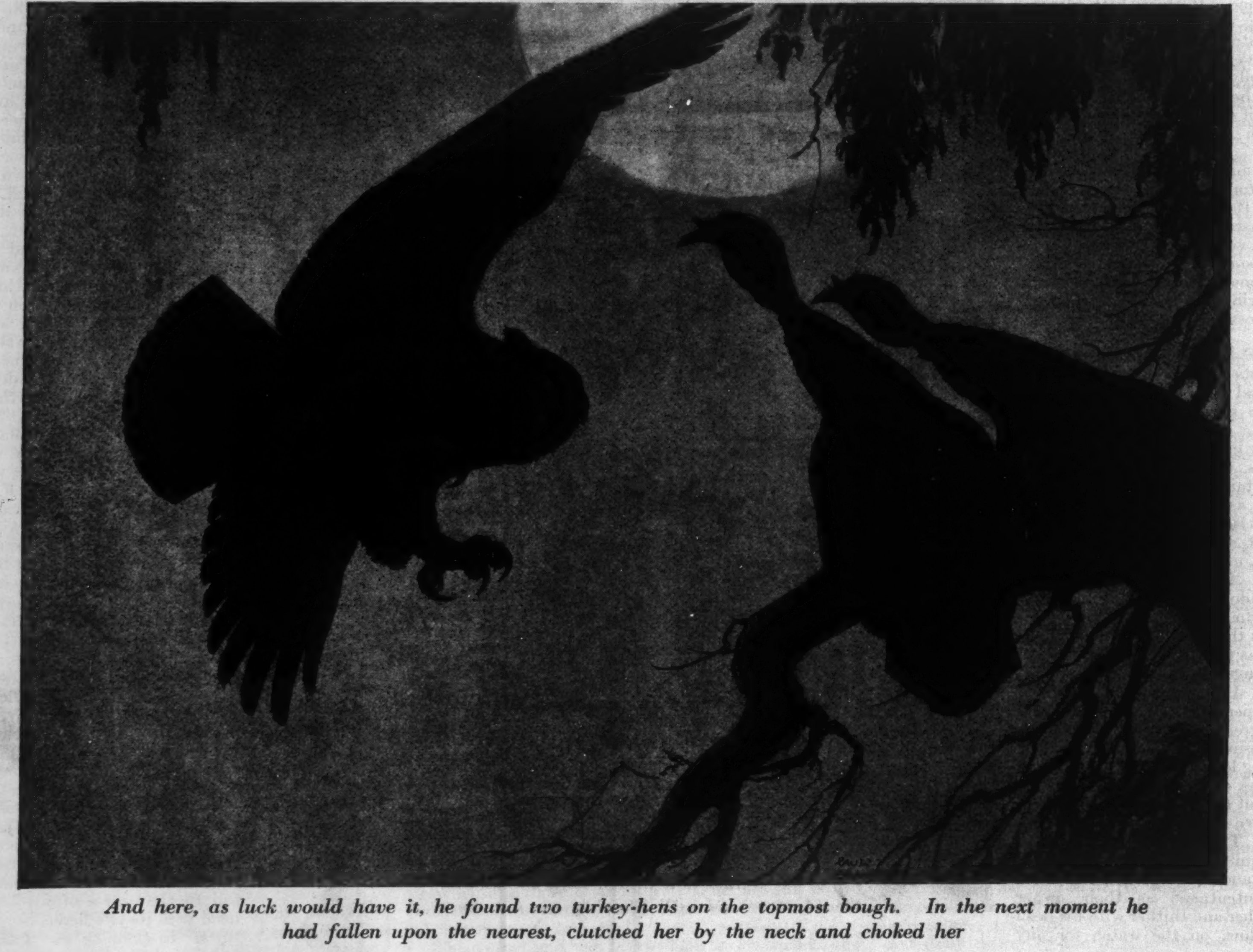
AND now thin pencils of pale light began to penetrate the uppermost branches of the trees, giving an ink-black edge to the shadow below. As the first slender ray reached him the great owl opened his beak and ruffled up the feathers about his neck.

Whuh-whoo-oo, Whuh-whoo-oo-oo, he called, a hollow, long-drawn cry all on one deep note, which seemed to come from several different quarters of the darkness at once. It was impossible, indeed, for any of the timid lurkers in the coverts, who listened to it with quivering hearts, to make out just where it did come from. But his far-off mate heard it, and knew. And from somewhere away beyond the other side of the pasture, came the response, muffled by distance and ghostly dim — *Whuh-whoo-oo-oo-oo*. It signified to him that she was on her way back to the nest. He waited motionless perhaps half a minute, glanced at the two owlets who sat solemnly in the doorway of the nest digesting their heavy meal, and then sailed off through the silvering tree-tops to hunt fresh victims about the pasture-lands and clearings.

As he emerged into the open country, his soundless passing, through the strange, distorting light of the low moon, was like that of a specter — but unlike a specter he swept along with him a twisting and writhing shadow which gave warning of his approach. Mice, rabbits, chipmunks, even the dauntless and furious weasels, slipped to cover. The field was as empty as a desert, except for one big black-and-white striped skunk which glanced up at him, unconcernedly, and went on digging up a mouse-nest. Tyrant and assassin though he was, and audacious as he was murderous, and more than a match in beak and talons for several skunks at once, he had no inclination to come to close quarters with this self-assured little striped creature which carried such an armory of choking poison under its tail. He swerved sullenly off to the edge of the woods again, and continued his flight along beneath their shadow till he reached the edge of the brook which flowed behind the farmyard. Here he dropped upon a momentarily unwary frog which was sitting, half-submerged, at the water's edge. He carried it to a near-by stump, and swallowed it whole. Then his ears caught a soft, sleepy twittering from among the branches of a straggling thorn-bush some twenty or thirty yards downstream. A sudden ray from the moon, just rising over the hill, had awakened a sleeping song-sparrow, and he had murmured some drowsy endearments to his mate who sat brooding her half-fledged nestlings close beside him. The next instant a monstrous shadowy form with blazing eyes had burst in upon them. Both tiny parents were clutched simultaneously and squeezed to death before they had time to realize what doom had overtaken them. They were promptly gulped down, in quick succession; and then, sitting erect and solemn close beside the nest, the grim marauder proceeded to pick the half-naked nestlings from the nest one by one and to swallow them with deliberation. Though so small, they were the tastiest morsels he had sampled for a long time — since the nestful of partridge eggs, just beginning to hatch, which he had ravaged some weeks earlier in the season.

Up to this point, knowing that his greedy family was well supplied, the great owl had had no thought but for his own feasting. Now, however, he felt it was time to hunt for bigger game — for something substantial to carry home to the nest. He winged swiftly across to the farmstead, where the barn and house and woodshed stood black against the low moon. No living thing was astir in the farmyard, except a big white cat prowling for mice along the edge of the barn. Though she was dangerous game he swooped at her without a moment's hesitation. But the

[*Continued on page 51*]

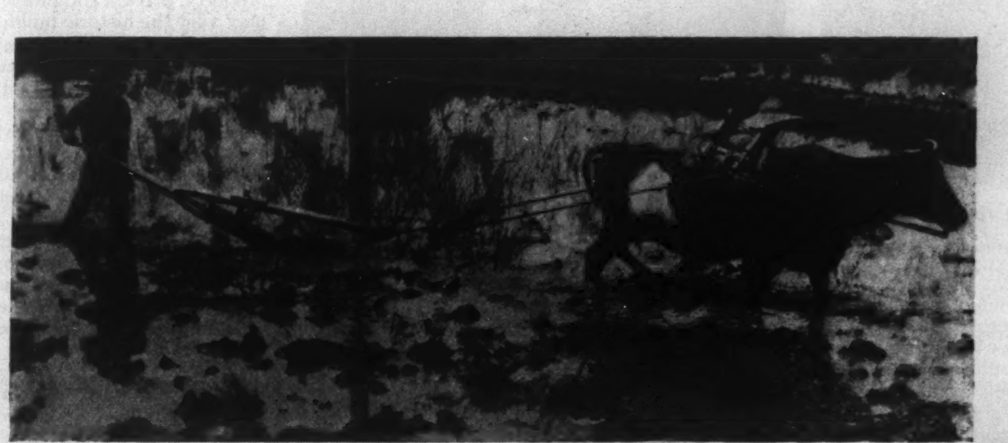


And here, as luck would have it, he found two turkey-hens on the topmost bough. In the next moment he had fallen upon the nearest, clutched her by the neck and choked her

Adventures *at* An Inn

Further Japanese Impressions

by Julian Street



As the Japanese drink almost no fresh milk, the cow is not treasured for it, but is used as a draught animal in the rice-fields

I shall never forget the quizzical, puzzled gaze of that coolie with a load of wood on his back and a two-and-a-half-puff pipe in his mouth

Typical Japanese women of the peasant class are strong, happy and industrious. Work with them is a duty, and there is absolutely no place for the drone. They are always merry and light-hearted, no matter how hard their labor.

NEITHER the box of lunch nor the automobile to take us to the station was ready, though both had been ordered the previous night. We waited until twenty minutes before train time; then made a dash for the station in a taxi which happened along providentially — something taxis seldom do in Tokyo.

The drive took us several miles across the city. Through a picturesque and incoherent jumble of street traffic, over canals, past the huge concrete amphitheatre in which wrestling bouts are held, across a steel bridge spanning the Sumida River, through a maze of muddy streets lined with open-fronted shops partially protected from the hot sun by curtains of indigo cotton bearing advertisements in large white Chinese characters, we flew precariously, facing collisions half a dozen times yet magically escaping them as one always does behind a Japanese chauffeur. It is said that the Japanese chauffeur is not, as a rule, a good mechanic; as to that I cannot say, but I assure you he can drive. At an incredible speed he will whirl you through the dense slow-moving crowds of a street festival, or around the hairpin curves of a muddy mountain pass with one wheel following the slippery margin of a precipice, but he will never hurt so much as a hair of your head, unless, perchance, it hurts your hair to stand on end.

The Ryogoku Station, where we found our friends awaiting us, is a modest frame structure, terminus of an unimportant railway line serving the farming and fishing villages of the Boso Peninsula — which depends from the mainland in such a way as to form the barrier between Tokyo Bay and the Pacific.

The train seemed to have been awaiting us. It started as soon as we had boarded it, and was presently rocking along through open country at twenty-five or thirty miles an hour. There was something of solemn playfulness about that little train. The cars were no heavier than street-cars and the locomotive would have made hard work of drawing a pair of Pullmans, yet in its present rôle it gave a pompous performance, hissing, whistling and snorting as importantly as though it were the engine of a great express. The little guards, too, joined gravely in the game, calling out the names of rice-field stations as majestically as though each were a metropolis. And the very landscape took its place in the whimsy, for our toy train ran over it as over a flat rug patterned with little green rice-fields.

The Japanese Government, which so wofully mishandles its telephones and cables, does better with its railroads. They are fairly well run. Trains are almost invariably on time, and the cars are not uncomfortable, although the narrower gauge of the Japanese roads makes them necessarily smaller than our cars.

The ordinary Japanese sleeping-car is divided into halves. One half is like an American Pullman sleeper, very much scaled down in size, while the other half resembles a European *wagon-lit* in miniature, with a narrow aisle at one side and compartments in which the berths are arranged transversely to the train.

As in Europe, there are three classes of day coaches. Except where trains are overcrowded, as they often are, one may travel quite as comfortably second-class as first. Coaches of all three classes are like street-cars with long seats running from end to end at either side. Usually the car is divided in the middle by a partition, the theory being that one end is for smokers, but in practise the Japanese, who are inveterate users of tobacco, seem to smoke when and where they please, while traveling.

Express trains carry dining-cars which are like small reproductions of ours. Some of these diners serve Japanese style meals, some European, and some both.

Much thought has evidently been given to making travel easy for English-speaking people. Each car of every

As running hot water is a luxury in Japan, one tub of water must do for all the members of the household

train carries a sign giving, in English, the train's destination; time-tables printed in English are easily obtained, railroad tickets are printed in both languages, and the name of each town is trebly set forth on railroad station signs, being displayed in English, in Chinese characters and in *kana* — the latter being, as I have said in a previous article, a simplified form of writing by phonetic symbols which every Japanese can read.

As in the United States, station porters wear red caps, but they have the European trick of passing baggage in and out of the car windows, so that the doorways are not blocked with baggage when passengers wish to get on and off. Also at stations of any consequence there are boys wearing green caps, who peddle lunches, tea and newspapers. The Japanese railway lunch is an institution as highly organized as the English railway lunch. On the platforms of all large stations you can purchase almost any sort of lunch you desire, neatly wrapped in paper napkins and packed in an immaculate wooden box. On each box the date is stamped, so that the traveler may be sure that everything is fresh. You may get a box containing liberal portions of roast chicken and Kamakura ham, with salad and hard-boiled eggs and a dainty bamboo knife and fork; or if you wish a light repast, a box of assorted sandwiches, thin, moist and appetizing as sandwiches should always be but so seldom are. Or, again, you may get a variety of Japanese dishes, similarly packed.

On this trip I selected a box of that delicacy known as *tai-meshi*, and was not sorry that my order for lunch had been overlooked at the hotel. *Tai-meshi* consists of a palatable combination of rice and shredded sea-bream cooked in a sauce containing *saké*, which obliterates the fishy taste of the sea-bream. The box cost me the equivalent of seventeen cents, chop-sticks included. From the green-cap boy who sold it to me I also purchased, for five cents, an earthenware pot containing tea, and a small cup, and when I had drunk the tea I learned that I could have the pot refilled with hot water at practically any station, for a couple of cents more.

Just as your English traveler leaves the railway lunch basket in the train when he is done with it, your Japanese traveler leaves the teapot and cup. Drinking the philosopher's beverage I found myself wondering whether such a system would be successful in the United States. I concluded that it would not. Some of the lunch-baskets and teapots would get back to their rightful owners, but many would disappear. There is a certain type of American, and he is numerous, who has a constitutional aversion to conforming to a nice, orderly custom of this kind. He has too much — let us call it initiative — for that. If he thought the lunch-basket and teapot worth taking home he would take them home; nor would he be deterred by the mere fact that they were not his, having only been rented to him. His subconscious sense of the importance of his own "personality" would lift him over any little obstacle of that kind. Without thinking matters out he would feel that because he had used them they were his. What he had used no one else should use — even though its usefulness to him was past. Wherefore, if he thought the basket and the teapot not worth taking, he would stamp his "personality" upon them. He might take the basket apart to see how it was made, or he might draw out his penknife and cut holes in it. Then he would consider what to do with the teapot. Finding that it fitted nicely in the palm of his hand, and sensing by touch its brittleness, he would want to use it as a missile. If he prided himself on the accuracy of his pitching he would throw it at a telegraph pole, but if he felt quite certain that he could not hit a pole he would wait for a large rock pile or a factory wall, and would hurl it against that with all his might, to make the largest possible explosion.

The bathtub of the proletariat consists of nothing more nor less than a large barrel with a small charcoal stove attached

People often ask me whether the Japanese are honest. Doubt on this subject is, I believe, largely due to the old story that Chinese tellers are employed in Japanese banks — all Chinamen being trustworthy and all Japanese the reverse. I know of no better example of the vitality of a lie than is afforded by the survival of this one. It is a triple lie. Japanese banks do not have Chinese tellers. The Japanese as a race are no more dishonest than other people. The leading bankers of Japan, many of whom I have met, are men of the highest character and the greatest enlightenment, and would be so recognized in any land. Nor is this merely my opinion. It is the opinion I have heard expressed by several of the greatest bankers in the United States — men who have done business with Japanese bankers and who know them thoroughly.

I should not have touched upon this subject were it not that I have heard the fable of the "Chinese tellers" repeated by persons who might reasonably be expected to have better sense than to believe it. For, of course, no banking system could be carried on in a land where dishonesty was universal.

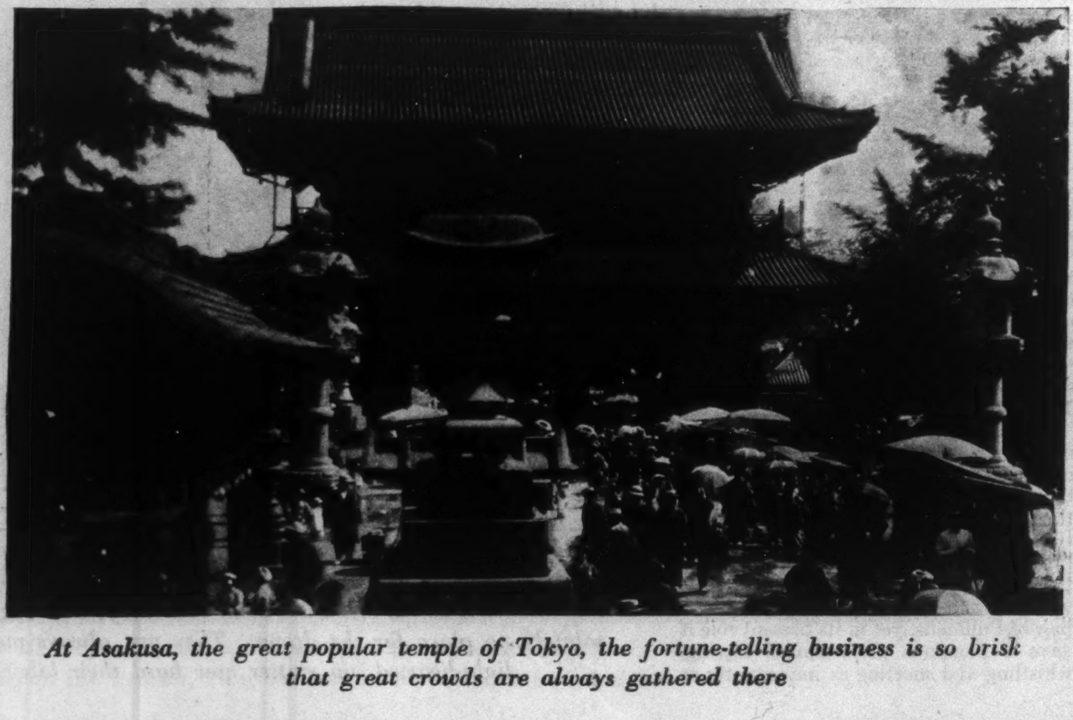
As for the average of probity among the people at large I can say this — that if I were obliged to risk leaving a valuable possession in a public place, on the chance of its being found by an honest person and returned to me, I should prefer to take the risk in Japan than in most other countries. Certainly, I should prefer to take it there than in the United States — unless I could specify certain rural sections of the United States, where I should feel that my chances were better than in the neighborhood of New York.

The Japanese are respecters of property, private and public. One may visit the historic buildings of Japan without seeing a single evidence of vandalism. I was immensely struck by this. It was so unlike home! More than once, over there, I thought of a visit I paid, some years ago, to Monticello, the beautiful old mansion built near Charlottesville, Virginia, by Thomas Jefferson, and of what the caretaker told me. All visitors, he said, had to be watched. Otherwise vines would be torn from the walls of the house, bricks chipped, and marble statuary broken. They had even found it necessary to build an iron fence around Jefferson's grave to protect the monument from American patriots who would like to take home little pieces of it as souvenirs.

The custom of visiting historic places and the graves of historic figures is much more common in Japan than America. Many of Japan's most famous monuments are entirely unprotected, but instead of knocking them to pieces to get souvenirs the Japanese will burn a little incense before them, and perhaps leave his visiting card on the spirit of the departed. Or he may write a poem.

Dr. John H. Finley has told me a story which well illustrates the delicate and reverential attitude of the Japanese in such matters.

When Baron — now Viscount — Shibusawa came to the United States several years ago, a banquet was given in his honor in New York by the Japan Society, of which Dr. Finley was then president. The Baron, who was even then nearing the age of eighty, is one of Japan's most distinguished and enlightened men. A financier of international reputation, founder of the first modern bank in his native land, he used often to be spoken of as "the J. P. Morgan of Japan", though since



At Asakusa, the great popular temple of Tokyo, the fortune-telling business is so brisk that great crowds are always gathered there his retirement from active business about a decade ago he has become even more famous, perhaps, for his leadership in countless benevolent and patriotic movements, and for his passion for the idea of building up a sympathetic understanding between the United States and Japan.

At the banquet Dr. Finley remarked to the guest of honor that he heard he had sent an emissary with a wreath to be laid upon the grave of Townsend Harris, first American Minister to Japan, who is buried in Brooklyn.

"No," said Baron Shibusawa, "that is not exactly what occurred. I did not send the wreath. I took it myself and laid it on the grave. And I wrote two poems in memory of Townsend Harris and hung them in the branches of a Japanese maple tree overhanging his resting-place."

But to return to our railroad journey.

The men among our Japanese fellow travelers were sitting on the seats with their feet on the floor, as we do, but the women and children had slipped off their clogs and were squatting in the seats with their backs to the aisle, looking out of the windows or dozing with their heads resting upon their hands, or against the window-frame. One elderly lady was lying at full length on the seat, asleep, with her bare feet resting on the cushions. The Japanese are much less fearful than we of the interest their fellow passengers may be taking in them; and indeed, so far as concerns strangers of their own race, they are justified in this, for Japanese travelers pay little or no attention to one another.

In foreigners they are more interested. A Japanese who can speak English will frequently start a conversation with the traveler from abroad, and will almost invariably endeavor to be helpful. Rustics stare at the stranger with a sort of dumb interest, just as American rustics might stare at a Japanese; and young Japanese louts sometimes snicker when they see a foreigner, and comment upon him, just as young American louts might do on seeing a Japanese passing by — especially if he was wearing his national costume.

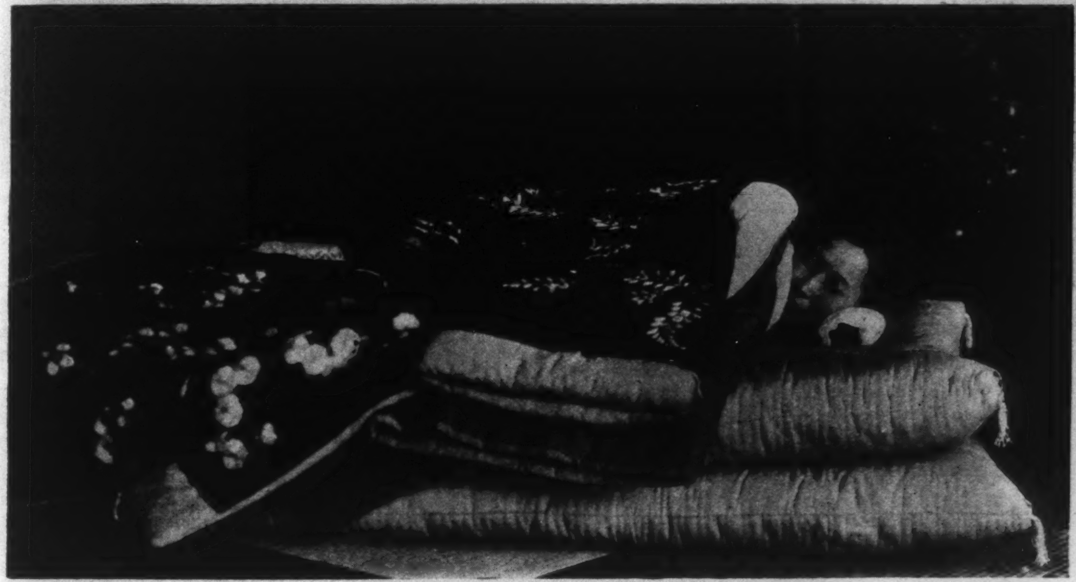
"Pipe the Jap," a New York street-corner loafer might exclaim; while similarly an ill-bred youth of Tokyo, Kobé or Yokohama might remark: "*Keto*", which means "hairy foreigner." The term *keto* is not intended to be complimentary, yet no more real harm is meant by its user than would be meant by an American smart-aleck who should speak of "chinks", "kykes" or "micks." Such terms merely exemplify the instinctive hostility of small-minded men the world over, for all who are not exactly like themselves.

Some country Japanese who sat opposite us on our journey to the Boso Peninsula were clearly much interested in us — particularly in the ladies of our party, and as so few foreigners understand the Japanese language, they felt safe in talking us over amongst themselves.

"What a strange little thing to wear on one's head!" said the husband to the wife, referring to a neat little turban worn by one of the ladies.

"Yes," said the wife, "and I don't see how she can walk in those shoes with their tall, thin little heels. Aren't they funny!"

Gen (between the shafts), a sturdy brown lass with eyes like those of a wild deer, and a ready smile, was as pretty a peasant girl as I had seen in Japan



Everything about a Japanese bed is very comfortable except the funny little hard round pillow

These remarks and others revealing their interested speculations as to which women of our party were married to which men, were translated to us by the friend who had organized the excursion. Being a good deal of a wag, he let them talk about us until the subject seemed to be exhausted. Then he addressed a casual question, in Japanese, to the husband across the way. I have seldom seen a man look more disconcerted than that one did just then. He answered the question, but that was the last word we heard him speak. Though an hour passed before he and his wife got off the train, and though they had until then talked volubly together, the complete silence which came over them was not broken by so much as a monosyllable until they reached the station platform. There, however, we saw that they had begun to talk again, and with gestures showing not a little agitation. I had a feeling that each was blaming the other for the whole affair. Relations between husband and wife are, in some respects at least, a good deal more alike in all countries than is commonly supposed.

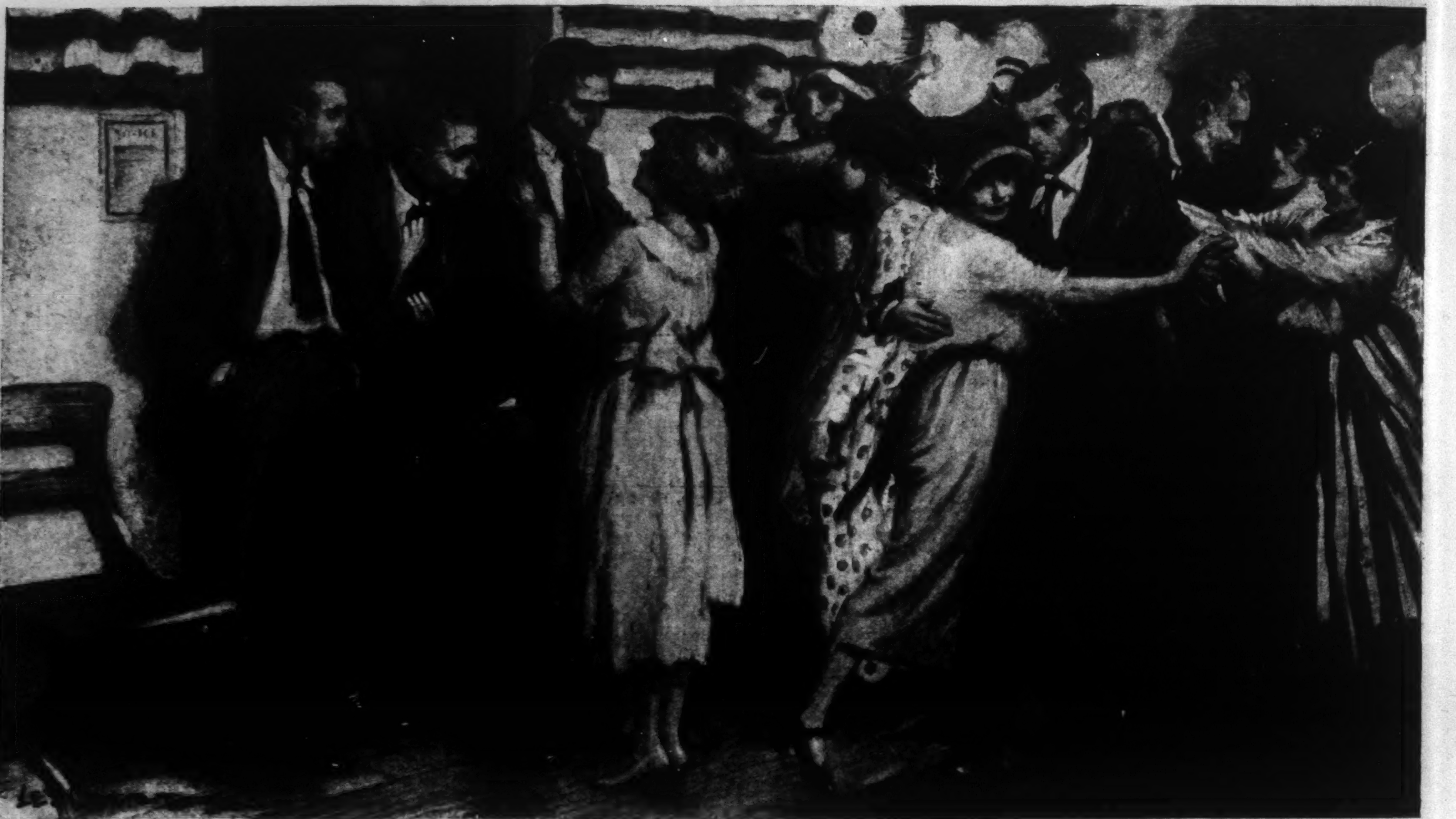
Let it be said in simple honesty and justice that I myself had no claim to immunity from the critical inspection of my Japanese fellow travelers, since I was always studying them. One notices that they generally travel with less baggage than we use. The national traveling bag is a large, strong handkerchief of silk or cotton, in which the articles carried on a journey are tied up. The elasticity of this container, which is called a *furoshiki*, is its great advantage. It is as large or as small as its contents require, and when it is empty you do not have to lug it about by hand, like an empty suitcase, but merely put it in your pocket.

The trouble with our style of suitcases and bags is that they are heavy, bulky and not adaptable. On one occasion they are overcrowded, on another we carry them half empty. My own bags remind me of the way I used to feel about wine bottles in the cheery days when one could afford to regard such things with a somewhat critical eye. I always felt that wine bottles were either too large or too small. Pints held a little too much for one, yet not enough for two; and quarts held rather more than was required by three, yet left four dissatisfied. Let us, however, drop this subject. *De mortuis* . . .

I was always struck with the fact that though the Japanese woman seems to be more heavily dressed than the foreign woman, and though her coiffure is generally more elaborate, she carries so much less baggage when she travels. In our maid Yuki's *furoshiki* there was always room for my cigars, cigarettes, books and kodak films. Her own things seemed to take no space at all. There are several reasons for this. A Japanese woman carries no hair-brush and wears her comb in her hair. Nor do the Japanese generally take nightclothes with them on a journey, for a clean cotton *kimono*, in which to sleep, is supplied by all Japanese hotels. More than once, when I saw Yuki starting off with us for a two or three days' trip with baggage consisting of a *furoshiki* tied to about the size of two ordinary novels, I thought of Johnnie Poe's famous "fifty-three pieces of baggage — a deck of cards and a tooth-brush."

A favorite theme for the decoration of the *furoshiki* embodies the signs of the Chinese zodiac, consisting of twelve animals. The Chinese calendar was adopted by the Japanese centuries ago, and they still take account of it, though they now generally use our Gregorian calendar for computing time. But even so their era is not the Christian era, but dates [*Continued on page 58*]

Yuki having her palm read in the house where father, son and grandson have told fortunes for over one hundred years



Edith longed to close her hands over that slim white throat, to tear the dazzling sash from the waist of the light-haired fairy in Steve's arms

A Story So Human That It Might Be a Slice of Real Life

In Place *of* God

by Olive Edens

Illustration by Lee Conrey

EDITH had decided — she would go with him to-night, this still June night that had dropped into a Puget Sound October! From her window she had gazed on the slow coming of darkness. Everything yielded resistlessly — the islands, the bay, the pines by the bridge, the tall cherry trees in the yard; stars alone emerged, until now the sky was pierced by sparks of fire, that seemed to urge her on.

It was either go with him or let him pass out of her life — and she couldn't bear *that*. Nor could she live through another dance like last Saturday's. Oh, he'd flirted before — but always with an eye to its effect upon her. But with that light-haired fairy in his arms he had forgotten she existed!

Edith had crept out of the dance hall and peered at them through a window. She longed to tear the dazzling sash from the waist of the girl, to close her hands over that slim, white throat that emitted laughter like a merry bell! She had suddenly sobered. From the next window a young fellow gazed at them. Such terrific agony beat on his face that her own paled. Could he care for that girl more than she for Steve? She had wandered to the beach and listened to the slow repeated waves. . . .

The strangers had gone when she returned to the hall, and Steve drew her, protesting, in a waltz. "You're as cold as a potato," he chided, as she held her eyes from his. "Who was she?" she asked. But he laughed down at her with that quick droop to his eyes that went through her like flame.

On the porch that night he'd half-apologized. He wasn't himself these days. Restless. Cities for him, oceans, the world. How could the *Tide* with its thrice-a-week trips among these shut-in islands hold a fellow who'd "steamboated it" in Alaska, "tugged" in 'Frisco, and knocked about Seattle wharves for years? "Come, gimme your eyes," he urged before he kissed them. "Promise — next Saturday we go." But she couldn't promise — then.

How his face would light to-night when she told him! What hurried whisperings between dances! They *must* beat Irene and Joe home, get her "things" to the boat, pin the note to Mother to the mantle — row like mad to Quilcine! The boat for Seattle left there at two.

"Edith, ain't you ever comin' down?" Irene called from the hall below.

As Edith passed her dresser she impulsively seized *his* picture. One like it — in the dashing uniform of a captain — was in a photographer's window on the main street of Quilcine and always drew women in front of it. Edith held the picture close, searching for something.

"Edith, I'm goin'."

She dropped the picture with a stifled little sigh, then hurried down-stairs.

"'Night, Mother." Her lips brushed the forehead of the woman sewing by the table.

"Don't like you two goin' off alone like this," she grumbled. "If they wanted you bad enough they'd come for you." But disapproval melted to pride as she surveyed her two daughters.

"JOE does want me" — Irene was arranging with care a pink scarf over her pile of light curls — "and he begs to come, but I won't let him. If he came on down here after the *Tide* gets in, we wouldn't get to dancin' till most ten!"

"Does Royle offer to come, Edith?" Reproach was in her mother's voice, and uneasiness.

"Yes," answered Edith absently. She stood back of her mother and had been looking about the room. It suddenly came over her that she was leaving the room she had spent her life in. The picture of a London square above the mantel abruptly stood out—the moonlight, the trees, the glimmer of lamp-posts, the rush of people! She'd always imagined Seattle like that park in London. She'd know — to-morrow! Her heart caught at the thought.

"Then why don't you let him?"

"We'd be later than ten. After the *Tide* docks Steve takes the mail over to the post-office in the tender, so the boys can have half an hour's more dancin'." She spoke proudly.

"Folks are talk ——!"

"Good night, Mummy." Irene planted a big kiss on her mother's mouth, then followed it with a love pat.

Edith straightened quickly, something fine in the flash of her clear brown eyes. "Don't care what they say." Then her arms wound tenderly about her mother as she kissed her again.

Irene was pulling the peg from the front gate when Edith caught up with her. A slice of white beneath her coat told the way across the pine-tree bridge on to the beach.

A swollen high tide reached to the line of driftwood. The girls threw the anchor in the bow of the boat, shoved away from shore, stroked perfectly together. The boat headed for a light down the coast — Madrona Point.

"You know, Edith," — Irene lifted her oars after five minutes' stiff rowing — "Joe's comin' for me after to-night. Didn't want to let on to Mother — but we're engaged!"

"*Irene!*"

"Mustn't tell. Can't get married for years — maybe. . . . Joe don't get mor'n a hundred twenty a month. Steve gets twice that much — 'tain't a bit fair!"

"Does Steve get — twice that much?"

"'Most three hundred, didn't you know?"

"No. He doesn't tell me — things like that."

"Funny. But men *are* queer. All but Joe. Tells me everything."

Edith braced her foot hard against the round of the boat and put power in her strokes. She was fighting against telling Irene *her* secret. Joe would be Captain of the *Tide* after Steve left. Then Irene and he would marry. And live at Quilcine . . . and keep on going to dances, until they were old, like Mother and Dad. . . . Then they'd stay at home and worry about *their* children. While her own days ahead ——

"You know, Edith, they're [*Continued on page 57*]

Love—the Love that Means Salvation—Comes to

The Wanderer of the Wasteland

by Zane Grey

Illustration by W. Herbert Dunton

LEADING a little girl out of the desert was a strange and wonderful adventure for Adam Larey whose lonely wanderings in the wasteland had forced him to kill, had forced him to witness tragedy upon tragedy.

Driven there by a quarrel with a dissolute brother whom he had shot because of a Mexican girl, life had not been easy for Adam. First he would have perished of starvation had not Dismukes, a prospector, appeared in the nick of time; again he would have died but for Indians who rescued him. His wanderings renewed, Adam again met Dismukes, who turned his attention toward Death Valley, starting him on another journey of adventure in search of an unhappy woman whom Dismukes had found there.

He had risked his life in vain to save Magdalene Virey from the death to which a jealousy-crazed husband had condemned her; he had seen her die by an avalanche which Virey knew sooner or later would crush their shack, and he had pursued Virey to his death in a repetition of the ghastly performance.

Next he was able to repay his debt to Dismukes by rescuing him when he had been captured by thieves who were prepared to take his gold and put him to death by slow torture.

And now Dismukes, having garnered the amount of gold that he set out to obtain, was gone—gone into the world to travel and enjoy himself. "Would he find what he sought?" Adam wondered.

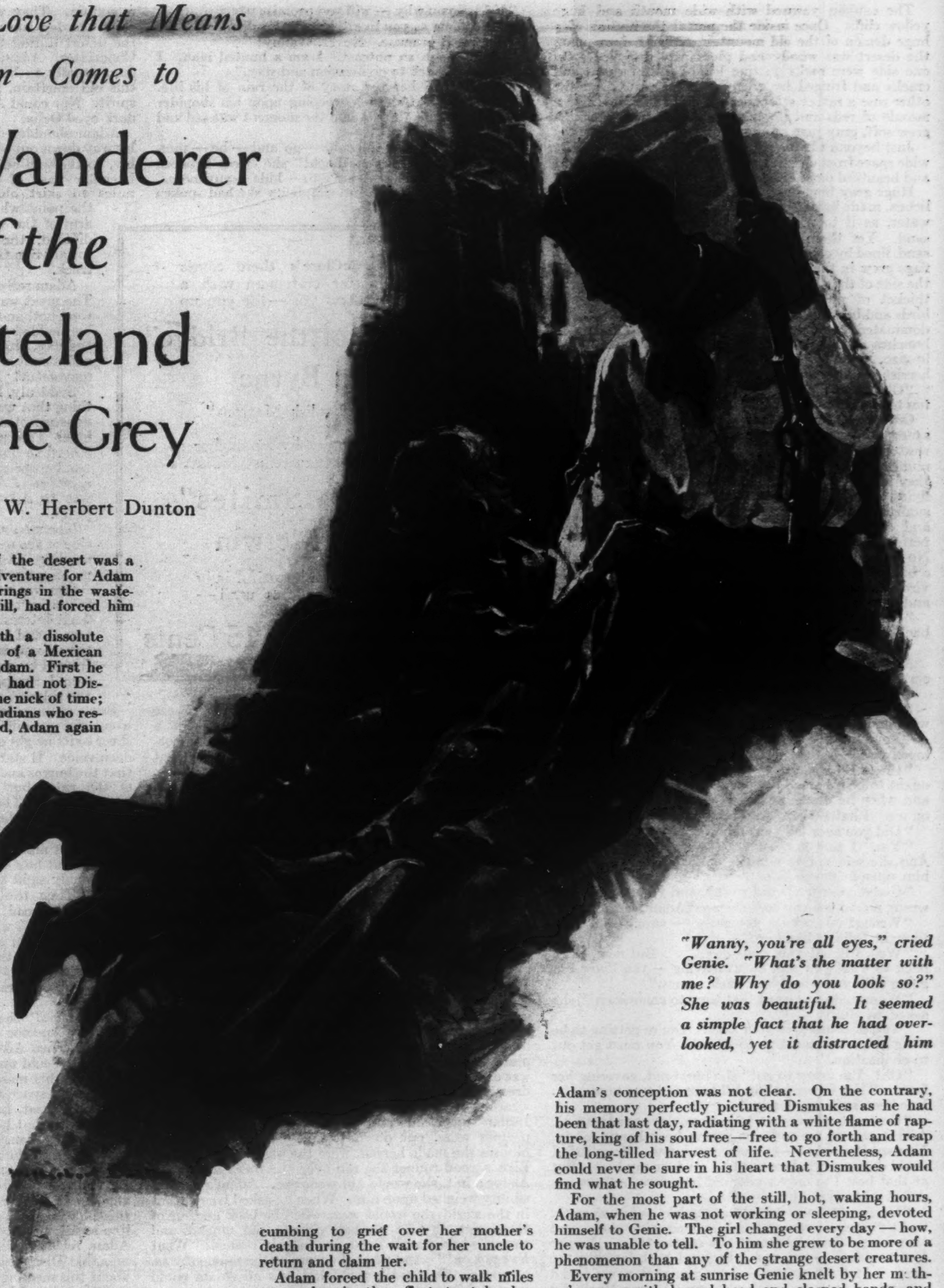
Dismukes had been gone only a few hours when Adam came across two men and a burro bearing a young girl. Several incidents aroused his suspicions, so he followed and took the child away after a desperate fight.

On the way back to her mother's camp she told him her pitiful story. Her father had died of consumption two years before, and her mother was ill of the same disease. They had no food.

The mother lingered only a few days after Genie's return. During her last moments she received Adam's promise that he would take care of her child and revealed to him the secret that a fortune in gold was buried beneath their shack.

Then began the struggle to prevent Genie from succumbing to grief over her mother's death during the wait for her uncle to return and claim her.

Adam forced the child to walk miles every day in the effort to take her mind off her sorrow. He who had spoken to so few men and women in the desert now was inspired by a child.



"Wanny, you're all eyes," cried Genie. "What's the matter with me? Why do you look so?" She was beautiful. It seemed a simple fact that he had overlooked, yet it distracted him

TIME passed. The days slipped by to make weeks, and weeks merged into months. Summer, with its hot midday hours, when man and beast rested or slept, seemed to shorten its season by half.

As time went fleeting by, Adam now and then remembered Dismukes, and these memories, with their speculations, were full of both gladness and pathos. He tried to visualize the old prospector in the new rôle of traveler, absorber of life, spendthrift and idler. But Adam's conception was not clear. On the contrary, his memory perfectly pictured Dismukes as he had been that last day, radiating with a white flame of rapture, king of his soul free—free to go forth and reap the long-tilled harvest of life. Nevertheless, Adam could never be sure in his heart that Dismukes would find what he sought.

For the most part of the still, hot, waking hours, Adam, when he was not working or sleeping, devoted himself to Genie. The girl changed every day — how, he was unable to tell. To him she grew to be more of a phenomenon than any of the strange desert creatures.

Every morning at sunrise Genie knelt by her mother's grave with bowed head and clasped hands, and every evening at sunset or in the golden dusk of twilight she again knelt in prayer.

"Genie, why do you kneel there — now?" asked Adam once, unable to contain his curiosity. "You did not always do it. Only the last few weeks or a month."

"I forgot I'd promised mother," she replied.

Andreas Canyon was far from the camp under the cottonwoods, but Adam and Genie, having once feasted their eyes upon its wildness and beauty and grandeur, went back again and again, so that presently the distance in the hot sun was no hindrance, and the wide area of white, glistening, terrible cholla cactus was no obstacle.

The canyon yawned with wide mouth and huge yellow cliffs. Once inside the portal the illusion of a huge demon of the old mountain snarling down upon the desert was wholly and pleasantly dispelled. On one side were rocky jutting ledges full of caves and cracks and fringed by graceful desert plants; on the other rose a rather steep slope of flat rocks, laid like a mosaic of reds and bronzes, in the crevices of which grew soft, gray sage and pink-topped bisnagi cactus.

Just beyond the mouth of the canyon and across the wide space from cliff to slope bloomed the most verdant and beautiful oasis of that desert region.

Huge gray boulders, clean and old, and russet with lichen, made barricade for a clear stream of green water, as if to protect it from blowing desert sand. Yet there were little beaches of white sand, lined by colored pebbles. Green rushes and flags grew in the water. Beyond the stream on the side of the flat-rocked slope lay a many-acred thicket of mesquite, impenetrable except by birds and beasts. The green of the leaves seemed dominated by colors of the mistletoe. Balls and bunches of this parasite shone in the sunlight, bronze, yellow-green and dull red, with little berries of like color.

"Oh, I love it here!" exclaimed Genie. "Listen to the palms whisper!"

One place in which they always tarried was a sandy glade above the stream, sheltered on the west by a line of palms. They were eight in number and they stood so closely together that they formed a barrier against sun and wind and flying sand and rain. Only tiny streaks of gold sunlight gleamed through. The shade was dark and cool, in fact the most impenetrable and perfect shade Adam had ever seen cast by trees. No grass grew in that shade. The effect was like a blanketing of the sun. This glade, and its environs, appeared to be tenanted only by birds and lizards.

"Genie, your uncle seems a long time coming back for you," remarked Adam.

"I hope he never comes," she replied.

Adam was surprised and somewhat disconcerted at her reply, and yet strangely pleased.

"Why?" he asked.

"Oh, I never liked him and I don't want to go away with him."

"Your mother said he was a good man — that he loved you."

"Uncle Ed was good, and very kind to me. I — I ought to be ashamed," replied Genie. "But he drank, and when he drank he kissed me — he put his hands on me. I hated that."

"Did you ever tell your mother?" inquired Adam.

"Yes. I told her. I asked her why he did that. And she said not to mind — only to keep away from him when he drank."

"Genie, your uncle did wrong, and your mother did wrong not to tell you so," declared Adam, earnestly.

"Wrong? What do you mean — wrong? I only thought I didn't like him."

"Well, I'll tell you some day. . . . But now, to go back to what you said about leaving — you know I'm going with you when your uncle comes."

"Wanny, do *you* want that time to come soon?" she asked, wistfully.

"Yes, of course, for your sake. You're getting to be a big girl. You must go to school. You must get out to civilization."

"Oh! I'm crazy to go!" she burst out, covering her face. "Yet I've a feeling I'll hate to leave here. . . . I've been so happy lately."

"Genie, it relieves me to hear you're anxious to go. And it pleases me to know you've been happy lately. You see I'm only a — a man, you know. How little I could do for you! I've tried. I've done my best. But at that best I'm only a poor old homeless outcast — a desert wanderer! I'm ——"

"Hush up!" she cried, with quick, sweet warmth. Swiftly she enveloped him, hugged him close, and kissed his cheek. "Wanny, you're grand! . . . You're like Taquitch — you're *my* Taquitch with face like the sun! — And I love you — love you as I never loved any one except my mother! — And I hope Uncle Ed never comes so you'll have to take care of me always."

Adam gently disengaged himself from Genie's impulsive arms.

"Genie, let me make sure you understand," he said, gravely. "I love you, too, as if you were my little sister. And if your uncle doesn't come I'll take you somewhere — find you a home. But I never — much as I would like to — never can take care of you always."

"Why?" she flashed, with her terrible directness.

Adam had begun his development of Genie by telling the truth; he had always abided by it; and now, in these awakening days for her, he must never veer from the truth.

"If I tell you why — will you promise never to speak of it — so long as you live?" he asked, solemnly.

"Never! I promise. Never, Wanny!"

"Genie, I am an outcast. I am a hunted man. I can never go back to civilization and stay."

Then he told her the story of the ruin of his life. When he finished she fell weeping upon his shoulder and clung to him. For Adam the moment was sad and sweet.

"But Wanny, you — could — go and — be — punished — and then — come back!" she cried, between sobs. "You'd — never — have to — hide — any more."

Out of her innocence and simplicity she had spoken confounding truth. What a terrible truth! Those words of child wisdom sowed in Adam the seed of a terrible revolt. Revolt — yea, revolt against this horrible need to hide — this fear and dread of punishment that always and forever so bitterly mocked his manhood! If he could find the strength to rise to the heights of Genie's wisdom — divine philosophy of a child! — he would no longer hate his shadowed wandering steps down the naked shingles and hidden trails of the lonely desert.

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Swifter than the past, another year flew by. Genie's uncle did not come. And Adam began to doubt that he would ever come. And Genie's hope that he never would come, began insidiously to enter into Adam's thought. Again the loneliness, the solitude and silence, and something more he could not name, began to drag Adam from duty, from effort of mind.

IN ALL that time Adam saw but two white men, prospectors passing by, down the sandy trails. Indians came that way but seldom. Across the valley there was an encampment, which he visited occasionally to buy baskets, skins, meat, and to send Indians out after supplies. The great problem was clothes for Genie. It was difficult to get materials, difficult for Genie to make dresses, and impossible to keep her from tearing or wearing or growing out of them. Adam found that Indian moccasins and tough overalls such as prospectors wore, cut down to suit Genie, and woolen blouses she made herself, were the only things for her. Like a road-runner she ran over the rocks and sand! As for a hat, she would not wear one. Adam's responsibility weighed upon him. When he asked Genie what in the world she would wear when he took her out of the desert, to pass through villages and ranches and towns, where people lived, she naïvely replied: "What I've got on!" And what she wore at the moment was, of course, the boyish garb that was all Adam could keep on her, and which happened just then to be minus the moccasins.

In the early fall — what month it was Adam could not be sure — he crossed the arm of the valley to the encampment of the Coahuillas. The cool nights and tempering days had made him hungry for meat. And as for Genie — when, indeed was she not hungry? Adam often felt the old, keen desire to hunt upon the heights, there once more to match his sure-footedness and sight against those of the wary mountain sheep. But he did not care to leave Genie alone in camp for any length of time.

He found the Indian hunters at home, and, in fact, they had just packed fresh sheep meat down from the mountain. They were of the same tribe as the old chief Charley Jim who had taught Adam so much of the desert during those early, hard years over in the Chocolates. Adam always asked for news of Charley Jim, usually to be disappointed. He was a nomad, this old chieftain, and his family had his wandering spirit. Nor could Adam ever get any word about the dark-eyed Oella.

Adam shouldered his load of fresh meat and took his way down out of the canyon where the encampment lay, to the well-beaten trail that zigzagged along the irregular base of the mountain. He had several miles to skirt along this wall before he came to the point where he was to cut across the wide arm of the valley, and at that point the trail divided, the main one going straight north toward San Gorgonio Pass. This was the beaten track.

Adam rested at the dividing point of the trails. The meat was heavy, the direct rays of the sun were hot, and the remainder of his journey must be plodded through soft sand. It was early in the day, clear and still. How gray and barren and monotonous the desert! Not a sound, not a movement! All seemed dead.

Suddenly, his quick eye caught sight of something that was moving. It changed the monotonous aspect of the desert. Was it a burro or antelope? Presently he decided the jerky motion belonged to burros. And then he espied a darker moving speck back of them. A prospector with a brace of burros — common sight indeed it was to Adam, though not for the last few years.

The man was coming from the south, but outside of the main trail, for which no doubt he was heading. Adam decided to wait and exchange greetings with him. After watching a while Adam was constrained to mutter: "Well, if that fellow isn't a great walker, my eyes are failing!" That interested him all the more. He watched burros and driver grow larger and clearer. Then they disappeared behind a long, low swell of sand fringed by sage, and dotted by mesquite. They would reappear presently, coming out behind the ridge at a point near Adam.

Some minutes later, while Adam was gazing at the wonderful precipitous wall of San Jacinto, rising almost sheer to its height of over ten thousand feet, he heard a deep voice. It startled him. Wheeling quickly he saw that the burros and driver had not only cleared the end of the ridge but were within a hundred yards of where he sat. The burros were trotting, with packs bobbing up and down. Only the old slouch hat of the prospector showed above the packs. Manifestly he was a short man.

"Say, but he's a walker!" ejaculated Adam.

Suddenly sight of that old slouch hat gave Adam a thrill. Then the man's shoulders appeared. How enormously broad! Then, as the burros veered to one side, the driver's whole stature was disclosed. What a stride he had, for a man so short! He wore old gray, patched clothes that Adam wildly imagined he had seen somewhere.

Suddenly the man yelled at the burros: "Hehaw! Gedap!"

"*Dismukes!*" shouted Adam, hoarsely.

The prospector halted his long, rolling stride and looked. Then Adam plunged over sand and through sage. He could not believe his eyes. He must get his hands on this man, to prove reality. In a trice the intervening space was covered. Then Adam, breathless and aghast, gazed into a face that he knew, yet which held what he did not know.

"Howdy, Wansfell. Thought I'd meet you sooner or later," said the man.

His voice was unmistakable. He recognized Adam. Beyond any possibility of doubt — Dismukes! In the amaze and gladness of the moment, Adam embraced this old savior and comrade and friend — embraced him as a long-lost brother or as a prodigal son. Then Adam released him, with sudden dawning consciousness that Dismukes seemed to have no feeling whatever about this meeting.

"Dismukes! I had to grab you — just to feel if it was you. I'm knocked clean off my pins," declared Adam, breathing hard.

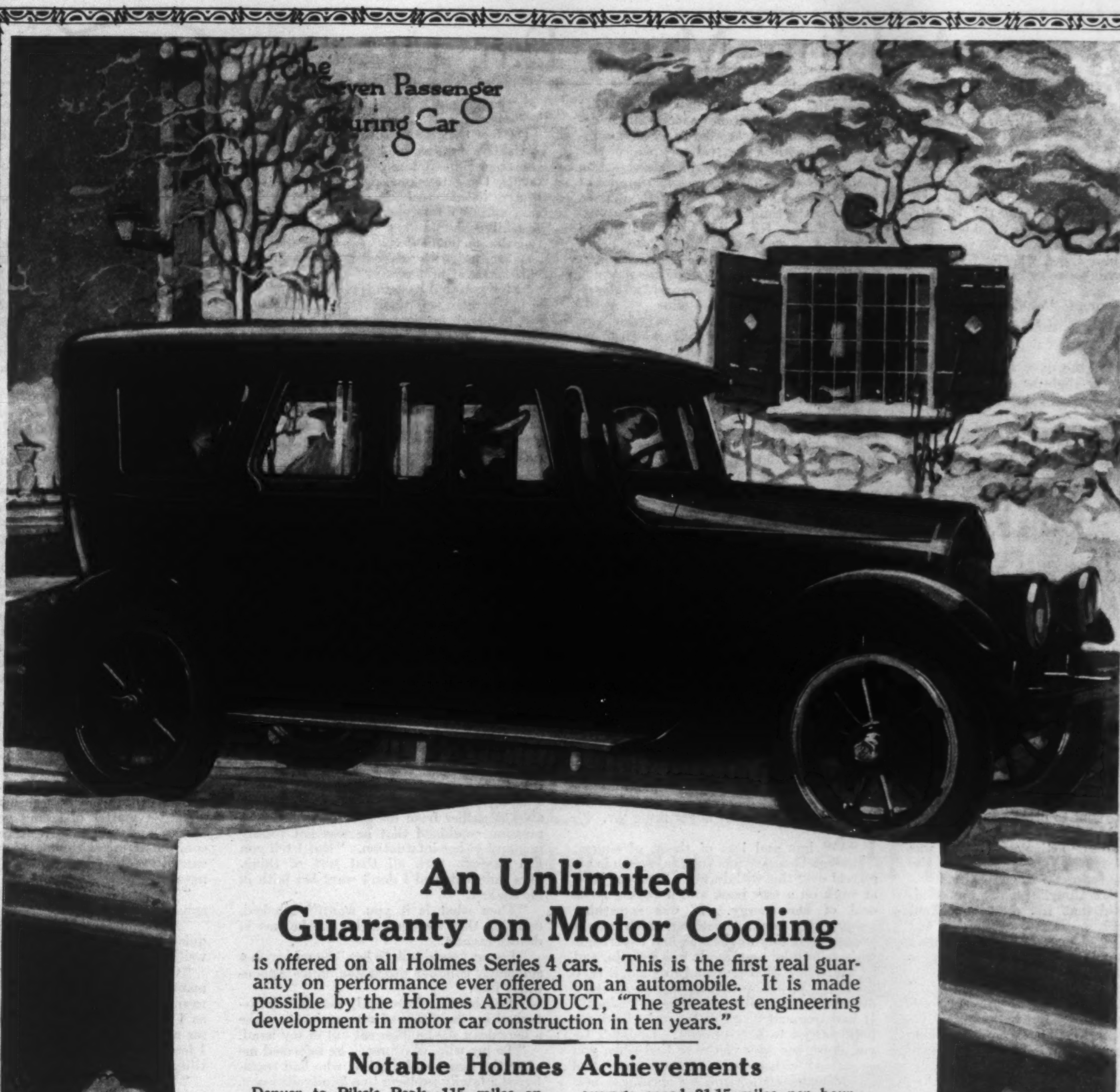
"Yes, it's me, Wansfell," replied Dismukes. His large, steady eyes, dark brown like those of an ox, held an exceeding and unutterable sadness.

"Back on the desert? *You!*" exclaimed Adam. "Dismukes, then you lost your gold — bad luck — something happened — you never went to the great cities — to spend your fortune — to live and live?"

"Yes, friend, I went," replied Dismukes.

A great awe fell upon Adam. His keen gaze, cleared of the mist of amaze, saw

[*Continued on page 59*]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A Lion Must Eat

— *Continued from page 21*

she said to me, after a moment of silence.

"Why?" I asked, finding it hard to meet her eye.

"Because you are one of the few persons who might influence him," she retorted, only to revise her sentence, a moment later into: "Because you are one of the few *men* who might influence him!" And the slightly acidulated stress on the "men" did not altogether escape me.

"Influence him about what?" I parried, only too disturbingly conscious of what was coming.

"About making a fool of himself with that woman," she said as her steel-cold gaze met mine.

"BUT those are the cases where one man never has the slightest chance of influencing another," I tried to tell her. "It isn't done, you know."

"Well, something has got to be done," she announced with decision.

"About what?" I asked, trying to take my cue from her coolness.

"About saving him," she said, twisting her gloves together in her thin and bird-like hands.

"Saving him from what?" I found the courage to inquire.

"*For me!*" she admitted, with extraordinary quietness. And I scarcely knew whether it was her immediacy or her intensity which came as a sort of shock to me. I felt suddenly sorry for her, but I couldn't afford to show it.

"What claim have you?" I asked, with an avuncular effort at impersonality in the matter.

"None whatever," she rather wistfully acknowledged.

"But you don't care to lose him?" I blithely continued.

"I couldn't afford to lose him!" she cried out with quite unlooked-for passion.

"Ah, you love him that much!" was the thought I was about to utter. But it struck me as so stupid, as I stared at her, that I shut my teeth on its articulation. So I was compelled to back-water and probe the turbid currents for a clearer channel.

"I can't help recalling," I finally admitted, "what you said that first day about Paul Dearness's egoism. That, obviously, was plain to you, all along. And it seems more than trite to point out that we mustn't ever expect much from the egoist."

"But that's where you're terribly wrong," she corrected. "He had given me everything, all I asked for. But he was so different — and difficult. I knew that time alone could make things plain to me, that I'd have to be infinitely patient and painstaking. And I knew he'd be worth it, in the end."

"But is he?" I contended.

"That's what makes it so hard," she said with her little hand-wring of desperation. "I know that he is, now; I know it more than ever!"

"You should have married the man," I observed. I said it not without malice, but I was tired of the static intensity that was crackling in the air about my ears. Yet my remark, oddly enough, brought her up short.

"I was *afraid* of that. I was afraid of losing the one thing I couldn't afford to lose!"

"But if you've lost *him!*" I began.

"I can't and won't lose him," she said with a quiet ferocity that gave me a little chill along the spine.

"Then what do you propose doing?" I inquired in an effort to bring her back to earth.

"I think I shall marry him, after all," she said, out of a rather long and studious silence.

Five weeks later Sara Senkler and Dearness were married. To say that it came as a shock to their intimate circle of friends and to that vaguer hinterland of admirers who bought seats and books would be putting it mildly. It reacted on Dearness in ways which, remembering his professional preoccupation, he could scarcely have anticipated. Business fell off badly, once that most definitive of alliances had been announced, for a hero already bespoken lost not a little of his attractiveness for those romantic-minded ladies who had followed him from play to play as gulls follow a steamer from port to port. He suffered a sort of sclerosis of drawing power which seemed re-echoed in a hardening of the managerial forces about him. His loudly talked of new production was indefinitely deferred and he was relegated to merely marking time with a revival of one of his older "sure-fire" romances possessing action enough to shake off any possible aroma of the warehouse. Even more marked, however, was the thinning down of his personal relationships. His rooms, once so full of color and movement and obtrusively unobtrusive perfumes, made me think of a park saddened with residual confetti the morning after the *fête*. I caught, however, no slightest word of complaint from him.

Yet, I couldn't help feeling sorry for Sara Senkler, for I knew stars well enough to remember that you can't hitch your wagon to even one of diminishing magnitude and expect to travel with any great degree of comfort. Her reversion to the romantic, nevertheless, was not without its compensations. For the first time in her life she found herself shifted from the book-note department to the front page. Almost over-night she emerged from an abstraction into a personality, largely be-pictured in syndicated Sunday "features" and sedulously besought by lady journalists in quest of celebrity's opinion on imminent problems. It was, I imagine, her first taste of that noisier brand of fame. But it obviously failed to intoxicate her. It even failed to elate her. She went about with Dearness as barricaded and non-committal as ever. I attributed much of her preoccupation, it is true, to the intensity with which she was policing his restricted frontiers of activity, yet I couldn't keep from attributing deeper and more mysterious changes to the lady. For it was plain, whatever she may have protested or implied, that she had succumbed to that large and lordly consort. He alone seemed the moving force in that odd partnership. She perched on him like a cow-bird on a bison. She attached herself to him like a barnacle on a ship's bottom, satisfied, apparently, with what the torpid tides of accident might bring her.

I SAW less and less of them, of course, though Dearness was voluble enough in his regrets over this withdrawal. Sara was hard at work on a new book and it took a great deal of her energy. It was something unique, that book, something which even a woman as brainy as she was had to struggle with, month by month. It was a strain, and he was doing what he could to make it easy for her. And from this he digressed into a discussion of marriage to a 'non-professional.' It had tremendous advantages, he held, for both parties to the compact. It didn't tie you down the way you were tied when you co-starred, either on or off the stage. And it widened your horizon by opening a new door to the world of ideas. It was incredible, he told me, what he had already absorbed from that wonderful little woman.

Yet when I asked him about his own professional prospects his enthusiasm, oddly enough, seemed to thin out.

"I'm thinking of turning more to character work," he somewhat heavily informed me. "I'm pretty well fed up on this romantic stuff they keep saddling me with. It's the achievement of character, after all, that is the final triumph in any art. That's something to leave behind you, sir—the faithfully built-up portrayal of one character which the world unites in proclaiming life-like!"

And as I listened to him I realized that he had indeed been absorbing something from Sara Senkler. What she was absorbing from him, however, I could not at the time decipher. She must have grown into a knowledge of his ineradicable and unquenchable vanity, the vanity which filled him with such poignant horror at the thought of growing old and losing his figure, which depressed him when he found himself even momentarily removed from the center of the stage, which prompted the practise of quite gratuitous paging in any hotel corridor or dining-room sufficiently crowded, and brought a warmer light into his slightly lack-lustre eye when he saw his own name in prominent type on the theatrical page of a Sunday newspaper. This vanity, I felt, was even at the bottom of his latter-day pose of rectitude, once he had stumbled on the discovery that there was a disturbingly large class of people who approved of monogamy. He boasted, of course, that his marriage had made a new man of him. And I think it had, though not quite after the fashion he implied.

The fact that the door of his past was not as tightly shut as he had imagined must have crept home to him when the carnivorous Arvilla Dengate came padding about the thinly-wattled stockade of his fortitude. She confronted him openly; she waylaid him stealthily; she stalked him abandonedly. And she so terrified the poor man that he came to me with his color gone and his foulard cravat in disarray.

"I tell you that woman is persecuting me," he indignantly protested. "She's doing her best to wreck my happiness. She's writing notes that aren't reasonable. And if I gave her the chance she'd walk in one door of my home while Sara was stepping out of another. She hasn't a shred of conscience in her cursed big body. Why, I sit around watching for her, the same as you'd watch for a she-panther around a camp-fire. I've got so I imagine I see a pair of green eyes glowing out of every dark corner. It's affecting my work. It's not fair to me. And it's not fair to my wife."

"Then why don't you stop it?" I rather unsympathetically inquired.

"Good God, man, I *can't* stop it," was Dearness's retort. "Arvilla knows that I'm married, that I'm deucedly happily married, but she won't play the game. As I said before, she's conscienceless."

"Then why not prepare for possible contingencies," I suggested, "by explaining to your wife that you are being blackmailed by a conscienceless woman."

"But it isn't blackmail," contended Dearness.

"Then what is it?" I asked.

"It's not an easy thing for me to talk about," he countered.

"Though it would be difficult to deny," I prompted, "that you know this Dengate woman is quite crazy about you?"

If he did not answer me in words, I was able to gather from his gesture and his expression combined that he was not totally ignorant of her infatuation. "But I tell you I'm through with all that sort of thing. Sara knows it, and I don't want her faith in me shaken."

"Then what is it you want?" I asked, realizing that for once in his life he was in deadly earnest.

"I want you to talk to her," he said with a singularly childlike expression on his Apollo-esque face.

"To *whom?*" I promptly demanded, disturbed by the vision of attempting to make a herculean she-panther eat out of my hand.

"To my wife, of course," he informed me after the manner of a client who had transferred a family problem to a family attorney. "She knows you'd at least be honest about a thing like that."

"Methinks the lady doth protest too much," I suggested, not without irritation.

"The correct reading for that, old chap, is 'The lady protests too much, methinks,'" solemnly remarked the man of the stage. And I could see by his eye that he knew of no earthly reason why I should laugh.

THE one final conclusion which fortified me for my visit to Sara Senkler was that Paul Dearness was unreservedly in love with his wife. That incredible yet incontestable fact, I felt, would make things easier for me.

Yet it was Sara Senkler herself who made things so unexpectedly easy for me. My entire conference with that quiet-eyed little woman was much less difficult than I had anticipated. She took the oar out of my hand, in fact, by explaining the situation before I had a chance to approach it. She even seemed quite without resentment at my clumsy enough intrusion into a matter so essentially personal. And before very long she confronted me, indeed, with a question which rather took my breath away.

"Do you suppose Paul will hold out?" she impersonally inquired.

"Hold out?" I echoed, perplexed by the passive yet speculative look in her eye.

"Will he survive this attack?" she amended, without troubling to meet my stare.

"Of course he'll survive it," I protested. "Why shouldn't he?"

"It would scarcely be in character, would it?" she asked.

"You don't seem to be demanding a great deal of your husband," I observed, ready enough to defend him now that his superlativeness was not there to antagonize me.

"I'm merely asking that he be consistent," was his wife's retort.

"And incidentally remain your husband," I added.

"That, after all, is a side-issue," she meditatively remarked.

"From his standpoint?" I demanded, more sharply than I had intended.

"No; from mine," she amended, meeting without a tremor the unwilled challenge in my eye. For the man, after all, was in love with her, and the utter abnegation of an individual not given to unselfishness was worth even a little more than respect.

"That confronts us with a deduction which is both obvious and unpleasant," I found myself saying.

"A deduction as to what?"

"That you're indifferent as to whether you lose your husband or hold him," I summoned the courage to assert. "That you married a man without caring enough for him to be selfish about him."

"I don't think you quite understand why I married him," she announced, with a movement thinly touched with impatience.

"No; that's what I'm trying to get at."

SHE turned and inspected me with an eye behind which, I felt, few illusions could harbor. Yet I noticed, for the first time, the unmistakable signs of suffering on her face. It carried a look of exhaustion touched with frustration. She had, I remembered, endured that unparalleled distress which comes of an intellectual woman's union with a man too obtuse to understand her.

"Would you call it selfish," she asked me out of the silence that had shut her in, "to give your life up to a study of selfishness?"

"I'd call it the height of heroism," I retorted, not quite following her.

"Heroics have nothing to do with it," she replied, with a flat note in her voice. "It's merely a matter of seeing your God-given chance and taking advantage of it." She confronted me with one of her quick and candid looks. "You know, I'm not quite a newcomer at this game."

"You've been married before?" I asked, aghast.

"I wasn't speaking of marriage," she quietly amended. "I was referring to my writing."

"Oh, your writing!" I said. It was a moment or two before the invisible linemen of memory could effect their connections. And as I recalled what she had already said to me under the shadow of the Sargent portrait I found it hard to keep a not unnatural hostility out of my voice.

"You don't mean you've married a man merely to pickle him in ink?" I demanded.

"Your phrasing," she countered, "is slightly incomprehensible to me."

"Then I'll make it plainer: You're not trying to tell me that you've fastened yourself on a man, like a bloodsucker, and that you intend to stick there until you're full enough of all his more intimate *personalia* to fall off again without effort? You surely don't mean you married this man merely to dissect him?"

She looked at me for a minute or two quite without anger, but with a hovering air of hesitancy. Then she resorted to a laugh, though it impressed me as an acidulated one.

"I see we're getting a bit primitive and personal," she said. "And tranquillity, don't you think, is a tremendously precious thing?" She spoke lightly enough, but between us, I could see, there was a brisk business of shutters being closed and bolted. Before that barricading process was completed, however, she turned back for some final word or two of extenuation.

"I don't think any artist, any true artist, can be satisfied with his second best," she somewhat laboriously explained. "He's got to struggle for the ultimate, no matter what it costs or how it hurts. For he knows he's justified, once he does a fine thing superlatively well. I've been given my chance, and I've got to get my result. What it does to me, or what it does to Paul, or what it does to our lives together, is merely a side-issue It's the final product, the permanent thing, that we've got to be so conscientious about."

"You seem to have great faith in this masterpiece you're making out of your husband," I ventured.

[*Continued on page 39*]

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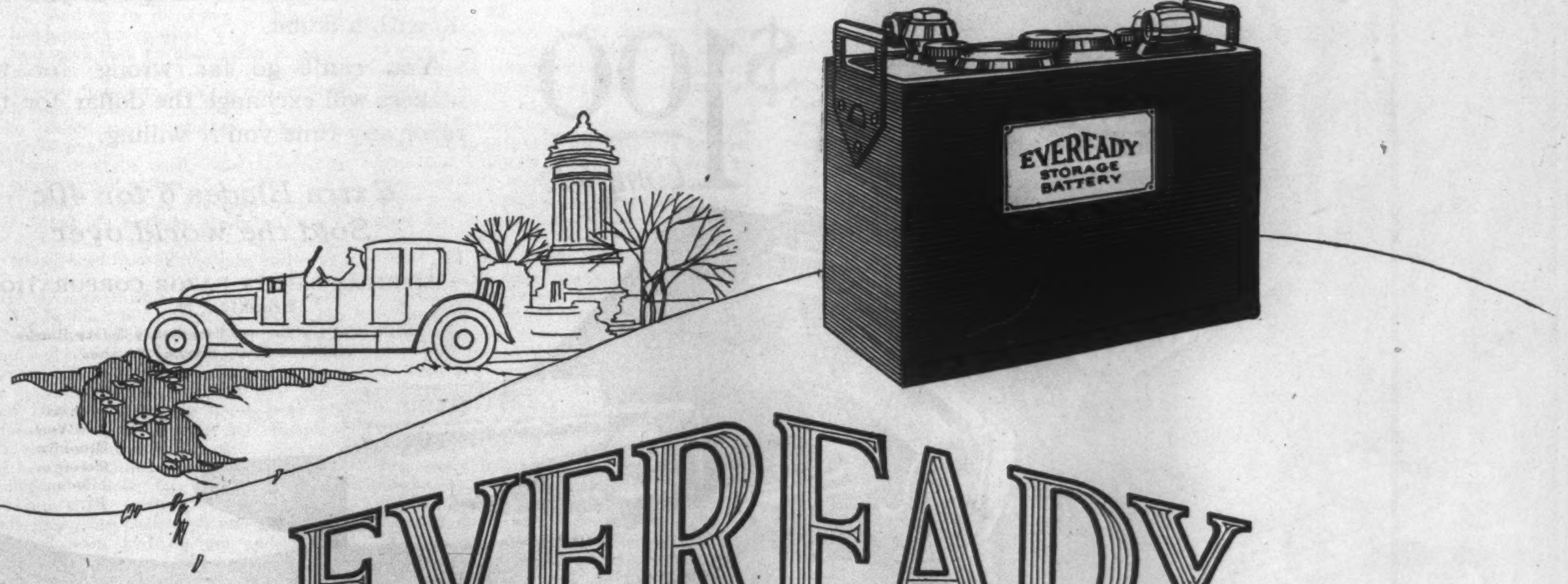

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A Lion Must Eat

— *Continued from page 36*

"I've been given a great chance," was her cool rejoinder.

"But books of which much has been expected have been known to fail," I suggested.

"I'm not worrying about that," retorted the frail-bodied little woman with the intense eyes. "I've been at this business long enough to know values when I see them. I've *got* my values, and all I ask now is strength enough to organize them as they must be organized."

"Then it's merely a matter of strength?" I asked.

"Yes, of strength — and of peace of mind to give my work what it demands." She turned sharply at a movement from me that must have been anything but fraternal. "I don't want you to think, of course, that this study of mine is in any way intended as a mere *succès de scandale*."

"Your own words have given me a much more exalted estimate of it," I told her

She looked me full in the face, for a long half-minute of silence.

"Please don't be cruel," she said with a sort of weary patience which bit me harder than her sharpest anger could have done. "I'm really rather tired out. And it may not be as easy as you've imagined!"

It suddenly came home to me that there was very little of youth left in the half-averted side face with the minute blue veining just under the barricaded eye.

"But what you said about peace of mind a minute ago," I continued. "Doesn't that bring us rather disagreeably back to Arvilla Dengate again?"

"She doesn't worry me," said the woman of the books.

"But she at least worries your husband," I persisted. "A lion must eat, you know!"

She looked up sharply.

"You've given me my title," she murmured, making me think of a sleep-walker.

I didn't quite get what she was driving at. And it was a minute or two apparently before her side-tracked thoughts could get out on the main line again.

"It's a case, after all, where I can be an observer and nothing more," she finally asserted. And my incipient pity for her went out like a candle in a wind.

"You mean that it will be easier to get at the meat in the nut," I cried, "when this robber-crab drops him from the tree-top and lets him go to pieces!"

She bathed me in another of her abstracted stares.

"Please don't be cruel," she repeated in her quiet voice of protest.

"I think," I said as I got up from my chair, "that it's you who are being cruel." But instead of answering me, she merely moved her head from side to side, in dissent.

THE strength which Sara Senkler had asked for, to finish her work, was not in the end given her. Before the thyme and marjoram had been made into honey she suffered a slight attack of influenza. She ignored this indisposition, however, until one night when Dearness, hurrying home from his performance, found her in her draughty little study shaking with a chill. She still held her gold-banded fountain-pen between her fingers. But her face must have frightened him. He undertook with his own hands to get her clothes off and get her to bed, and soon had doctors and nurses enough in attendance. Three days after he came to me, with terror in his eyes, and said his wife was suffering from double pneumonia. He reminded me of a frightened child. He broke down, in fact, and incoherently protested that she was all he had to live for, that he'd rather suffer himself than see her the way she was. When her illness approached its crisis, later on, for the first time in his life he let an understudy step into his part. All along, I think, he secretly suspected that she was going to die.

But Sara Senkler did not die. Her recovery, it is true, was disappointing, and was never complete, though Dearness, before the end of another month, had her out in the Park again, on sunny days, and even transferred his part to the tender mercies of a second understudy when he took her down to Lakewood for a week. She showed small improvement, however, and the lung specialists finally prescribed Arizona.

Dearness promptly defied his managers, closed his play, and went west with his wife. He promised me, in a tremulous voice quite new to him, to let me know how things turned out. But his first three months in Arizona must have been months of strain and worry. I couldn't blame him for his silence. Then he finally and rather exuberantly wrote me that "the little lady" was out of the woods, that her "spot" was healed and her cough gone, and that in another month or two they could move on to Southern California, where he felt there were such huge chances for a man of his type in the motion-picture world.

This puzzled me a little, for only too often and too impatiently I'd heard Paul Dearness rail against the movies. He hated them with a hatred touched with fear. But it was, I began to suspect, a matter of keeping the pot boiling, for extravagance was something more than a fixed habit with him, and I'd had an indirect report that he had been "kingly" in his care for his wife.

MY suspicions were confirmed, in fact, when I went to Los Angeles at the beginning of the year and found him in a leased Hollywood villa with the stucco rubbed off the corners and the window-screening not always intact. He was leaner and more haggard than of old, but persistently blithe in the presence of his wife, who was now strong enough to be back at her work. When, however, she had retired to her improvised study, for her habitual three hours of labor with the pen, he acknowledged in a burst of confidence that he hated this motion-picture work more than ever before. It called only for the second best in a man and they hadn't even given him the chances that his position on the legitimate stage entitled him to. But it kept him busy, and the East wasn't to be thought of, of course, until Sara was entirely herself again. It was a great climate for invalids, he discreetly acknowledged, though it was apt to pall on a more active-minded man like himself. But he wasn't complaining, he protested. There was something very satisfying, when he wasn't at work in the studios, in this quiet little home of theirs. And the one thing they were waiting for now was for Sara to complete her book. He wasn't, he intimated, supposed to discuss that book. But he solemnly abjured me to mark his words, his almost sepulchrally whispered words, to the effect that the world was going to open its eyes when that book came out.

As for Sara Senkler herself — I still found it ridiculously difficult to address her as Mrs. Dearness — she seemed far from inclined to take me once more into her confidence. I tried to attribute that persistent withdrawal into her shell as the self-absorption of invalidism. But this could not be made to cover the case. Her invalidism, in fact, seemed remarkable mostly by its absence, and Dearness himself, for all his bulk, impressed me as much the seedier of the two. The way in which he looked after his wife, the quiet but never-ending efforts he made to keep her comfortable in mind and body, prompted me to an abrupt and slightly bewildering revision of his character, though it finally nettled me a little to find that his stubborn policy of making life tranquil for her was causing him to cool off a trifle toward an acquaintance who perhaps knew a trifle too much of their more intimate relations to permit an authoress in travail to be at peace with herself. So, before I struck East again, I saw less and less of them. . . .

Spring had come and gone and summer was turning New York into a gridiron when I next saw Dearness and his wife. I met them coming out of a Fifth Avenue photographer's, and my first impression of them, oddly enough, was that of a pair of tourists vaguely intimidated by a city with which they were not entirely familiar. The former star, noticeably less immaculate than when I had previously beheld him on that avenue, was carrying a large suitcase. His color changed a trifle as he stopped and shook hands, though I could detect no echo of this embarrassment in the quiet-eyed woman at his side. She again impressed me, with her aquiline and unparticipating calm, as a taxed but patient child hugging some precious secret to her breast. Dearness, on the other hand, found it necessary to explain the suitcase, which held a number of his wife's costumes. They'd been "shooting her", upstairs, trying to get just the right sort of photographs for publication.

"The book's finished, old man," he informed me, in a sufficiently awed voice to bring a shrug from his wife. "And it's going to be a knock-out," he continued in the language of his old world and with exaltation in his eye. "Can I show him the letter, Sara," he asked as he put down the suitcase and began unbuttoning a slightly threadbare coat, "that old Stewart wrote us the very night he finished the last page of the script? Stewart the publisher, you understand! It's ——"

"I really don't think these things are interesting to outsiders, Paul," his wife cut in. "And I wish you'd get a taxi so I could answer that cable on the way back to the hotel."

"Of course," assented Dearness, as he pushed a path through to the curb, where he stood signaling for an empty motor-cab.

"I rather hate to think of myself as an outsider, you know, at a big moment like this," I took occasion to remind his wife.

"Why big?" she asked with her appraising eyes on my face.

"Didn't you once say you were doing something big in this new book of yours?" I asked.

"But it isn't a book yet," she corrected. "They've scarcely started to set the type. And the adventure rather seeps out of it, you know, when you've published eleven of them."

"Then I wish it every possible success when it *is* launched," I compelled myself to say, chilled by the lower key she was insisting on, as I guided her to the taxi-cab into which her husband had already lifted the plethoric suitcase from which a bit of blue silk ruching significantly protruded. "And I hope to hear more of it," I asininely added as Dearness helped his wife into the cab.

I HEARD more of that precious book, and I heard it with much greater explicitness than I had expected. For Dearness himself looked me up before the week was over. He impressed me as being without rootage and a bit lonely. At any rate he seemed glad enough to find one of his older friends to talk to, and acknowledged that he'd been making the rounds of the managers but that nothing of promise had yet turned up. Everything along that line, however, would have to be side-tracked until Sara's *magnum opus* went down the skids. He felt, in a way, as though that book was a child of their union, for he could say, with all due modesty, that there was going to be quite a bit of himself in its pages.

This brought me up short.

"What's the book about?" I demanded, with scarcely the courage to look him squarely in the face as I waited for his answer.

"It's the study of an egoist, the greatest egoist who ever drew the breath of life," he informed me, with a tinge of pride in his impressiveness. And again I had to stop and reorganize the broken lines of thought.

"Then what part do you play in it?" I finally inquired.

"Oh, it's not much, I suppose. But I've been able to feed in the little stuff they mortar their masonry up with. The basic idea, of course, was Sara's — and it was a great idea. But she wanted to make her man an Englishman and an artist. Then the idea occurred to us that it would be easier if we turned our man into an actor, and made him an American. This meant that I could pretty well give her the material for her background, a working knowledge of our stage traditions, and all those little details which mean so much to a novel that is as essentially realistic as Sara would have to make it. I don't suppose there was a day that she didn't come to me with some question or other about an actor's life, or what he'd do in such and such a position, or how he'd feel in the face of this or that predicament. And that's how the thing was built up, day by day and month by month. And then I'd remember something that had occurred in my own career, and Sara would go back and do a bit of inlay work to get it in where it would be the most effective."

"But where," I asked, "did she get her model, her model for her main character?"

"Her model?" repeated Dearness. "She never needed one. *That* part of it came out of her own head — and it's an amazing head, sir, that woman carries about on her frail, little body!"

I sat staring at Dearness. My first momentary feeling was a surge of gratefulness toward Sara Senkler for not making the whole thing a sort of operation without ether. Then I wakened up to the fact that all this explorative surgery of hers would never have been possible without an anesthetic. It was expediency more than unselfishness, I began to see, which had prompted her to those narcotizing mists of deception. And now that it was all over her patient would never know what had happened to him. I couldn't even persuade myself that he nursed a suspicion of the truth. He was too sure of himself for that. And all along, I suppose, Sara Senkler was able to find some mordant satisfaction in this accidental confirmation of her original estimate of him.

The memory of that, indeed, crowned the faded star before me with an air of pathos. He made me think of a mother-dog who had been given a bone to gnaw while her puppies had been taken away and drowned. I felt sorry for him. I even found a reluctant and stubborn affection growing up in my breast for him, just as I found a small and steel-cold blade of hate for Sara Senkler and all she stood for give me a sharp pain in the midriff. For the woman had plainly authenticated the ancient pagan belief that in eating her enemy's heart she had made herself the repository of his cruelty.

It seems scarcely necessary here to rehearse the details of the success of *A Lion Must Eat*, though personally I could never quite comprehend that novel's greatness nor sympathize with its intentions. From the beginning, of course, I had my reasons for being prejudiced against the thing. It seemed, in the first place, to come from poisoned springs. And it always impressed me, in the second place, as being over-pitiless in its delineation of an actual man's littlenesses. Others beside myself, I soon saw, were not unconscious of that sinister touch to its power. The world knows only too well the mixed chorus of approval and protest with which *A Lion Must Eat* was greeted. But the one thing it could not be accosted with was silence, so that, although not earmarked for popularity, it was maneuvered into a sentimentalized problem for the proletariat. And once the ball had been set rolling, each succeeding week saw its succeeding new edition. Its reception in England was somewhat less controversial but none the less appreciative, and it was William Archer, you may remember, who so favorably compared Sara Senkler with Meredith himself and proclaimed that another portrait had been hung in the gallery of fiction's permanent characters. It was at home here that the book seemed more of a puzzle to the general reader, though I soon grew a bit tired of what impressed me as artfully sustained verbal scrimmages regarding its ultimate message and its underlying meanings.

Dearness himself, I fancy, understood these contentions as little as the rabbit understands the round of applause which follows its emergence from the magician's hat. But he trotted about with sheaves of press-clippings in his side-pocket, and even called me up on the telephone when the two-column study from the London *Chronicle* came in. I had to stop him from reading it over the wire, whereupon he excitedly and generously promised to come the next day in person and give me every precious line of it.

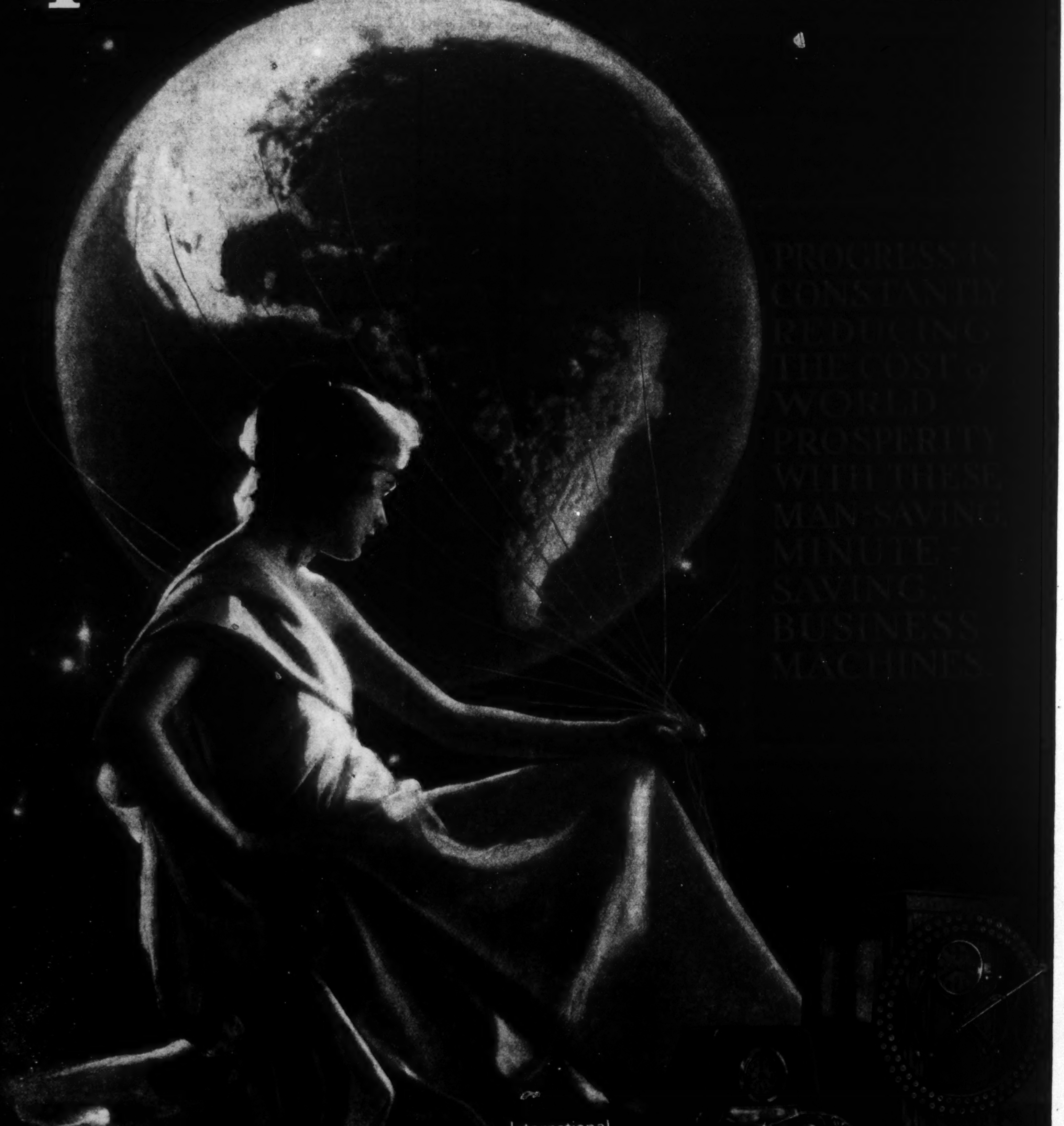
HE CAME the next day, but it was not to weary me with an English reviewer's casuistic dissertations on *A Lion Must Eat*. He came, white-faced and shaken, to tell me that Sara Senkler was leaving him.

It startled me, of course, and he seemed to find some thin shadow of consolation in contemplating my bewilderment. For it had been an infinitely greater shock to him, coming as it did like a bolt out of the blue. But his wife had talked matters quietly over with him, and the thing was final. She wanted her freedom. To argue about it would only prolong a situation which was already sufficiently painful. There was no other man in the case. It was simply that she couldn't go on with her work without knowing she was free.

The most maddening feature of the situation, to me, was that Dearness even then stood half-ready to extenuate the woman's utter and absolute selfishness. This prompted me to the suspicion, as he forlornly enlarged

[*Continued on page 42*]

INTERNATIONAL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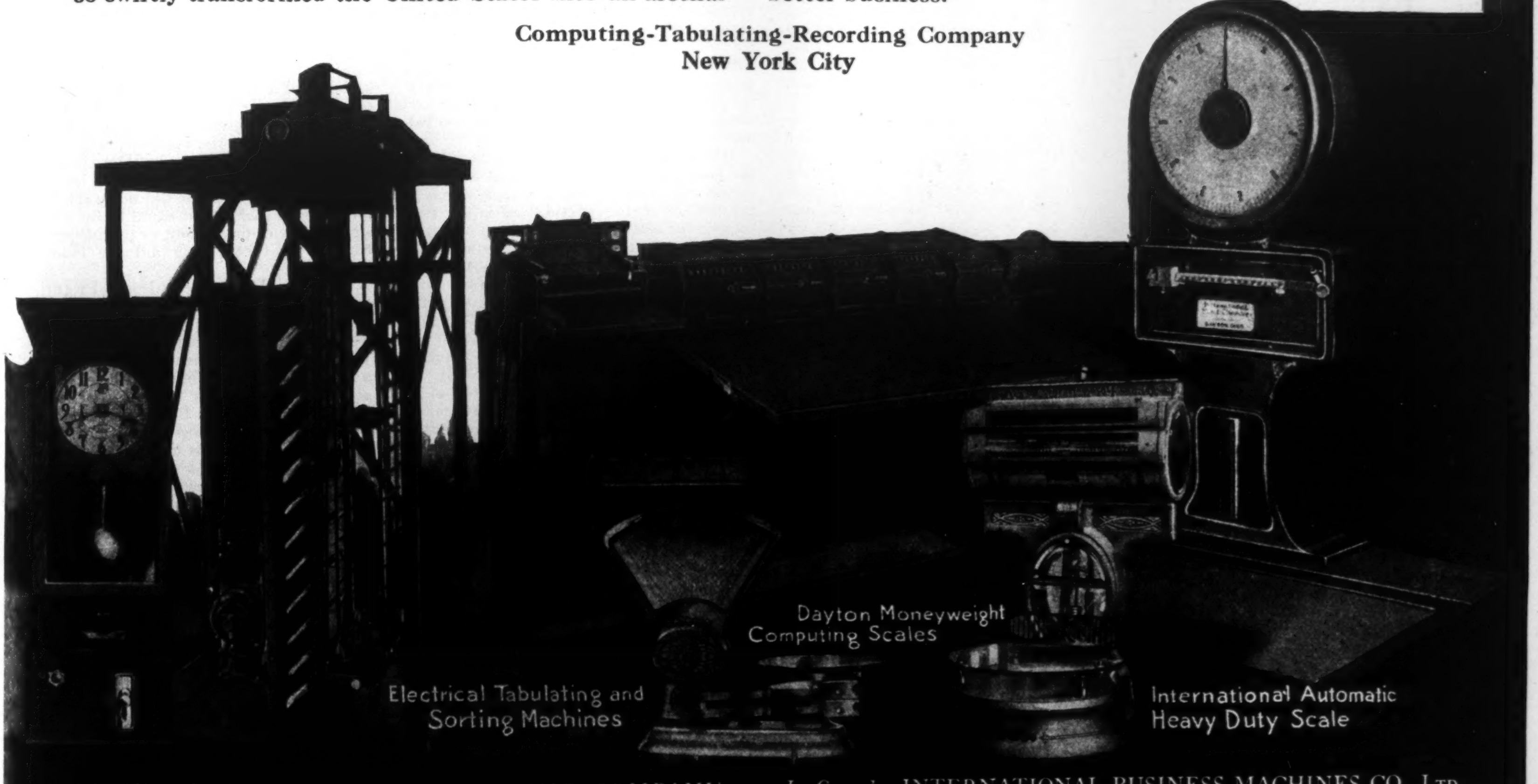

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A Lion Must Eat

Continued from page 39

on the impersonal claims of authorship, that not a little of the intolerableness of the situation might be due to Sara Senkler's exasperating consciousness that, whatever she might do or seem to be, her adoring consort would continue to nurse an unshaken respect for her. That, I know, is too much for any woman to endure. A few weeks after Sara Senkler's temporary return to England, straitened circumstances apparently coerced Dearness into a stock engagement where he seemed unable to study, frequently "went dry", and finally quarreled with his management. He told me, on his return to New York, that he intended to go back to California and the silver sheet. He impressed me as a man broken and battered beyond repair, and when I said good-bye to him I did so with a lump in my throat.

It was quite by accident, several months later, that I learned he was not in California, but in Arizona, existing rather wretchedly at the same *rancho* where he had once lived so happily with the woman who, when she had picked her meat out of the nut, was satisfied to drop the empty husk. It was only on his return to New York, however, nearly two years later, that I learned he had been generous enough to give Sara Senkler the divorce she had asked for. He drifted about the city still maintaining a front of hollow blitheness and still talking of a road-tour with two or three of his earlier successes. But that road-tour never seemed to materialize, and my final impression of him was that of an orange squeezed dry and dropped by the wayside. . . .

Then with the stark irony with which life sometimes confronts us, Dearness quite unexpectedly and quite ineffectually came into his own again by inheriting from a step-aunt a trifle over three million dollars and that cavernous old brownstone pile on Madison Avenue which had housed her for the seventy-eight years of her astute and slightly parsimonious spinsterhood. He promptly and materially diminished those accumulated millions over which the maiden-lady in question had for two decades sat a vigilant and invincible watch-dog. He had the old mansion prodigally done over, built in a pipe-organ and a Roman bath, and converted the long sterile conservatory into an auditorium with an over-sized stage where he might at his leisure study out new lighting effects.

He entrenched himself behind a first and second secretary and a butler and two footmen, to say nothing of the valet — in a burgundy-colored dressing-gown of quilted silk which, when his dinner-coat was removed, he invariably donned, after eating in lonely and silent state. He went in for dogs rather abandonedly — I suppose to feed thereon his thwarted hunger for adoration — and when he took the air in his limousine of royal-blue he invariably appeared with his favorite Airedale seated beside him. I have never seen as much of him in his new abode as I intended, for running the gamut of those guardian officials was always a tax on my good resolutions.

I remember, though, the several neatly penned pages from the script of *A Lion Must Eat* which he kept carefully treasured in a glass cabinet, and the copy of the same novel (specially bound in a brown leather which I later learned had once upholstered Sara Senkler's personal reading-chair) conspicuously on display.

But my last and most enduring memory of Dearness is that of seeing him coming down-stairs. It sounds simple enough, yet the movement always makes me think of *The Little Cardinal* by Gérôme. I can still see our star of other days stepping slowly and solemnly down those polished treads, at the foot of which two silent and statuesque footmen await his arrival. But he sacrifices neither dignity nor grace of movement on the altar of haste. He descends as though an invisible packed house were beholding his every action. He is in full evening dress, except for the swallow-tail, which has been supplanted by the engagingly voluminous dressing-gown of burgundy-red silk he so affected, with the highest of linen collars and the shiniest of patent-leather pumps ever made resplendent with beeswax. His gesture, as he reaches forth a hand to greet the somewhat dowdy young authoress with a play up her sleeve and a hungry light in her eye, is both impressive and imperial. And there is no lapse of graciousness as he suddenly remembers about the wine-colored dressing-gown, intones a quiet command for the more conventional swallow-tail, and ushers the hungry-eyed young authoress and her two equally hungry-eyed male rivals in to dinner where, about the time the oysters have appeared, he begins a description of how he is to do *Hamlet* in his ever approaching yet ever-receding production of that play.

The Miracle Machine

Continued from page 26

point, so did Isidor think himself nearer finishing the machine every day. One more cog, one more coil, a belt here and there, when another piece would be brought from the mechanic and the machine would be set in motion. It would revolutionize the world. No more coal, no gasoline, no electricity: a machine that would revolve by its own power through the finely equilibrated wheels within it. But the ultimate touch did not come. A spring was either too strong or too weak, a wheel too heavy. He did not know, Isidor, that others before his father had already wasted their lives in similar attempts. He did not know that the perpetual motion machine belonged to the same class as alchemy: that just as the transmutation of the base metal into gold had been proven impossible by chemists so had the perpetual motion machine been proven impossible by physicists.

"The trouble with him is that he thinks he has gone already as far as he can go," thought President Schirmer when he noticed Isidor Silber's apathy. And forthwith the shrewd old man laid his plans. He, too, had heard that the father of the young cashier had been a great inventor. One day he broached the subject to Isidor.

"And where is the machine?"

"At home, Mr. Schirmer."

"Can I come to see it?"

"With pleasure. I work at it every day."

But old Schirmer did not go before he had spoken to a scientist, to whom he had explained what he was going to see.

"It's an impossibility," said the scientist to the bank-president, and explained detailedly why. Schirmer understood. Yet when he saw how sure, how earnest Isidor was when he showed the machine and explained how it would work, the old man did not say a word. In a measure he had suddenly understood the motive power behind the young man and he did not care to destroy it. The perpetual machine had generated spiritual power. Of that much he was certain.

"What you need is a laboratory, a shop with a staff of mechanics," he explained to Isidor the following day. "You cannot accomplish anything pottering about in the small way you do. It will cost money. Much money. Hundreds of thousands of dollars, maybe, but it is worth the price!"

There could be no question of absconding with the amount of money needed to do things on the scale Schirmer had spoken of. But handling the money after the conversation with Schirmer took on a new meaning. It was tempting. It held possibilities. It could be transmuted into other values, into wheels and cogs, coils and springs; into a laboratory, with machines and mechanics doing the work he directed.

Of course Eve Reisin had to pass to the background. Isidor Silber knew what a dowry she would bring. It was not enough by far, and he could not encumber himself with a wife if he wanted to continue the machine. He had also his mother and two sisters to support. He began to think about money again. He studied the market closely. Schirmer acted on one of his suggestions and made money. Isidor Silber became too valuable a man to risk losing.

When the bank-president later heard that the young man was casting about for better opportunities he opened a branch which he put under Silber's direction and in due time introduced him into his home and saw to it that Silber should become interested in his younger daughter. Isidor, who had entered the employ of Schirmer's bank to rob it, soon became its vice-president and was engaged to the president's daughter; to get enough money to finish the work of his father.

Clara Schirmer was neither more beautiful nor more accomplished than Eve Reisin. In fact, if Isidor had followed the dictates of his heart alone he would have preferred to marry the red-headed secretary of the president of the bank. Although she treated him with great respect (she still worked for the bank), Silber suspected that she knew, in spite of the fact that he had courted Eve Reisin and was engaged to Clara Schirmer, that he would have married her if . . . She attributed that "if" to the money which she thought the insatiable climber was after. Little did she know that he was animated by a higher ambition to which he had subordinated all the other acts of his life.

A short time after the engagement of his daughter to Isidor Silber was announced, Schirmer called his "future son", as he now called him, into his private office.

The hand of his daughter went along with a dowry of a hundred thousand dollars. What was Isidor going to do with the money?

The young vice-president looked his father-in-law in the eyes. Did he not know? Had not he himself suggested a laboratory, mechanics, machines, and so on?

"Yes, my son, but . . . or wait!"

He ordered the car and asked Isidor to come along. In a quarter of an hour they were in the laboratory of the eminent scientist who had explained to him the impossibility of a perpetual motion machine.

"Now, Mister Koontz, I want you to explain to my future son what you explained to me last year when I called on you."

Before the scientist had said half-a-dozen words Isidor Silber had understood. He listened to the end. As the man spoke it seemed to Isidor, first, that the very foundation of life was knocked from under his feet, but instead of falling into despair he landed on a new and stronger foundation. Of course he was disillusioned! But then his father's machine had served a good purpose. It had, truly, come very near making a criminal of him, but it had also given him a purpose in life.

And, if not for the machine, why should he marry Clara Schirmer? Why should he marry Eve Reisin? Why should he, from then on, do anything he did not want to do for its own sake? What cared he for a cashiership, or vice-presidency, or presidency of a bank? What other joy did life hold for him?

"Well," old Schirmer said as they returned to the bank, "I owed that to myself and to you. As long as it was merely an incentive to better things, I encouraged it. Why not? It was a hobby. But when it comes to sinking a fortune, well, it's a different thing. A man about to marry has to have open eyes. Marriage is a serious business: what?"

"I think so, too," answered Isidor, and it seemed to him that his mind had been beset by clouds but was now clearing rapidly.

Before closing hours he called up Esther Fein, the president's secretary and asked her to come to the branch office for "something very important."

When Esther entered his private office Isidor Silber talked simply and rapidly.

"Something has happened to-day which made me question myself on one or two points. I have settled one of them as far as I am concerned. Now I will ask you the other one: Will you marry me to-day?"

"But, Mr. Silber . . ."

"No buts, Esther Fein! Will you marry me to-day, now? Cross the river to Jersey and marry me to-day?"

"But, you are engaged . . ."

"I am not engaged. I was."

"But what will the president say?"

"He? Nothing. But I shall have a few things to say to him. Now read the telegram I am going to send him from Hoboken!"

"The scientist has convinced me that perpetual motion is an impossibility. I have, therefore, married Esther Fein."

And, in spite of his marriage to Esther Fein, five years later Isidor Silber became the president of the bank he had entered to rob.

The Wasted Generation

[*Continued from page 18*]

the contact. Then, after a moment, as though obeying a superior determination, it came forward slowly and reluctantly.

"The veil is not ugly."

The tone, the action, the undefined look with which she stared at him, impressed the child. A serious expression came over his face — a look of trying to understand something beyond his ken.

"Is it because you are so very sad?" he said, softly.

I felt her panic before the child's innocent directness and that in her helplessness she turned to me.

"Come here, Jack the Giant Killer," I said, catching him up and swinging him through the air to plant him firmly on my lap. "How old are you? Where are you going? What makes the steam white, and the water wet, and why does the wind sing? Do you know all that?"

"Why is the water wet?" said the youngster, momentarily diverted.

"You don't know? Goodness, neither do I!"

The child, with his eyes still on Mlle. Duvernoy, extended a pudgy forefinger.

"Is she your sister?"

"No, young man: and Mlle. Duvernoy is not my daughter, nor my cousin, aunt or wife," I said, hastily, with a fear of coming questions. "And if you will promise — solemnly promise — not to ask another question, I'll tell you the story of 'Puss-in-Boots'."

"I know 'Puss-in-Boots'!"

"Well — 'Cinderella and the Glass Slipper'."

"I know 'Cinderella'."

"Well — what don't you know?"

"I like the story of the Bears," said the youngster, decidedly.

"Humph! Now, that is funny." I said, to gain time, for my memory was not of the clearest. To save the situation, I decided to improvise. "That is funny, because — you know, that reminds me of myself and my brothers. What do you think they called us? 'Big Dale, Little Dale, Weeny Dale and No Dale at All'!"

"You look like a bear," said the youngster, gravely.

"So they say. Well, once upon a time there was a little girl — a very little girl, with the most wonderful golden hair in the world. She was called ——"

"Snow-White!"

"Not at all. Golden-Locks. Well — one day, Golden-Locks went out walking in the woods, and she saw the most wonderful butterfly in the world, with diamonds glittering on its wings. She went on and on, following the diamond butterfly, until all at once she came to a little river that was flowing milk; but that wasn't the strangest thing ——"

"No?" said Master Jack, with round eyes.

"No. On the opposite side was a house — all made of gingerbread; but that wasn't the strangest thing."

"No?"

"No. She went inside, and there, on the table, were five white plates."

But here Master Jack sat up in protest.

"How could there be five plates, when there is only three Bears?"

"Three? Who said there were only three Bears? There were five Bears in the story."

"Three!"

"Five. The story of the Five Bears. Don't I know?"

"Wasn't there only three Bears?" said Master Jack, who had caught the now amused glance of Mlle. Duvernoy.

"Three — yes."

"There — you see!" exclaimed the youngster. "And wasn't she called 'Snow-White'?"

"She was."

"There!"

"Then they're not the same Bears," said I, in pretended wrath. "My Bears are American Bears. There was Father Growler, and Mother Gruff —that makes two — and Grumble Bear and Guzzle Bear — and that makes four — and then there was Tinkle Bear ——"

"That makes five!"

"I resign," I said, with tremendous dignity. "Tell it your own way."

But instead of protests and capitulation, the critic stood to his colors.

"You don't tell it at all the right way," said the prejudiced public in the person of Master Jack. "You put in things that don't belong. You tell it!" he said, suddenly turning to Mlle. Duvernoy, who had been smiling at my perplexity.

"Oh, but Mr. Littledale tells it very well."

"You tell it and I'll correct you," I said, laughing.

The issue was settled by Master Jack who, with a sudden wriggle, transferred himself to the other chair. I rose to reclaim the truant, who had snuggled up to her shoulder, but she shook her head.

"No, no — he can stay."

Her arms closed about the fluffy rascal, and she began.

"Once upon a time, there was a little girl named Snow-White, who lived with her father, a wood-chopper, in the woods ——"

The youngster nodded, satisfied, glancing back at me from time to time with malicious triumph as the narration ran along classic lines. Her voice was low, warmed with tenderness, and with the serio-comic pantomime of the story there came into her face a new light, all gentleness. I bent forward, listening to the melody of the voice without attention to the narrative, my eyes fixed on the mobile, fugitive expressions of her face. Why had she resisted the child at first — shrinking from his touch? And, why this sudden melting?

"AND the enchanted Prince came out and married Snow-White, and they lived happily, ever and ever after."

But only half of the audience heard her Master Jack was fast asleep.

"I thought I made up a very good story," I said, hurriedly, fearing the opportunity would pass.

"You see, fairy stories are better each time they are told over — and that's why they must always be kept the same."

We lowered our voices.

"I thought for a moment you —" I caught myself. "I beg your pardon — I was going to ask you a personal question, and I know you don't like that."

"You thought I disliked children — didn't you?"

"Why — yes ——"

"It was not that. Memories —" She checked herself, frowning.

"Of course. I understand," I said, hurriedly, as I saw the old expression of sadness cloud her face. "I am sorry. Don't you want me to take the youngster? He is rather heavy."

"No, no — please."

I felt the opportunity slipping from me.

"Mlle. Duvernoy — it must seem strange to you — a French girl — brought up as you were, to realize this freedom of the sea?"

She turned to me in astonishment.

"What do you know about the way I have been brought up, Monsieur?" The tone was a return to the old formality. Yet her eyes, in the brief second they met mine, had a certain fugitive alarm.

"I have lived in France. I know the ways of your people, and I have been privileged to know many of your old families. I am certain we have mutual acquaintances — of the Faubourg St. Germain — and I know how rigidly the daughters are brought up."

She frowned and shook her head decisively.

"You are quite mistaken about me. I have come to America to earn my own living."

The tone in which she said it was imperative — set, and admitting no debate.

"If you are a Frenchwoman, coming to my country, in whatever way, I hope I may be honored by your friendship."

"But, Monsieur," she retorted, in a gentler tone, "I don't see how you and I can touch at any point; our ways are entirely different; and my traditions do not permit me to make chance acquaintanceships. Pardon me for saying this frankly to you — but it is a question of pride."

I felt the door had been firmly closed in my face. Why such a rebuff, when every instinct in me had been of kindness? I was hurt, and my manner showed it. I turned stiffly, and, sinking back in my chair, returned to my book. Master Jack woke up and departed in search of a tray of cookies.

"Mr. Littledale — please?" she faltered.

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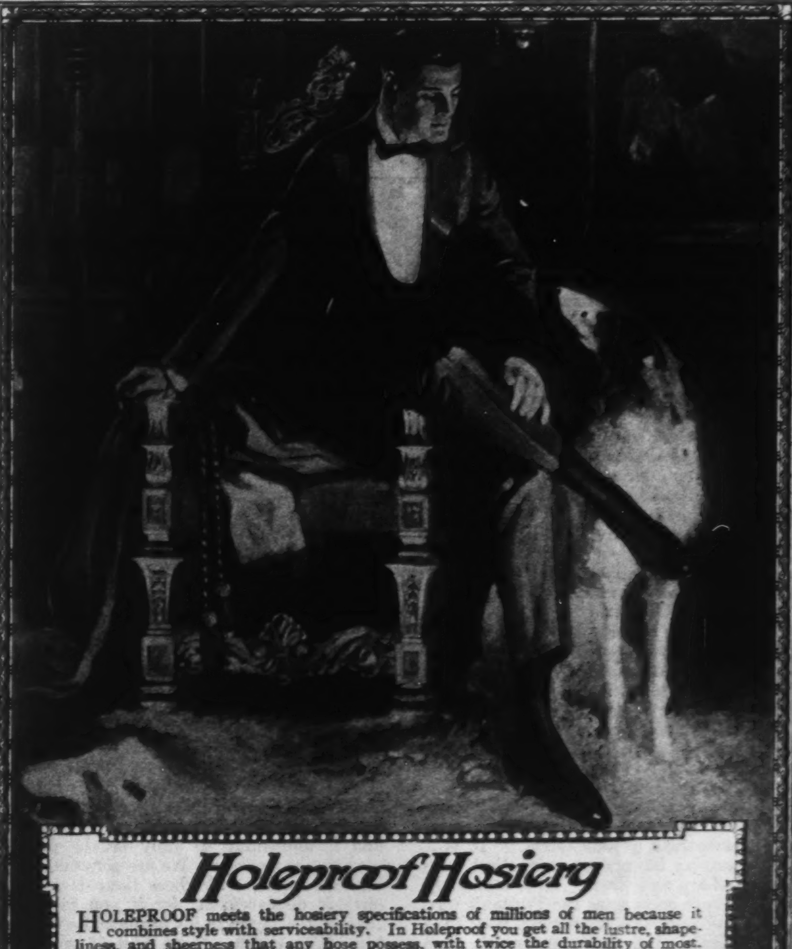

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I looked up so hastily that the book slipped from my hands and tumbled to the deck.

"I did not mean anything to offend you. You won't be offended, will you?"

"Why, just for a moment — I wasn't quite sure —" Such a clear feeling of joy rose in me, after the blank discouragement of a moment before, that I cried out:

"Good heavens, no — of course I wasn't!"

She looked at me a little shyly and then away, hesitating, and I feared I had frightened her away again with my tactless impulsiveness. However, after a moment, she turned to me.

"You were in the Legion, Monsieur?"

"Yes, Mademoiselle."

"Long?"

"I went in with the mobilization."

"May I ask why you, an American, did that?"

"I could not help myself. It was so much bigger than anything else that had come into my life."

She thought this over a moment, and then nodded as though pleased.

"Ah, yes — the mobilization. It made us very proud of our old French race."

"It made me proud of my fellow beings!"

"You — an American — felt that?"

"Particularly because I was an American," I found myself saying with great warmth. "Oh, I do not sentimentalize war. I have lived it."

"You do not see it as only brutalizing, as that book 'Gaspard', of which we are so much ashamed?"

"No — if that was the only side, France would not be living to-day."

"Thank you, Monsieur," she said, in sudden friendliness.

"The truth is in neither point of view. We cannot say that war ennobles or brutalizes mankind. I have thought about this much; and this is what I believe: the man who is fundamentally a brute is made more brutal: the man who has in him a spark of nobility — even unsuspected — is lifted up. What war does is to search our souls and discover the ultimate truth. You see, in times of peace, we all more or less wear masks for our neighbors. Well — when you've once gone into the trenches, that all disappears: you find out what you believe. When it all may be over at any moment, you do what you want to do. And the strange thing is that each respects the other's point of view."

"I think there is one thing you have left out," she said after a moment's thought.

"What is that?"

"The question of leadership. When he who leads is simple and high of heart, the *poilu* always responds."

"Yes — that is true — absolutely true."

"War is a time when the leader is everything — isn't it?" She thought a moment, and added, with a little weariness in her voice: "That is why I think, no matter what the hideous suffering that comes, it does set us right and turn us from false leaders."

At this moment Hungerford came up and, much to my chagrin, I was forced to present him, cutting short our first conversation.

Her behavior with Hungerford puzzled me. There was not a trace of the calculated reserve which I always was aware of in all our meetings and to which, if for a moment she forgot herself, she inevitably returned. A little jealousy sprang up in me, for I was quite blind then to the real reason. I felt that in me there was some lack of spontaneous appeal to a woman. Before the irresistible good spirits of the younger man I felt a heaviness of experience and wondered in all my attempts at friendship why I should be so constantly saying the things that drew her into the shell of her reserve, when she would listen with her grave smile to Joe's amusing patter. I was blind, indeed, and though I took pains to hide it, I was weakly hurt at this unconscious camaraderie with another.

She consented to our accompanying her in her walks when Joe assumed it as a matter of course, though she did refuse, and I remember it with a secret delight, to permit him the privilege alone. Here again her personality dominated us. When Hungerford, with the free and easy catch-as-catch-can manner of the younger generation, started to assume possession of her arm, she disengaged herself quietly and said:

"*Messieurs* — if you will offer me *your* arms."

Any one but Hungerford would have been discountenanced. As it was, though he was a bit flustered, he gave her an exaggerated sweep of his hat.

"Style Louis XIV, Marquise!"

And, with her hands resting lightly on our arms, we adapted our impulsive strides to the leisurely grace of her choosing. Whatever her reason for assuming the name and position she did — (I had never believed in it from the first) — it was by such little things as this that she betrayed the quality of her breeding. Brinsmade and Peter Magnus were drawn to her instinctively and often in the long afternoons we formed a circle of animated discussion. The opportunities to talk to her alone were rare and always she avoided them. When I did find a moment's intimacy it was always to be made aware of the ever-present sadness back of her eyes and the weight of some oppressing memory.

The afternoon after her first introduction to Hungerford, a curious incident happened, which, to this day, remains inexplicable to me. For neither of us ever afterward referred to it.

We were walking the upper deck, under the open sky, the crisp tingling air setting our cheeks to glowing. Despite herself, she was smiling at Hungerford's whimsical instructions on American society, while I, feeling a little out of it, walked silently at her side, wondering at the ease with which Joe had plunged into her acquaintance.

"And remember, in America, a young lady of fashion, who is properly brought up, never marries until she has had a dozen proposals."

"Never?"

"Never. It isn't done. Oh, American girls are brought up to take care of themselves! When she is bored — do you think she waits for the men to come round? Not at all: she goes to the 'phone and says: 'Jack — come up and take me out to dinner and a show, I want to be amused.'"

"And she pays the bill?" said Mlle. Duvernoy, innocently.

"The what?"

"The bill."

"Mademoiselle, I am living in hopes ——"

At this moment a gust of wind caught a large woman and bore her down the deck, screaming for help. Hungerford dashed to her rescue while we, sheltering ourselves in the lee of a life-boat, stood laughing at the difficulties of the rescue. A sailor passed us and then a boy, carrying a pot of grease, slipped, and, to save himself, caught at my arm. When I had righted him, I saw such an expression of astonishment on his face as he gazed at Mlle. Duvernoy, that I said, still laughing:

"I say, this young fellow seems to know you."

"*Eh, Bonne Dame, que c'est notre Mamzelle!*"

She turned and her face went blank: then, recovering herself, she said something rapidly in the Breton dialect which I could not understand. The effect was instantaneous. The boy drew up straight, snatched off his cap, and with marks of great respect backed away.

"Take my arm," I said, going to her instantly.

She made no resistance and once, as we started, she swayed against my side. We crossed the deck and I found her a seat where she was sheltered from sight. There was no mistaking the effect on her. The lips were twitching and the lines under her staring eyes were quivering with a haunting pain.

"Don't try to speak. Don't worry. No one saw you — not even I. Do you understand?"

"Monsieur. . . ." She tried to speak and then put her hand to her throat.

"Don't try to explain. Believe me, it isn't necessary."

She looked up at me, weak and shaken, and for the first time that I remembered her eyes held mine in a long searching, mute appeal.

"But you will think ——"

"Let me be your friend that far, Mademoiselle," I said, impulsively. "Trust me. I have forgotten."

Hungerford swung around the deck and stopped short.

"Hello. What's wrong?"

"Too much motion — you unfeeling brute, or perhaps the sight of your gyrations."

I sent him for a chair and rugs, which gave her time to regain her self-control. Then I tucked her away in a sheltered corner — without opposition. She was stunned and did not seem to notice my presence for the long hour during which I religiously kept my eyes from her face, turning my back and staring over the driven waves. Later she called to me in a voice still weak and I helped her to the lower deck. The incident remained in my memory, obsessing it — deepening the film of mystery which had been about her from the first.

[The next instalment of Owen Johnson's "The Wasted Generation" will appear in the April McClure's]

The American Mind

—Continued from page 14

favor for success. He developed a strong sense of unconquerable free-will and initiative. He drained off in labor the stored energies of his repressions, but his repressions were very great, and his psychic anxiety was only a degree less insistent than the Puritan's.

That condition of blind repression and worried insecurity is still the subconscious state of the modern American. Here is the point and conclusion of this whole historic preamble. Education has merely destroyed for us the efficacy of whatever religious devices the earlier generations used in order to free the conscious mind from its conviction of sin. Our education has done nothing, as yet, to settle the old quarrel between our conscious ideals and our subconscious impulses. The American is still the victim of attempted repressions of instinctive thought, and he still suffers from all the inevitable tensions and anxieties of reservoired energy. He is still given a very Puritan religious training in his early youth; and whatever conscious revolt he makes afterward, his subconscious mind continues full of the inescapable soul-fear of his first admonishments. So he throws himself into work, into business, into the activities of his profession, even into competitive games, with a concentration and an application that have never been equalled.

His mind, as Henry Adams said, "exasperates a European much as a buzz-saw might exasperate a pine forest." It is a "mere cutting instrument — practical, economical, sharp and direct." It is commonly set to achieve success, as the Puritan's was, by a use of means no more scrupulous than the Puritan's. Driven by an anxiety akin to the Puritan's, it applies itself with an untiring perseverance in overcoming obstacles, and with a famous inventiveness in outflanking them. Consequently, in industry, in prosperity, in diffusion of wealth and physical comfort, there is no nation to challenge us. That is the great achievement of the Puritan traditions. The Puritan created a Frankenstein monster in his fear of the Flesh, but he found a way to set that monster to work, on the pioneer roads of a new civilization, with an energy that has astonished mankind. No such combination of an implacable psychic drive and an unlimited physical opportunity had ever been known in the world before, and it is scarcely possible that circumstances will ever conspire to produce it again.

Life, however, is by no means as large and free with us now as it was in the pioneer days. Opportunity is no longer unlimited. Occupations have become narrower. They do not offer as wide a sluiceway for the instinctive energies that we are damming up. These get some escape in athletics; and they drain off in futile restlessness; but their great leakage is into the channels of the conscious mind. Hence, worry — the pet psychological vice of the modern American.

Worry is a "displaced" anxiety; the real source of it is concealed in the subconscious mind; the conscious mind attaches it to one innocent circumstance after another, and then struggles vainly to be rid of it by reforming those circumstances. We worry especially about our healths, and we have made the corner drug-store a national institution; nowhere else in the world will you find it flourishing so gaily or the patent medicine so popular. We are persecuted by business worries; but here there is a very obvious displacement; for if you take the American away from his business, he worries himself to death. Force him to retire in comfortable idleness and he sinks into a depression not unlike the Puritan's conviction of sin. We have no rich inner life, based on self-knowledge, to draw upon with satisfaction in retirement. We prefer to die in harness rather than face the horrors of meditative thought. For the same reason, we are the greatest newspaper readers in the world and snatch up a paper in any interval of leisure that leaves us alone to "loaf and invite the soul." Our soul is the last thing we would invite; when we meet it, that is the day of judgment for us. We take our holidays in the excitement of travel, which distracts us from ourselves.

Our fiction and our theatre betray our state of mind. We want stories always of success. We must have a hero who "does things." We cannot endure the art that pictures our own problems; we read and go to the theatre to escape from ourselves. We particularly like to escape from our Puritan repression of the instinct of sex, but our art has to be very sly about that, in order to evade our own moral censorship; hence the popularity of those novels and plays which prove that the wages of sin is death but go through a thorough exposure of the sinful life in accomplishing their moral purpose. Necessarily, these aspects of our art are childish to the foreigner. It is a law of repression that a repressed instinct tends to take the regressive forms of an infantile expression. The sex instinct in modern American life consequently shows itself most strikingly in the infantile forms of display and curiosity, particularly display in woman's dress and curiosity about the morals of others — the latter shown in the interest in newspaper scandal, in salacious court cases, in the gossip that is the curse of the small American town.

What the American might have become if he had not had the impulsion to industrial effort is tragically evident in the autobiography of Henry Adams, from which we have quoted above. He was the descendant of a long line of conspicuous Puritans. His story is the story of a mind in which subconscious anxiety, instead of being a driving force to conscious effort, has become a doubt that blocks all effort. He is describing himself when he writes: "The habit of doubt; of distrusting his own judgment and of totally rejecting the judgment of the world; the tendency to regard every question as open; the hesitation to act except as a choice of evils; the shirking of responsibility; the love of line, form, quality; the horror of *ennui;* the passion for companionship and the antipathy to society — all these are well-known qualities of New England character." This is the stultification from which the race has been saved by having the adversities of the wilderness to contend with and subdue.

Again Henry Adams writes: "Resistance to something was the law of New England nature; the boy" (meaning himself) "looked out upon the world with the instinct of resistance; for numberless generations, his predecessors had viewed the world chiefly as a thing to be reformed, filled with evil forces to be abolished, and they saw no reason to suppose that they had wholly succeeded in the abolition; the duty was unchanged. That duty implied not only resistance to evil but hatred of it. . . . The New Englander had learned to love the pleasure of hating — oneself if no better victim offered." And here we make a deeper cut into the vitals of the American mind.

The Puritan lived in a state of war with his instinctive self, which he regarded as his evil self tempting him to live according to the law of the flesh when he wished to live according to the Pauline law of God. He hated his instinctive self and tried to mortify it by self-denial. He hated the Flesh in himself and that flesh appearing as the vices of others. Hence he was a great persecutor, a strong vice-crusader, the best

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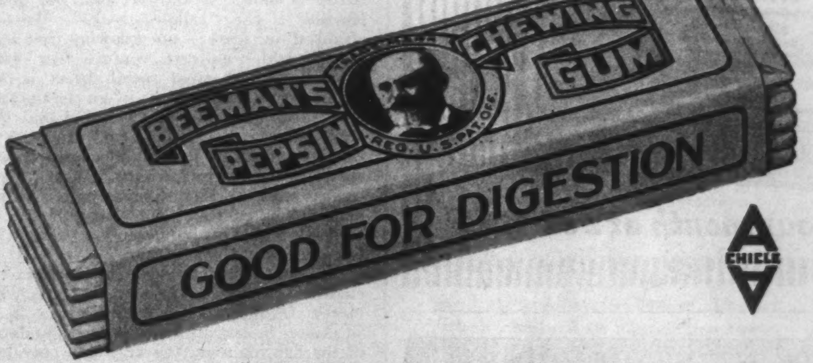
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of witch-hunters. The more Puritanical the modern American is, the more he has of these vice-crusading qualities. It is useless to tell such a man to love his neighbor as himself; he hates so much of himself. His hate, reservoired within him, gets its drainage in raids on vice and in the campaigns of reform that call for the punishment of evildoers. Nowhere else in the world could modern life produce such characters as our Anthony Comstocks.

With the less orthodox American, the fear of failure seems to have replaced the Puritan fear of sinfulness. The worldly success that was an evidence of divine favor to the Puritan has become for him an end in itself. He sees his instinctive urgings as weaknesses impeding his conscious mind in its industry and application. He hates that weakness and is afraid of it. Inefficiency in himself has taken on the aspects of the old Flesh which he must fight, and failure is the damning sin of business life. He projects his hatred and fear of himself upon all obstacles to success, upon all rivals, and upon all philosophies and modes of thought that threaten his prosperity.

These reservoired hates and fears have periodical outbursts that puzzle the rest of the world. A Presidential election campaign is such an occasion. It is an axiom of our American politics that a man is not elected by his friends but by his opponent's enemies. The parties vie in accusations that are designed to arouse public animosity and the more virulence there is in the campaign, the calmer the national atmosphere seems to be after the election. Any American who is striving to effect a reform finds it easier to stir up hate and anger against the evil-doer than to prepare the way for the constructive measures that shall cure the evil; and our public interest commonly ends when our emotion has been relieved — by the reformer's election to office. In the same way during the recent war, our hatred and fear of the enemy made us all of one mind. But as soon as those emotions were somewhat calmed by victory we lost interest in the problems of the peace conference — except in so far as the peace terms could be made to exhaust the last lees of hate by punishing the vanquished.

It is interesting to see us release our hidden fears and angers before a motion-picture or a stage play in which the defeat of villainy and the triumph of virtue transport us into a security which we cannot attain in our own conflict. Observe our bewilderment before a Russian tragedy in which the author and his native audience drain off their psychic despairs. Or see our puzzled disappointment at the curtain of one of Shakespeare's later comedies in which he forgives the villain, with a toleration that is inexplicable to us and pairs off villainy with virtue in an indiscriminately happy ending.

The Puritans, in their doubt and insecurity, came to the Pauline decision, "Having done all, to stand", resting the issue on God's justice. As they succeeded, their reliance on God increased, and they developed a self-reliance which, having appeased God, did its best. This attitude of self-reliance became the mark of the man whose conscience was at rest. It was the pose of superiority. It was imitated and assumed. It has become a tradition of the typical American — to appear self-reliant, of an indomitable will. His very psychic insecurity demands that exterior. It is "keeping up a front" as a secure and successful man. It is "American bluff." What it covers is shown by the fact that our great *bête-noir* is the "yellow streak." We are afraid of our fears — not knowing that fear is universal — and we confuse fear with cowardice. Our great social defect is our self-consciousness, which is an instinctive fear-reaction founded on the belief that the other fellow is the better man. And out of this self-conscious fear of inferiority comes our sensitiveness to foreign criticism. Contrast it with the Englishman's pretense that he is a "duffer", and put that pretense of modesty beside his indifference to what any foreigner may think of him.

The upper class Englishman represses his emotion because he follows the governing class's tradition that emotionalism is a weakness incompatible with the standards of the fighting man, the knight of chivalry. But the great artists of England have not come from the governing class and do not follow this ideal of a stoical suppression of emotion. It is curiously different with us. All classes of Americans repress emotion in so far as they repress their instincts. Emotion is always instinctive emotion. There is no such thing as an emotion of intellect alone. Emotions are always aroused by the urging of an instinct; and they are always purposeful to instinct because they are the mental tensions that move us to instinctive actions. The typical American artist, repressing his instincts, cannot drift into the emotional creations that are the very stuff of artistic thought. He has the intellectual appreciation of "line, form, quality", which Henry Adams noted in the New Englander; and in all the merely intelligent qualities of art he is a past-master. But in emotional quality he is very thin, and the foreigner is right when he considers the thinness Puritanical. This seems to be true even of that chief pride of American art, the painter Whistler. It was his religion that painting was wholly an affair of color. "A great picture," he declared, "is a great picture on the palette." And when he wrote of his portrait of his mother he called it "an arrangement in grey and black" and expressly repudiated the instinctive emotion that showed in the work, even though it was obviously this emotion that made the portrait his masterpiece.

In the same way, the typical American cannot achieve the larger curiosities of scientific speculation. He is a famous adept in applying the discoveries of others to practical ends, but he is no discoverer himself, because he cannot wander into the idle, undirected, impractical explorations of the meditative mind. Edison was the model American scientist when he replied, virtuously (in answer to a press report that he was busy with some scientific investigations), "I have never made it a practise to work on any line not purely practical and useful." The imagination of science, like the imagination of art, is largely inhibited to us, not only by our traditions of industry and application, but by the inability of the anxious American mind to repose in any dreamy quietude. We are like a people with a tradition that they must sleep only three hours out of every twenty-four — and proud of their wakefulness — when, as a matter of fact, they have insomnia, caused by subconscious anxieties; and they can neither sleep nor dream.

The joy of living is equally inhibited to us. All emotions are mental tensions, accompanied by bodily discomfort, acting for a purpose, involuntarily and instinctively aroused. Joy, elation, ecstasy are feeling-tones that result from the relieving of these emotional tensions; their unrelief produces anxiety, depression, or even despair. The continental *joie de vivre* is impossible to us because so many of its elements of instinctive satisfaction are hedged off from us by Puritanical taboos. We get a great deal of joy out of work, out of victories that relieve unconscious stores of hatred and anger, out of excitements that make us momentarily forget ourselves. But even a mild enduring contentment is scarcely possible to us — let alone the contented joy that comes of healthy instincts at peace in their healthful satisfaction.

This, then, in the rough, is the theory which the new psychology offers in explanation of why the American is so idealistic, so practical, so inventive, so unphilosophic, so unartistical, so worried, restless, anxious and ambitious, so apparently self-confident and yet so sensitive to criticism, so successful in achieving his aims and so unhappy in their achievement. The theory is not just a philosophic abstraction; it is a medical diagnosis arrived at through the study and treatment of innumerable patients. Given thus sketchily, in large generalizations, it lacks the individual evidence upon which it ought to be supported. But suppose that, instead of taking Americans in the mass, we take some examples of typical Americans and examine them for an explanation of those characteristics for which they are typical. Suppose we take such contrasting American types as Mark Twain and Abraham Lincoln, and see how the theories of unconscious psychology account for the peculiar qualities of their Americanism.

Another Chapter in the Series dealing with the American Mind

Mark Twain as Exhibit A
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In the April McClure's 15 Cents

The Valiant

—*Continued from page 11*

The Warden — (deliberates) How are you going to tell him?

The Girl — I don't know what you mean.

The Warden — Why, you say maybe you wouldn't know him even if you saw him — and I'll guarantee this man Dyke won't help you out very much. How do you think you're going to tell? Suppose he don't want to be recognized by you or anybody else? Suppose he's so ashamed of himself he ——

The Girl — I'd thought of that. I'm just going to talk to him — ask him questions — about things he and I used to do together — I'll watch his face, and if he's my brother, I'm sure I can tell.

The Warden — (with tolerant doubt) What did you and your brother ever use to do that would help you out now?

The Girl — He used to play games with me when I was a little girl, and tell me stories — that's what I'm counting on mostly — the stories.

The Warden — I'm afraid ——

The Girl — Especially Shakespeare stories.

The Warden — Shakespeare!

The Girl — Why, yes. He used to get the plots of the plays — all the Shakespeare plays — out of a book by a man named Lamb, and then he'd tell me the stories in his own words. It was wonderful!

The Warden — I'm certainly afraid he ——

The Girl — But best of all he'd learn some of the speeches from the plays themselves. He liked to do it — he was sure he was going to be an actor or something — he was in all the high school plays, always. And then he'd teach some of the speeches to me, and we'd say them to each other. And one thing — every night he'd sit down side of my bed, and when I got sleepy there were two speeches we'd always say to each other, like good-night — two speeches out of *Romeo and Juliet*, and then I'd go to sleep. I can see it all. (The Warden shakes his head.) Why do you do that?

The Warden — This boy isn't your brother.

The Girl — Do you think he isn't?

The Warden — I *know* he isn't.

The Girl — How do you?

The Warden — This boy never even heard of Shakespeare — much less learned him. (He presses a button on his desk.) Oh, I'll let you see him for yourself, only you might as well be prepared. (The attendant enters from the anteroom.) Tell Dyke and Father Daly to come in here — they're in the deputy's room.

The Attendant — Yes, sir. (He crosses behind the Warden, and goes off to the right.)

The Warden — If he turns out to be your brother — which he won't — you can have, say, an hour with him. If he don't, you'll oblige me by cutting it as short as you can.

The Girl — You see, I've got to tell mother something perfectly definite. She's worried so long about him, and — and *now* the suspense is perfectly terrible for her.

The Warden — I can understand that. You're a plucky girl.

The Girl — Of course, it would be awful for us if this *is* Joe, but even that would be better for mother than just to stay awake nights, and wonder and wonder, and never *know* what became of him. (The attendant opens the door of the deputy's room, and when Dyke and Father Daly have come in, he crosses again behind the Warden, and is going out at the left when the Warden signs to him and he stops.)

The Warden — (gets to his feet) Dyke, this is the young lady that's come all the way from Pennington, Ohio, to see you.

Dyke — (who has been talking in an undertone to Father Daly, raises his head quickly) Yes, sir?

The Warden — I've decided you can talk with her here — alone. (The girl has risen, breathless, and stands fixed; Dyke inspects her coldly from head to foot.)

Dyke — Thank you. It won't take long.

The Warden — (has been scanning the girl's expression; now, as he sees that she has neither recognized Dyke nor failed to recognize him, he makes a little grimace in confirmation of his own judgment) Father Daly and I'll stay in the deputy's office. We'll leave the door open. Wilson, you stand in the anteroom with the door open.

Dyke — (bitterly) My honor!

The Warden — What say?

Dyke — I didn't say anything.

The Warden — (to the girl) Will you please remember what I told you about the time?

The Girl — Oh, yes, sir.

The Warden — Come, Father. (They go off into the deputy's room, and the attendant, at a nod from the Warden, goes off at the left.)

(Dyke and the girl are now facing each other; Dyke is well-poised and insouciant, and gives the impression of complete indifference to the moment. The girl, on the other hand, is deeply agitated and her agitation is gradually increased by Dyke's own attitude.)

The Girl — (after several efforts to speak) Mother sent me to see you.

Dyke — (politely callous) Yes?

The Girl — (compelled to drop her eyes) You see, we haven't seen or heard of my brother Joe for ever so long, and mother thought — after what we read in the papers ——

Dyke — That I might be your brother Joe?

The Girl — (obviously relieved) Yes, that's it.

Dyke — Well, you can easily see that I'm not your brother, can't you?

The Girl — (stares at him again) I'm not sure. You look a little like him, just as the picture in the paper did, but then again, it's so long — (she shakes her head dubiously) and I'd thought of Joe so differently ——

Dyke — (his manner is somewhat indulgent, as though to a child) As a matter of fact, I couldn't be *your* brother or anybody else's brother, because I never had a sister. So that rather settles it.

The Girl — Honestly?

Dyke — Honestly.

The Girl — (unconvinced, becomes more appealing) What's your real name?

Dyke — Dyke — James Dyke.

The Girl — That's sure enough your name?

Dyke — Sure enough. You don't think I'd tell a lie at this stage of the game, do you?

The Girl — (musing) No, I don't believe you would. Where do you come from — I mean where were you born?

Dyke — In Canada, but I've lived all over.

The Girl — Didn't you ever live in Ohio?

Dyke — No. Never.

The Girl — What kind of work did you do — what was your business?

Dyke — Oh, I'm sort of Jack-of-all-trades. I've been everything a man *could* be — except a success.

The Girl — Do you like books?

Dyke — Books?

The Girl — Yes — books to read.

Dyke — I don't read when there's anything better to do. I've read a lot here.

The Girl — Did you ever sell books — for a living, I mean?

Dyke — Oh, no.

The Girl — (growing confused) I hope you don't mind my asking so many questions. But I ——

Dyke — No — go ahead, if it'll relieve your mind any.

The Girl — You went to school somewhere, of course — high school?

Dyke — No, I never got that far.

The Girl — Did you ever want to be an actor? Or *were* you ever?

Dyke — No, just a convict.

The Girl — (helplessly) Do you know any poetry?

Dyke — Not to speak of.

The Girl — (delays a moment, and then, watching him very earnestly, she recites just above her breath)

> "Thou knowst the mask of night is on my face
> Else would a maiden blush bepaint my cheek
> For that which ——"

(Realizing that Dyke's expression is one of utter vacuity she falters, and breaks off the quotation, but she continues to watch him unwaveringly.) Don't you know what that is?

Dyke — No, but to tell the truth, it sounds sort of silly to *me*. Doesn't it to you?

The Girl — (her intonation has become slightly forlorn, but she gathers courage, and puts him to one more test)

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"Good night, good night, parting is such
sweet sorrow
That I shall say good night till it be
morrow."

Dyke — (his mouth twitches in amusement) Eh?

The Girl — What comes next?

Dyke — Good Lord, *I* don't know.

The Girl — (gazes intently, almost imploringly, at him as though she is making a struggle to read his mind. Then she relaxes and holds out her hand) Good-bye. You — you're *not* Joe, are you? I — I had to come and find out, though. I hope I've not made you too unhappy.

Dyke — (ignores her hand) You're not going now?

The Girl — (spiritless) Yes. I promised the — is he the Warden? that man in there? — I said I'd go right away if you weren't my brother. And you aren't, so ——

Dyke — You're going back to your mother?

The Girl — Yes.

Dyke — I'm surprised that she sent a girl like you on a sorry errand like this, instead of ——

The Girl — She's very sick.

Dyke — Oh, that's too bad.

The Girl — (twisting her handkerchief) No, she's not well at all. And most of it's from worrying about Joe.

Dyke — Still, when you tell her that her son isn't a murderer — at least, that he isn't *this* one — that'll comfort her a good deal, won't it?

The Girl — (reluctantly) Yes, I think maybe it will, only ——

Dyke — Only what?

The Girl — I don't think mother'll ever be *really* well again until she finds out for certain where Joe is and what's become of him.

Dyke — (shakes his head compassionately) Mothers ought not to be treated like that. I wish I'd treated *mine* better. By the way, you didn't tell me what your name is.

The Girl — Josephine Paris.

Dyke — (is suddenly attentive) Paris? That's an unusual name. I've heard it somewhere, too.

The Girl — Just like the name of the city — in France.

Dyke — (knitting his brows) And your brother's name was Joseph?

The Girl — Yes — they used to call us Joe and Josie — that's funny, isn't it?

Dyke — (thoughtfully) No, I don't think it's so very funny — I rather like it. (He passes his hand over his forehead as if trying to coerce his memory.)

The Girl — What's the matter?

Dyke — (frowning) I was thinking of something — now, what on earth was that boy's name! Wait a minute, don't tell me — wait a minute — I've got it! (He punctuates his triumph with one fist in the palm of the other hand.) Joseph Anthony Paris!

The Girl — (amazed) Why, that's his name! That's Joe! How did you ever ——

Dyke — (his manner is very forcible and convincing) Wait! Now listen carefully to what I say, and don't interrupt me, because we've only got a minute, and I want you to get this all straight, so you can tell your mother. When the war came along I enlisted and I was overseas for four years — with the Canadians. Early one morning we'd staged a big trench raid, and there was an officer who'd been wounded coming back, and was lying out there in a shell-hole under fire. The Jerries were getting ready for a raid of their own, so they were putting down a box barrage with light guns and howitzers and a few heavies. This officer was lying right in the middle of it. Well, all of a sudden a young fellow dashed out of a trench not far from where I was; and went for that officer. He had to go through a curtain of shells and, more than that, they opened on him with rifles and machine guns. The chances were just about a million to one against him, and he must have known it, but he went out just the same. He got the officer in his arms and started back, but he'd only gone a few yards when a five point nine landed right on top of the two of them. Afterward, we got what was left — the identification tag was still there — and that was the name — Joseph Anthony Paris!

The Girl — (carries both hands to her breast) Oh!

Dyke — If that was your brother's name, then you can tell your mother that he died like a brave man and a soldier, three years ago, in France.

The Girl — Joe — my brother Joe — is dead?

Dyke — On the field of battle. It was one of the wonderful, heroic things that went almost unnoticed, as so many of them did. If an officer had seen it, there'd have been a decoration for your mother to keep and remember him by.

The Girl — And you were there — and saw it?

Dyke — I was there and saw it. It was three years ago. That's why you and your mother haven't heard from him. And if you don't believe what I've said, why, you just write up to Ottawa and get the official record. Of course (he shrugs his shoulders contemptuously) those records are in terribly poor shape, but at least they can tell you what battalion he fought with, when he went overseas. Only you mustn't be surprised no matter whether they say he was killed in action, or died of wounds, or is missing, or even went through the whole war with his outfit, and was honorably discharged. They really don't know what happened to *half* the men. But I've told you the truth. And it certainly ought to make your mother happy when she knows that her boy died as a soldier, and not as a criminal.

The Girl — (is transfigured) Yes, yes, it will!

Dyke — And does it make you happy, too?

The Girl — (nods repeatedly) Yes. So happy — after what we were both afraid of — I can't even cry — yet. (She brushes her eyes with her handkerchief.) I can hardly wait to take it to her.

Dyke — (struck by a sudden inspiration) I want to give you something else to take to her. (He picks up from the desk the envelope containing the Liberty Bonds and seals it.) I want you to give this to your mother from me. Tell her it's from a man who was at Vimy Ridge and saw your brother die, so it's sort of a memorial for him. (He touches her arm as she absently begins to tear open the envelope.) No, don't you open it — let *her* do it.

The Girl — What is it? Can't I know?

Dyke — Never mind now, but give it to her. It's all I've got in the world and it's too late now for me to do anything else with it. And have your mother buy a little gold star to wear for her son — and you get one, too, and wear it — here — (he touches his heart) Will you?

The Girl — Yes — I will. And yet somehow I'll almost feel that I'm wearing it for you, too.

Dyke — (shakes his head soberly) Oh, no! You mustn't ever do that. I'm not fit to be mentioned in the same breath with a boy like your brother. And now I'm afraid it *is* time for you to go. I'm sorry, but — you'd better. I'm glad you came before it was too late, though.

The Girl — (gives him her hand) Good-bye, and thank you. You've done more for me — and mother — than I could possibly tell you. And — and I'm so sorry for you — so *truly* sorry — I wish I could only do something to make you a tiny bit happier, too. *Is* there anything I could do?

Dyke — (stares at her and by degrees he becomes wistful) Why — yes, there is. Only I — (He leaves the sentence uncompleted.)

The Girl — What is it?

Dyke — (looks away) I can't tell you. I never should have let myself think of it.

The Girl — Please tell me. I want you to. For — for Joe's sake, tell me what I can do.

Dyke — (his voice is low and desolate) Well — in all the months I've been in this hideous place, you're the first girl I've seen. I didn't ever expect to see one again. I'd forgotten how much like angels women look. I've been terribly lonesome and to-night, especially, and if you really do want to do something for me — for your brother's sake — you see, you're going to leave me in just a minute and — and I haven't any sister of my own, or anybody else, to say good-bye to me — so, if you could — *really* say good-bye — (She gazes at him for a moment, understands, flushes, and then slowly moves into his outstretched arms. He holds her close to him, touches his lips to her forehead twice, and then releases her.)

Dyke — (thickly) Good-bye, my dear.

The Girl — Good-night. (She endeavors to smile, but her voice catches in her throat) Good-bye.

Dyke — (impulsively) What is it?

The Girl — (shakes her head) N-nothing.

Dyke — Nothing?

The Girl — (clutches her handkerchief tight in her palm) I was thinking — I was thinking what I used to say to my brother — for good-night. (She very nearly breaks down.) If I *only* could have — have said it to him just once more — for good-bye.

Dyke — What was it?

The Girl — I — I told it to you once, and you said it was silly.

Dyke — (softly) Say it again.

The Girl — (she cannot quite control her voice)

"Good-night, good-night, parting is
such sweet sorrow
That I shall say good-night till it be
morrow."

(She goes uncertainly toward the anteroom, hesitates, almost turns back, and then with a little choking sob she hurries through the door and closes it behind her. For several seconds Dyke stands rigidly intent upon that door; until at length, without changing his attitude or his expression, he speaks very tenderly and reminiscently)

"Sleep dwell upon thine eyes, peace in
thy breast;
Would *I* were sleep and peace, so
sweet to rest."

(The Warden and Father Daly come in quietly from the deputy's room; and as they behold Dyke, how rapt and unconscious of them he is, they look at each other, questioningly. The Warden glances at the clock and makes as though to interrupt Dyke's solitary reflections but Father Daly quietly restrains him. The chaplain sits down in one of the chairs at the back wall; the Warden crosses on tiptoe and sits at his desk; he is excessively nervous and he continually refers to the clock. Dyke turns, as though unwillingly, from the door; there are depths in his eyes, and his thoughts are evidently far away. He sits in the chair to the right of the Warden's desk and leans outward, his right hand on his knee. He puts his left hand to his throat as though to protect it from a sudden pain. He gazes straight ahead into the unknown and speaks in reverie)

"Of all the wonders that I yet have
heard,
It seems to me most strange that men
should fear;
Seeing that death, a necessary end,
Will come when it will come."

(He stops and muses for a time, while the Warden glances perplexedly at Father Daly to discover if the priest can interpret what Dyke is saying. Father Daly shakes his head. Abruptly Dyke's face is illuminated by a new and welcome recollection; and again he speaks, while the Warden tries in vain to comprehend him)

"Cowards die many times before their
deaths;
The valiant never taste of death but
once."

(He stops again and shudders a trifle; his head droops and he repeats, barely above a whisper)

"The valiant never taste of death but
once."

(The nearer door on the right is opened noiselessly and the jailer, in obedience to his instructions, steps just inside the room and stands there mute. Father Daly and the Warden glance at the jailer, and with significance at each other, and both rise, tardily. The Warden's hand, as it rests on his desk, is seen to tremble. There is a moment of dead silence; presently Dyke lifts his head and catches sight of the motionless attendant at the open door. With a quick intake of his breath, he starts half out of his seat and stares, fascinated; he sinks back slowly, and turns his head to gaze first at Father Daly and then at the Warden. The Warden averts his eyes, but Father Daly's expression is of supreme pity and encouragement. Involuntarily, Dyke's hand again goes creeping upward toward his throat, but he arrests it. He grasps the arms of his chair and braces himself; he rises then, and stands very erect, in almost the position of a soldier at attention.)

The Warden — (swallows hard) Dyke!

Father Daly — (brushes past the Warden, his right hand lifted as though in benediction) My son!

Dyke — (regards them fixedly; his voice is low and steady) All right, let's go.

(He faces about, and with his head held proud and high, and his shoulders squared to the world, he moves slowly toward the open door. Father Daly, with the light of his calling in his eyes, steps in line just ahead of Dyke. The Warden, his mouth set hard, falls in behind. When they have all gone forward a pace or two, Father Daly begins to speak, and Dyke to reply; Father Daly's voice is strong and sweet; and Dyke speaks just after him, not mechanically, but in brave and unfaltering response.)

Father Daly — "I will lift up mine eyes unto the hills ——"

Dyke — "The valiant never taste of death but once."

Father Daly — "From whence cometh my help."

Dyke — "The valiant never taste of death but once."

Father Daly — (has almost reached the door; his voice rises a semi-tone, and gains in emotion) "My help cometh from the Lord which made Heaven and earth."

Dyke — "The valiant never taste of death — but once."

When the Warden, whose hands are tightly clenched, has passed the threshold, the jailer follows and closes the door behind him. There is a very brief pause and then

CURTAIN

My Boy Warren

[*Continued from page 23*]

just one little instance of some sort of prevision or prescience, or whatever it is, that I ever knew of with Warren. One of his old playfellows told me of it years after it occurred. The boys were all playing, snowballing, one twenty-second of February, and at noon the church bells and the school-house bell were rung in a general peal of salute for Washington. Out on the commons the boys stopped playing for a minute and one of them asked: 'Fire?'

"'No,' said Warren, 'they're ringing for General Washington's birthday and they're going to ring that way for me some day.'

"But no one thought anything of it, just set it down for one of Warren's fancies, and went on with the snow-battle.

"Warren did not run much to pets as a youngster, except dogs. He was the greatest fellow for a dog I ever knew. He was never without one. Yet animals liked him, even naturally wild ones would come to him. I remember how he got acquainted with a lot of little baby squirrels over in the sugar grove, near home, and the little plume-tails would run up his pants' leg and then up his sleeve and sit on his shoulder when he fed them part of his school lunch. He was always awfully tender-hearted about animals. Nothing in the world girds him to anger as quick as to see some one maltreat a horse. Many a driver has caught the sharp lash of Warren's tongue when he found 'em beating or overloading a horse.

"But dogs were his real delight. He had a big Newfoundland named 'Colonel' that lived to a great age and developed rheumatism so badly that he'd just limp around and look up into Warren's eyes as though he wanted to say something. He knew 'Colonel' ought not to be allowed to suffer and he hadn't the heart to kill him, even painlessly, so he took him one day, down to a veterinary and left him, after shaking hands with him, and all that afternoon Warren walked around the house and the office with the big tears just ready to fall.

"Earlier there was 'Jumbo.' Warren was very fond of him despite the fact that Jumbo, when he was tired, would fall down and pretend to go to sleep.

"THEN there was 'Rink.' You've heard the story of the dog that was treated by a surgeon and, weeks afterward, brought another mangled fellow dog to the same surgeon for treatment. Well, Rink did that. Warren thought it was awfully smart of Rink, smarter than the dog in the fable, for Rink had never been treated surgically for anything. He simply knew I was a Doctor and so one day he came into the front garden encouraging a damaged-looking cur to follow him and he led him straight to my office. I fixed up his contusions and abrasions and made him almost as good as new but Rink wasn't satisfied with that. He was for going the full Samaritan limit, so he took the strange dog out to the back yard where his dinner bowl was and whined for food; and when Mrs. Harding fetched it out to him he let the other dog eat it and stood watching him just as interested as a trained nurse watches a convalescent drink beef-tea."

Dr. George Tryon Harding Jr., of Columbus, is a brother of the new President. Between

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him and his elder brother there exists the deepest of brotherly affection and intimate chumship. Between these two sons and the daughters of the Harding family there had been a third son, Charles, nicknamed "the Bishop." "He was the smartest of the three," so Dr. Harding insists and "he'd have made you two hump", the Father frequently informs his two surviving sons.

The boyhood years at Caledonia sped quickly. Warren Harding's fondness for play seems not to have interfered with the work-a-day habits of the last generation of youthful Buckeyes. In the brick-yard, between Marion and Caledonia, Warren spent his vacation hours molding some thousands of the bricks that to-day house his fellow Marionites. He worked as a construction man on the Toledo and Ohio Central Railroad which traverses the County of Marion. He helped paint its frame stations and then, as school days ended and college days drew near, he embarked as a "cub" (also a printer's apprentice) in his life's profession.

The *Caledonia Argus* was the first newspaper to receive contributions from the pencil of Warren G. Harding, reporter and editor. The paper was owned by George Hennessey, an Englishman by birth, to whom the brash methods of middle-western journalism were perennial occasions for shock. Side by side, at the printer's case, with his later partner, Jack Warwick, now an editor of the *Toledo Blade*, Warren learned to set type. It is traditional that he still carries the steel rule with which he used to adjust forms in the days of his apprenticeship.

"Jack Warwick and Warren bought the *Marion Star* when they were both youngsters," said Dr. Harding, reviewing the journalistic career of his eldest son. "I made most of the arrangements about buying the paper and went on their notes and helped them at the start. It was a hard scrabble, too, at first. For a time things looked pretty black and Jack Warwick, not willing to get too deeply involved, later withdrew and went to Toledo, but Warren stuck to it as he has stuck to everything else. At least Jack said he wouldn't stick and let Warren get involved in any of his obligations, but the real truth of the matter is that as Warren developed political leanings and began to absent himself from Marion on various ventures such as running for the State Senate and getting elected and going to Columbus to the legislative sessions, Jack got restive for the companionship of his pal and just quit because his heart was out of it.

"I told Warren when he bought the *Star* that I didn't want him to abuse people. I don't know whether the advice was necessary or just thrown in for good measure. At any rate that is the policy he followed. You can search the *Marion Star* for the thirty-odd years that Warren has owned it without finding a vilification of anybody in any issue of it.

"That was what I tried to inculcate in Warren as a little boy and as a young man. His mother gently preached the same sort of doctrine. If you can't say good about a person keep silent and after a while your silence has the same effect and burns even deeper than the abuse.

"YOU may have noticed in this campaign that Warren stuck pretty close to his rule of saying no evil. Regardless of the lengths to which the Democrats were going, openly — and, what is worse, secretly — there was never a peep from Warren. He never replied to the attacks and he never counter-attacked, and I think seven million majority speaks pretty well for the system.

"I'll tell you how it's reflected right here at home. Warren carried his own precinct five to one and when the count was telephoned from the Court House up to his home he laughed. 'They don't seem to like me much around here.' "

Of adolescent romances in the career of Warren Harding there seem to have been none. And yet he showed no symptoms of bashfulness or shrinking, according to the men and women who spent their youth with him. He danced, he went on straw-rides and sleighing parties, he participated in the national pastime of baseball, but never as an Eddie Collins or a Walter Johnson. It is admitted even by his staunchest admirer, Dick Crissinger, that Warren was never good enough to "make the team."

But love and Warren Harding were comparative strangers. Dr. Harding insists that for his own part he never saw any one he liked well enough to marry except the woman who shared nearly half a century with him and he believes Warren was the same sort.

"He was only twenty-four when he was married," the Doctor said. "I was not even twenty and I think our two wives have been the only women that either of us have ever thought of in that relationship."

Father and son are immediate neighbors in their professional lives. Dr. Harding's office occupies the second-floor-front rooms of the *Marion Star* building, in Center Street. To the elder came the younger for counsel at all stages of the Senator's forward progress. And Doctor Harding has always kept an observant eye on the editor whose office desk abuts his own back door.

"Warren has always been his own hardest task-master," said the Doctor. "The men of the *Star* have worked with him and for him and they have loved him and Warren loves them in return. The severest strain that can ever come to Warren is that of firing a worthless employee. I've known him to show a man the door and tell him to keep out of his sight until he had made up his mind to stay sober, and then, every pay-night, for weeks, see that the erring one's family got the pay envelope just as though the scamp had been on the job right along.

"Once a man got drunk in the composing-room and pied a whole case of type. 'You get right out of here and stay out,' said Warren, mad as a hornet for a minute and then, a second thought striking him, he said: 'But come around Saturday night if you haven't got a new job by that time!'

"Well, of course, with an invitation like that the printer finished out his week's pleasure in the saloon and sure enough he showed up and Warren paid him to keep the family from going hungry.

"You never can tell about Warren's disposition to do generous things. It has never seemed to me that he ever thought about money or trouble when a need was apparent. Why, there was an old Irish woman lived in the top loft of the *Star* Building who had a worthless hound of a son, Larry. One day I heard her crying and went up there to see if she was ill. I asked her if she didn't think she'd better eat something. 'I would if I had it,' she said, 'but there's not a mouthful in the house.' I was angry clear through and I started down-stairs to find Larry and give him a hiding, when I met Warren.

"'What's up?' said Warren. I told him and he went right out into the street. The next thing I knew the grocer's boy came staggering up-stairs with the biggest basket of food you ever saw. An hour later Mrs. Powers was down in my office weeping her thanks but I had to tell her that it wasn't me but Warren who'd tided her over.

"At Christmas Warren will start out with a sleigh full of stuff. He seems to keep a sort of private tab on who's going to need heartening around Christmas time. There are no echoes of any of his gifts, but the sleigh comes home empty and Warren whistles as though he was satisfied with the performance."

In the late campaign Doctor Harding, in the hours he could spare from a still active medical practise, was much of the time about the Harding home in Mount Vernon Avenue. With his daughter Abigail the Doctor resides in a simple little frame house a few blocks distant, in East Center Street; but several times a day the "rig", as the Doctor calls his physician's runabout, was hitched opposite the Harding home. He seldom had much to say but he was a close observer and in the family conclaves a quick and accurate critic.

As the campaign was drawing to its hectic conclusion and the rumor mongers of the opposition began their whispered propaganda regarding the purity of the Harding family blood the aged physician grew yet more silent. The breath of scandal was blowing and his anger was rising, not in nervous exhibition of inward rage but in a set grim smile that was not in the least inviting. Election night he sat up with the candidate until the rolling tide of successes made it evident that his son was sure of the largest majority ever attained by a candidate for the American presidency and then he slipped off home to bed. In the morning, before seven o'clock, the Doctor showed up again on the front lawn of the Senator's home. He wore the Grand Army Uniform with its star and flag and the gold corded hat, and he swung rather airily in his fist a stout walking stick of hickory. A passer-by hailed him:

"Congratulations, Doctor, your boy's entitled to sleep late this morning, he was up till five o'clock, and he's President of the United States."

"Yes," replied the Doctor soberly. "My boy Warren's elected all right and now that it's all over, I've got a few scores to settle on my own account. I'm just waiting around till it's time to go downtown and settle 'em."

The Winged Scourge of the Dark

[*Continued from page 28*]

cat had seen him, just in time; and with an indignant spitting she whisked in under the barn. He snapped his beak angrily, made a tour of the buildings, and found the window of the chicken-house. But it was closed with wire netting. Glaring in through the wide meshes he saw the hens all asleep on their perches, some with half-grown chickens beside them. But the vigilant red cock was awake and, eyeing him defiantly, gave utterance to a sharp *kut-ee-ee-ee* of warning. The marauder tore savagely at the meshes with his mighty talons; but the wire was too strong for him, and in an instant the place was in an uproar of frightened squawks and cacklings. The kitchen door flew open with a bang. A stream of yellow lamplight flooded across the shadowy yard. The farmer ran out, shouting and swearing fluently, and the would-be assassin, furious at being barred from such a luxury of slaughter, flew off to seek some less well-guarded prey.

About a quarter of a mile farther down the valley lay another little backwoods farm, whose owner, when clearing the land, had had the good taste to leave several fine elms standing beside the house and barns. The valley was by this time full-flooded with moonlight, and the great owl, to avoid observation, flew low beside the willow and alder bushes which fringed the brook. Across the open meadow that divided the barns from the brook he skimmed, almost brushing the grass-tops, then rose noiselessly into the deep shadows which clung among the branches of the thick-leaved elms. And here, as luck would have it, he found two turkey-hens, roosting upon one of the topmost boughs.

The turkeys, being light sleepers, detected him at once; but all they did was to stretch out their long necks inquiringly and cry *Kwit-kwit, kwit-kwit*. They were acquainted with the harmless little mouse-hunting barn-owl, but this great bird was something they had never seen before; and they were full of curiosity. In one moment he had risen above them. In the next he had fallen upon the nearest, clutched her by the neck, and choked her foolish noise. Beating her wings convulsively she toppled off her perch. Her captor strove to bear her up and fly off with her, but she was too heavy a burden for him, and with a mighty flapping the two came slowly to the ground.

This was not exactly what the marauder wanted, but he was not one to lose any opportunity for destruction. He bit and tore with that deadly sickle of his beak till he had decapitated his massive prize; and though he was by no means hungry he broke up and swallowed most of the head, for the sake of the brains. In the meantime the other turkey, still resting on her perch, had kept on uttering her foolish *Kwit-kwit, kwit-kwit*, as if begging to know what all the excitement meant. She all too soon found out. Glancing up from his sanguinary meal, as if angered by her stupid noise, the great owl fixed her for a second or two with his glassy stare. Then he shot up through the gloom till he was a few feet above the anxious chatterer, pounced upon her vindictively, and swept her, strangled and futilely fluttering, from her perch. Her life promptly went out through her gaping beak; but she, too, proved too heavy for her destroyer's wing-power; and despite his determined flapping he was borne slowly to the ground. He tore off her silly head, in sheer wantonness of destruction. Then, wiping his beak on her still quivering body, he bounced into the air and flew away to seek other quarry, sailing close to the ground to avoid making himself conspicuous, and glaring fiercely under every bush as he passed.

It chanced that an indiscreet hen, impatient of the safe nests in the barn and fowl-house where, in return for security, her precious eggs were always taken from her, had found a secret spot under a clump of lilacs at the back of the garden. Here she had accumulated a clutch of eggs, which she had now been happily brooding for close upon the allotted three weeks. The chicks within were stirring, and just beginning to tap with tiny bills at the walls of their shell prisons. The proud mother was answering these taps with low, crooning sounds of encouragement and content.

It was those soft utterances of mother love that betrayed her to her doom. She saw a pair of wide, dreadful eyes glaring in upon her through the leafage. With a shrill screech of defiance she ruffled up all her feathers, threw back her head, and faced the enemy with threatening, wide-open beak. But of scant avail was all her devoted courage against such a foe as this. In a moment she was gripped by irresistible talons, jerked, valiantly battling, from her nest, strangled and tossed aside, a heap of feebly-kicking feathers. And the slaughterer fell to gorging himself with the just-hatching eggs. Full-fed though he was, such supreme delicacies as these could not be left behind; and he managed somehow to put away the whole nestful. Then he grasped the body of the mother in his claws, hopped awkwardly out of the bushes with it, bore it somewhat heavily into the air, and headed his flight direct for the hollow tree in the woods.

He flew high now, having no care to conceal his coming, and the backwoods world of forest and scattered farms, rough, stump-strewn pastures and raw, new clearings, with the silver coils of the slow brook brightly threading them, lay outspread sharp-edged below him in the white flood of the moonlight. The robber flew more slowly than was his wont, his limp booty being a massive-bodied Brahma of some six or seven pounds dead weight, and he himself somewhat sluggish from his over-hearty feast. But there was no need for haste; so he did not exert himself, but winnowed on through the blue-silver night, well satisfied with his list of slain.

Suddenly, from far over the tree-tops came a hollow call. *Whuh-whoo; whuh-whuh, whuh-whu* — not long-drawn, but staccato, hurried, urgent. It was his mate's voice, summoning him, crying for help. He woke instantly from his lethargy, dropped his booty; answered with one sonorous *Whoo-oo-oo*, and shot homeward with the utmost speed.

During his absence that prowling lynx, which had caused him apprehension an hour before, had crept back, on the trail of a rabbit, to the neighborhood of the hollow tree. She had missed the rabbit; but happening to glance upward, with cruel eyes as round and moonlike as those of the great owl himself, she had detected the big, black hole in the age-whitened trunk. Such a hole, she knew well enough, would be sure to be occupied by something — most probably by something young and defenseless, and good to eat. She was hungry; and, moreover, she had a pair of sturdy kittens to feed, at home in her own well-hidden lair. She ran nimbly up the huge gnarled trunk to investigate.

At the first rattling sound of her claws upon the bark, the mother owl, who had been snuggling her owlets, shot forth angrily from the hole to see what creature was so bold as to invade her realm. But at the sight of the lynx — a gigantic tuft-eared cat as big as a fox hound — her wrath changed to frantic terror for her young, who were not yet sufficiently fledged for effective flight. Though even more bloodthirsty and wastefully murderous than her mate, her courage was of the finest, and she knew no such thing as shirking where the defense of her round-eyed nestlings was concerned. With that one sharp cry for help — which her homing mate had heard — she swooped from her branch and struck the lynx heavily in the face with wing and claw.

Taken by surprise, the lynx was almost jolted from her hold. With a harsh spitting she cowered, and shielded her face between her paws, while the frantic mother raked her back savagely. Then, furious at being so handled by an adversary whom she despised, the lynx scrambled on upward, and gained the branch beside the nest. From this vantage point she struck out like lightning with her great, armed paw, just as the desperate mother was swooping upon her again. Had the blow got fairly home it would have been final; but the agile bird swerved backward in time, and it struck her but glancingly, with its force half spent, on the breast. Her dense elastic armor of feathers saved her; but a shower of feathers flew, and she was hurled half-way to the ground before she could recover from the shock.

Imagining that her adversary was disposed of, the lynx thrust her head into the hole. The hardy owlets bit and clawed her face valiantly, but she snatched one in her jaws, crunched its neck, and plucked it forth upon

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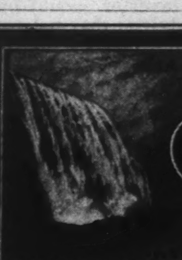

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2. Be sure that the earnings for several years past have been at least twice the requirements for interest on all bond and other debts outstanding. If you want to act conservatively decline to purchase a bond the interest on which has not been earned every year for at least five years past.

3. Be sure just what the position of your bond is in the financial structure of the corporation. The nearer it is to being absolutely a first mortgage the safer you are in all circumstances. The circular describing the bond should tell exactly what charges come ahead of it and also what come after it.

4. Beware of a corporation where the stockholders have contributed only a small part of the capital. They should contribute at least one-third of the capital employed as a general rule.

5. Keep out of any new, untried enterprises. Leave that risk to some one else, unless you want to speculate.

6. This is only the barest outline of the rules to follow in getting at the soundness of a bond. But every investor has to make a beginning and if these few simple rules are followed it will be much easier to know what steps to take.

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Then comes another supreme test—the balance sheet. No investor should buy bonds without studying the balance-sheet. Floating debts are usually the microbes that cause or precipitate the disease called receiverships. Current indebtedness looms large and important, and investors learn the costly lesson that even first mortgages may succumb before this enemy.

Past records, management, and many other factors must be considered.

Another important factor is marketability. Never buy an unmarketable bond. In fact ascertain the probability of marketability of a bond before buying, or even investigating.

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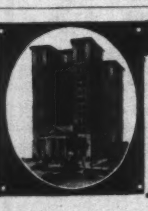

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the branch. Holding it comfortably between her huge forepaws she lay flat along the branch and proceeded to devour it. As she did so the desperate mother, shaken but undaunted, returned to the attack and struck her again in the face with rending talons.

Holding her prey firmly with one paw the lynx, with an ear-splitting yowl of pain and rage, lashed out again at her resolute assailant, but missed her aim completely. And at this juncture the male bird arrived.

In silence he shot downward and struck at the great gray beast. The latter had caught sight of him as he swooped. She let go of the dead owlet — which dropped to the ground — and rose slightly on her hindquarters in order to meet this new attack with the full armory of her foreclaws. By a fortunate stroke she caught him by one wing; and the next moment her long fangs were buried in his thigh. Held thus at close quarters he pounded madly with his wings, and tore in a frenzy at his enemy's face with his beak and his free talons. He was pulled down, however, and borne backward, for all his indomitable struggles; and getting her claws set into one wing, near the shoulder, the lynx fairly tore it from its socket. But undaunted even in that hopeless strait, he went on fighting to the death.

The mother owl, meanwhile, had been tearing and clawing viciously at the lynx's neck, from above. Unable any longer to endure this torment, the latter tried to double back upon the narrow branch and defend herself. The male bird heaved up valiantly beneath, and with a last effort fixed his beak in the side of her throat. She lost her balance, and the two toppled off into space together. Over and over they turned, close locked, and then fell apart. The owl, all but dead and with one wing hanging useless from its tendons, continued to roll over and over in his descent, and landed with a thud which finished him. The lynx, on the other hand, turning herself right side up and spreading all four legs apart so as to make a sort of parachute of herself, landed lightly on the powerful elastic springs of her paws. The mother owl had been on top of her all the way down, and was still frantically tearing at her back. But the lynx had had enough. With a screech of panic she darted under some low branches, scraping off her assailant, and sped away, belly to earth like a terrified cat, through the densest thickets she could find.

The victorious mother-owl did not pursue. She circled twice, very slowly, above the sprawled bodies of her mate and her nestling, staring down upon them with wide, unwinking, expressionless eyes. Then she winnowed soundlessly up to her perch, and hurried into the nest to see if her other fledgling had escaped unharmed.

Adventures at An Inn

[*Continued from page 31*]

from the beginning of the reign of Jimmu Tenno, the divine, whom the Japanese count as the first of their Imperial line, and who is said to have ascended the throne 660 B. C. Thus our current year, 1921, is the year 2581 in Japan. Time is also measured arbitrarily by the reigns of emperors. the present year being Taisho 10, or the tenth year of the reign of the present Emperor

The Chinese zodiac. however, figures largely in Japanese superstition. As there are twelve animals, the years are counted off in cycles of twelve; and the same animals are also associated with days and hours, in cycles of twelve. The attributes of the astrological animal governing the year of one's birth are supposed to attach to one.

"My mother is a cow," a Japanese lady explained to me. "My husband is a snake and I am a rabbit."

The lore of these animals is complicated. I have only a smattering of it, but what I know will suffice to show the general tendency of such superstition. It is considered good fortune to be born in the year of the horse because the horse is strong and energetic. Last year, 1920, was the year of the monkey. It is unlucky to marry in monkey year because the word *saru*, which means monkey, also means "to go back", the suggestion being that the bride will go back to her former home, or in other words be divorced. A woman born in the year of the rabbit will be prolific. (The lady who said "I'm a rabbit", though very young, was the mother of four.)

Similarly the animals, in their cycle, bring good-luck or ill-luck, in connection with events occurring on certain days. It is unlucky to take to one's bed with a sickness on the day of the cow, because the cow is slow to get up. It is lucky to begin a journey on the day of the tiger, because the tiger, though he travels a thousand miles. always returns to the point from which he started; but for the same reason it is unlucky for a girl to marry on this day, because she, like the tiger, may return to the place from which she started: her father's house. And the day of the tiger is a bad one for funerals, because the tiger drags its prey with it, suggesting that another funeral will soon follow. The significance attaching to each animal according to the Japanese idea is not always apparent, without explanation, to the stranger For instance, though I know it is considered lucky for a bride to cut her kimonos on the day of the rooster, I do not know why. Nor do I know why it is considered particularly lucky to have, in one family, three persons born under the same sign.

Superstition of all kinds plays a large part in the daily life of the Japanese. Persons of an unusual degree of intelligence often patronize fortune tellers, among whom are the Buddhist priests in certain temples.

At Asakusa, the great popular temple of Tokyo, the fortune-telling business is so brisk that two or three priests are busy at it all the time The system is simple. The diviner shakes a lot of numbered sticks in a box, draws one out, and takes a paper from a little drawer which bears a number corresponding with that on the stick. Your fortune is written on the paper, in multigraph. I paid two cents for mine, and when it was translated to me I felt that I had paid too much

Yuki, when she saw that I was disposed to take the matter lightly, seemed a little disappointed, and when later several of us decided to give the necromancers one more fling, she herself escorted us to the establishment called Hokokudo, at number 3 Chome, the Ginza, where father, son and grandson successively have told fortunes for the past hundred and twenty years Here we paid fifty cents each for our fortunes, but though the *ekisha* took more time to the job, examining our hands and faces, rattling his divining rods and making patterns with his Chinese wooden blocks, he didn't do much better than the priest had done for two cents. Yuki was impressed when he predicted a sea voyage for me, but the prophecy did not seem to me to constitute a remarkable example of divination. However, the visit to the *ekisha* was an experience. The little house was picturesque, and it was interesting to see the stream of Japanese coming in, one after another, intent on learning what the future held in store for them. Also, while Yuki's fortune was being told I got a good photograph of the *ekisha* examining her hand through his magnifying glass.

Another superstition is exampled in the *ema*, votive offerings in the form of little paintings on wood, which are put up at Shinto shrines by those in need of help of one kind or another. For almost any sort of affliction an *ema* of suitable design may be found, though the meaning of the design is seldom apparent to the foreigner.

While in Japan I collected a number of these curious little objects and investigated their significance. Among them was one which Yuki recognized as an appeal for relief from eye trouble.

"That very good *ema*," she told me "I use one like that once when I have sore eyes."

"Did it cure you, Yuki?"

"Yes — in two weeks I put it up at shrine and I promise the god I no drink tea for two weeks. In two weeks my eyes all right again."

"And you are sure the *ema* did it?"

"Yes, Mr. Street, I sure."

"You didn't do anything else for your eyes?"

"No, it just like I say. I put up *ema* for god and not drink tea. Then I wait two weeks."

"Did your eyes hurt you during the two weeks?"

"Oh, yes They hurt so much I have to wash them two three times a day with boric

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acid, while I wait for *ema* to make cure. But when end of two weeks comes they not sore any more. That *ema* work very good."

A journey of about three and a half hours brought us to the seacoast town of Katsuura, the terminus of the line. The industry of Katsuura is fishing and there is a kind of dried fish put up there which has quite a reputation. Almost every town in Japan has some specialty of its own, whether an edible or something else—something for the traveler to purchase and take home as a souvenir. Many of the best Japanese color prints were originally made for this purpose—souvenirs of cities and towns, celebrated inns, famous actors and notorious courtesans.

Leaving the train we got into a *basha* — a primitive one-horse bus with tiny wheels — and took a highway leading south along the shore. The day was brilliant and our road, skirting the edge of the lofty coastal hills half-way between their green serried peaks and the yellow beach on which the surf played below, was white and dusty in the hot sun. On level stretches and down-grades we rode in the *basha*, but we always got out and walked up hills to spare the venerable horse. Nor will travelers who have ever followed such a system be surprised that, of the twenty miles we covered on our way to Kamagowa, fully fifteen seemed to be up-hill miles.

This shore continually reminded me of other shores — Brittany, in the region of Dinard and Cancale, and the cliffs between Sorrento and Amalfi. But here the contours were more tender. Many a beach I saw, with tiny houses strewn about at the margin of the sand, fishing boats drawn up in rows, and swarthy men and women bustling about among the nets and baskets which made me think of the *marina* at Capri. Even the air was that of Capri in the springtime. Only here there was no song.

A succession of lofty promontories jutting aggressively toward the sea gave interest to the road. Sometimes they turned its course, forcing it to swing out around them; in other cases tunnels penetrated the barrier hills, and we would find ourselves trudging along beside the *basha*, through damp echoing darkness, with our eyes fixed on a distant point of light, marking the exit, ahead.

It was a much traveled road. We were continually meeting other *bashas* creaking slowly through the white dust, or drawn up before inns and teahouses where passengers were pausing for refreshment. During the entire afternoon we met not a single automobile, and when, after an hour or two, a Japanese lady, beautifully dressed and sheltered from the sun by a large parasol, flashed past in a shining ricksha propelled by two coolies, she made a picture strangely sophisticated, elegantly exotic, against the background of that dusty country highway so full of humble folk.

All the women of this region were hard at work. Some were laboring beside their husbands in the mud and water of the paddy-fields, others were occupied upon the beach, piling up kelp and carrying it back to huge wooden tubs in which it was being boiled to get the juice from which iodine is made; still others were transporting baskets of fresh shiny fish from the newly-landed boats to the village markets, or were drawing heavy carts laden with fish-baskets from one village to another. For this coast is the greatest fishing district of all Japan.

ON THE streets of every village we saw fish being handled — large, brilliant fish laid out in rows on straw mats, preparatory to shipment, huge tubs of smaller fish, and great baskets of silver sardines. Nor was our awareness of piscatorian activities due only to the organs of sight. Now and then a gust of information reached the olfactory organs disclosing with a frankness that was unmistakable, the proximity of a pile of rotted herring, which is used to fertilize the fields.

Winding down a hill through a grove of ancient trees, with the sea glistening between the trunks on one side of the way, we came upon a weathered temple, and rounding it from the rear found a tiny village clustered at its base, in as sweet a little cove as one could wish to see — low brown houses nestling among rocks and gnarled pines, a crescent of yellow beach with fishing boats drawn up beyond the reach of the tide, and children playing among them looking like nude bronzes come to life.

This place, known as Tai-no-ura — Sea-bream coast — small and remote as it is, has a fame which extends throughout Japan. For it was the abiding place of the thirteenth century fisherman-priest Nichiren who, though he antedated Martin Luther by about two and a half centuries, is sometimes called the Martin Luther of Japanese Buddhism. The Nichiren sect is to this day powerful, having more than five thousand temples and a million and a half adherents. Its scriptures are known as the *Hokkekyo*, and I find a certain quaint interest in the fact that, because this word suggests the call of the Japanese nightingale, the feathered songster is known by a name which means "scripture-reading bird."

The old weathered temple, which we visited, is known as the *Tanjo-ji*, or Nativity Temple, and is said to have been established in 1286, but to me the most appealing thing about this district is the respect which to this day is accorded Nichiren's prohibition against the catching of fish along this sacred shore. The fishermen of Tai-no-ura go far out before casting their nets, and this has been the case for so long that the fish have come to understand that they are safe inshore, and will rise to the surface if one knocks upon the gunwale of a boat.

I should have liked to linger at this place, but the afternoon was waning and we still had half a dozen miles or more to go.

SUNSET was suspended like a rosy fluid in the air when our *basha* drove down the main street of Kamagowa and stopped before the door of the inn.

To an American, accustomed to the casual reception accorded hotel guests in his native land, the experience of arriving at a well-conducted Japanese inn is well-nigh sensational. The wheels of our vehicle had hardly ceased to turn when a flock of servitors came running out to welcome and to aid us. A pair of coolies whisked our bags into the portico, and as we followed we were escorted by the gray-haired proprietress and a bevy of smiling *nesans*, all of them beaming at us and bowing from the waist.

While I sat on the door-step removing my shoes, two coolies came from the rear of the building bearing between them a pole upon which two huge buckets of hot water were suspended. Pushing back a sliding paper door they entered an adjoining room. A moment later I heard a great splashing, as of water being poured, and looking after them saw that they were emptying their buckets into a large stationary tub built of wood. Nor was I the only witness to the preparation of the bath. Two Japanese women and three children stood by, waiting to use it. And they were all ready to get in.

There was something superbly matter of fact about this whole performance which gave me a sudden flash of understanding. All the explaining in the world could not have told me so much about the Japanese point of view on matters of this kind as came through witnessing this picture.

Adam and Eve were not progenitors of these people nor was the apple a fruit indigenous to Japan.

The other members of our party were preparing to bathe in the sea before dinner, but I desired a hot bath and had asked for it as soon as I arrived. While in my room preparing for it I found myself wondering whether I was about to have an experience in mixed bathing, and if so how well my philosophy would stand the strain.

The peculiar notions of foreigners concerning privacy in the bath were, I judge, not unknown to the proprietress of the inn, for when I descended the stairs, arrayed in the short cotton kimono provided by the establishment, I was not shown to the large bathroom near the entrance, but was taken in tow by a little *nesan*, who indicated to me that I was to put on wooden clogs — a row of which stood by the door — and follow her across the street to the annex.

The bath was ready. Entering the room with me the *nesan* slipped the door shut and in a business-like manner which could be interpreted in but one way, began looping back her sleeve-ends with a cord.

"She intends to scrub you!" shrieked all that was conventional within me. "Put her out!"

"But don't you like to be scrubbed?" demanded the inner philosopher.

"Not by a woman."

"It isn't a woman I'm talking about. It's a scrubbing."

"Her being a woman makes me self-conscious," I replied to my other self.

"It shouldn't. Your being a man doesn't make her self-conscious. What was it we were thinking a moment ago about false modesty?"

"As nearly as I can remember," replied Convention, evasively, "we agreed that Americans are full of false modesty."

Whereupon I turned to the little *nesan* and with a gesture in the direction of the door, exclaimed, "Scat!"

Understanding the meaning of the motion if not the word, she obediently scatted, closing the door behind her. She did not go far, however. Through the paper I could hear her whispering with another *nesan* in the corridor. I went to the door with the purpose of fastening it, but there was no catch with which to do so. This left me with a certain feeling of insecurity as I bathed.

A well-ordered Japanese bathroom, such as this one was, has a false floor of wood with drains beneath it, so that one may splatter about with the utmost abandon. One does one's actual washing outside the tub, rinsing off with warm water dipped in a pail from a covered tank at one end of the tub. Not until the cleansing process has been completed does one enter the water to soak and get warm. Bathtubs in hotels and prosperous homes are large, and the size of them makes the preparation of a bath a laborious business; for running hot water is a luxury as yet practically unknown in Japan, the water for a bath being heated either in the kitchen, or by means of a little charcoal stove attached to the outside of the tub. To heat the bath by the latter system, which is the one generally used, takes an hour or two, wherefore it is obviously impracticable to prepare a separate bath for each member of the household. One tub of water generally does for all.

Foreigners newly arrived in Japan are unpleasantly impressed by this system of bathing, and in a Japanese inn they generally make a great point of having first chance at the bath.

Though I do not expect to convince the reader that what I say is so, I must bear testimony to the truth that it is the idea rather than the fact of the Japanese bath, which is at first unpleasant. You must understand that the Japanese are physically the cleanest race of people in the world; that, as I have already said, they bathe fully before entering the tub; that the tubbing is less a part of the cleansing process than a means for getting warm; and finally that the water in a tub which has been used by several persons looks as fresh as when first drawn.

I ONCE asked a cosmopolitan Japanese whether he did not prefer our system of bathing. He replied that he did not. "I don't think your way is quite as clean as ours," he explained. "Not unless you take two baths, one after the other, as I always do when I am in Europe or America. I wash in the first bath. Then I draw a fresh tub to rinse off in."

Just as this gentleman prefers his native style of bathing I prefer mine; yet I should not object to succeeding him in the bath. Nor am I alone in liking the deep spaciousness of the large-size Japanese bathtub. An American gentleman who was with me in Japan, is having a Japanese bathroom built into his house near New York.

With the bath of the proletariat the system is the same, but the tub is smaller and less convenient. It consists of what is practically nothing more or less than a large barrel with a small charcoal stove attached to one side. Often it stands out of-doors.

On emerging from the hot water I found myself without a towel. I went to the door, opened it sufficiently to put my head out through the aperture, and summoned the *nesan* who stood near-by.

"Towel," I said.

She smiled and shook her head to indicate that she did not understand.

I opened the door a little wider, thrust out one arm and made rubbing motions on it.

"*Hei!*" she exclaimed brightly and went scampering off.

As it was chilly in the room I returned to the hot tub to wait. There I remained for some minutes. Presently it occurred to me that, understanding my desire for privacy in the bath, the *nesan* might be waiting outside with my towel, and I got out again with the intention of looking into the hall.

Just as I emerged, however, the door opened and in she came.

"Scat!" I cried. Whereupon she handed me two towels and fled.

It was well that she did bring two, for the native towel consists of a strip of thin cotton cloth hardly larger than a table napkin. The Japanese do not pretend to dry themselves thoroughly with these towels, but wring them out in hot water and use them as a mop, after which they go out and let the air finish the work.

I dried myself as best I could, slipped into the cotton kimono, and returned to the main building of the inn.

In the corridor I encountered my friend the linguist.

"I want to take a photograph of that bathtub," I told him.

"It won't explain itself in a photograph," he returned, "unless there's somebody in it."

I knew what he meant. An American or European, accustomed to the style of bathtub that stands upon the floor, would naturally assume from a picture of this one that it was similarly set. But that was not so. It extended perhaps two feet below the level of the floor; there was a step half-way down the inside to aid one in getting in or out; it was so deep that a short person standing in it would be immersed almost to the shoulders.

"You get in it, then, will you?"

"You ought to have a Japanese."

"But that's out of the question."

"No, it's not."

Nor was it. By the time I got my kodak and put in a roll of film he had a subject for me. It was the little *nesan* to whom I had said "scat." Nor could a *grande dame* in an opera box have exhibited more aplomb than she did when I photographed her.

"Now," said the linguist, "let's take a walk before dinner."

"All right. I'll go and dress."

"Come as you are."

"After a hot bath I might take cold in this thin thing."

"No. That's a curious thing about hot baths in Japan. The reaction from them is much like that we get at home from cold ones."

"But, dressed this way, won't we look queer?" I surveyed the lower hem of my kimono which hung only a little below my knees.

"It's the costume of the country."

"But it's awfully short on us. It seems to me we ought to put on underwear at least."

"Nonsense. A man doesn't know what comfort is until he has strolled out in a kimono after a bath."

Our costumes were identical. We looked equally absurd. I consented.

My one difficulty on that stroll was with my clogs. I could not walk as fast as my companion, nor did I dare to lift my feet from the ground lest the clogs fall off. And yet I can see that if one is brought up on clogs there is much to be said in their favor. They are durable and cheap. They neither suffocate nor cramp the foot.

Once I spoke to a Japanese friend of the merits of the clog, but though he admitted that his clog-wearing countrymen had no trouble with their feet, he thought clogs on the whole a bad thing. "The movement for good roads in Japan," he said, "started when people began to wear shoes. Those who wear clogs do not object to bad pavements, and we shall never get good ones until clogs are discarded by the majority."

We had not walked a block before I perceived that my companion had not overstated the case for the kimono as a costume for a stroll on a balmy evening. It does not bind one anywhere, but leaves one's arms and legs delightfully free. Moreover the air penetrates to the body, and the feeling of it, after a very hot bath, is as refreshing as an alcohol rub.

The streets were full of people, many of them fishermen dressed much as we were. But though reason told me that, in our kimonos we were less conspicuous than we should have been in our customary attire, I could not rid myself of the feeling that we were masqueraders, and that if people were to recognize us through the darkness, for foreigners, we should have a crowd following us. Wherefore, though our promenade proved absolutely uneventful, I was upon the whole relieved when, after having gone the length of the main street and back, we reentered the hotel.

Our dinner that night was purely Japanese; the *nesans* brought the usual little foot-high lacquer tables laden with covered bowls of porcelain and lacquer; we sat upon silken cushions on the matting in the linguist's room, and struggled bravely with our chopsticks.

The room was on the second floor. Through the open *shoji* we could look across a tiny garden into other rooms, open like ours to the soft evening air, and we could see the *nesans* gliding back and forth between these rooms and the kitchen, moving along the polished wooden floor of the gallery with their characteristic pigeon-toed shuffle.

In an American hotel our little party would have been served by one waiter; here we were attended by three *nesans*, one of whom squatted on the matting beside the rice bucket, ready to help us when we held out our bowls for more (for we had rice with our soup, our fish and our tea), while the other two brought things from the kitchen, below stairs. And no matter how many times they had been in the room before, they always dropped to their knees, on entering, and bent their foreheads nearly to the floor in respectful salutation, ere they served the new course.

This courtesy, so natural to them, made me feel very, very far from home, for in it seemed to be crystallized the romantic charm of the antipodes. The whole environment, moreover, enhanced my feeling. The exquisite simplicity of our room, and of the other rooms across the garden, the soft lights shining through the rice paper of *shoji* here and there, the silhouettes, so Japanese, which passed across them, the shimmering of the dark, green leaves of small trees whose upper branches reached a little bit above the floor level, the tinkling note of a *samisen* played in some remote part of the building, the almond eyes and massed ebony hair of our gentle little servitors, their butterfly costumes, the strange, soft rattle of their language, the curious unfamiliar flavors of the viands, all these combined to make me feel as one transported into an enchantment, vivid and fantastic as a painting by Rackham or Dulac.

And yet, fascinated as I was with all this magic loveliness, I felt a gentle melancholy. For the *shoji* at the rear of the room were pushed back like the others, and from the beach on which they opened there came to me through the darkness an insistent note of definite and almost terrible reality: the murmur of that ocean, black, restless, turbulent, ominous, unimaginably vast, by which I was cut off from home.

MY OWN room was next to that of the linguist, but the room beyond mine was occupied by a Japanese couple. The rooms were divided by walls consisting of opaque paper screens, sliding in grooves, and even these frail partitions were incomplete, for, as in all Japanese houses, there were *ramma*, or grills, over the tops of the screens. The purpose of these *ramma* is to give ventilation at night, when the building is solidly encased in wooden shutters; but though it is true that they do permit some air to circulate, it is equally true that they permit sound and light to circulate. Herein lies the foreigner's chief objection to the Japanese style of house — it is utterly without privacy.

I endeavored to be quiet as I made ready for bed, and I am sure my Japanese neighbors likewise tried, but their whisperings and the little rustling sounds they made as they moved about, enhanced rather than diminished my consciousness of their proximity.

After I had put out my light my room continued for some time to be illuminated by the glow which came through the *ramma* on both sides. Presently the linguist's light went out, but that from the room of my other neighbors persisted, keeping me awake. This was the first time that I acutely missed chairs as an adjunct to Japanese life; if I had a chair I could hang a kimono over it to make a screen for my eyes. At last, however, I heard a little click, which was immediately followed by darkness. Then a sound of soft steps. Then a comfortable sigh. Then silence.

It was my first night in a Japanese bed. My couch consisted of two thin floss-silk mattresses, laid one above the other on the matting, and partly covered with what seemed to be a towel. It was all very clean. The pillow was a cylinder of cotton about six inches in diameter, stuffed with some substance as heavy and as crackling as pine needles, but odorless. I think the stuffing was of rice-husks. My nightgown was a cotton kimono like the one in which I had gone walking. And my coverlet was the usual bed-covering of Japan — a quilted satin robe, very long, with armholes and spacious sleeves; a cross between a comforter and a kimono. I didn't use the sleeves, but pulled it over me as one would if sleeping under an overcoat.

In all but one respect it was a comfortable bed. The one thing that troubled me was the hard round pillow. I moved it about; I tried to flatten it; I tried my hand under it, and over it, between it and my face.

"I shall never be able to sleep on such a pillow!" I thought, irritably. And the next thing I knew it was morning and time to get up.

This inn, being exceptionally well-appointed, provided separate wash-rooms for men and women. We trooped down and bathed. Then we breakfasted. The break-

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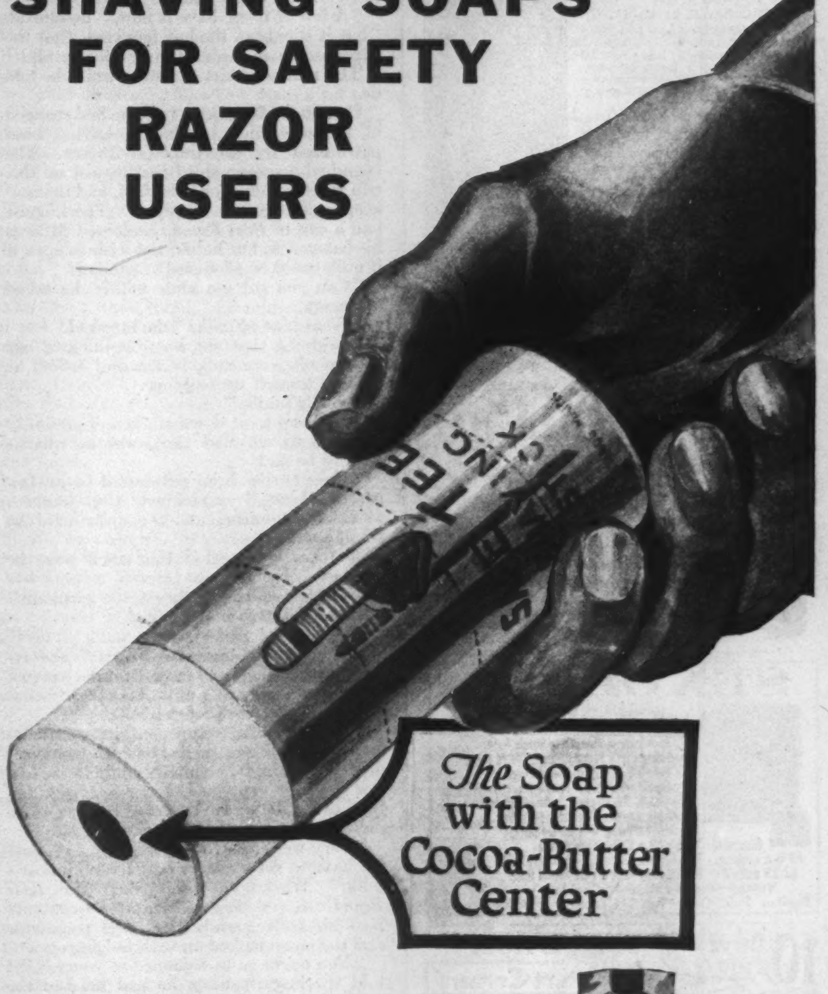

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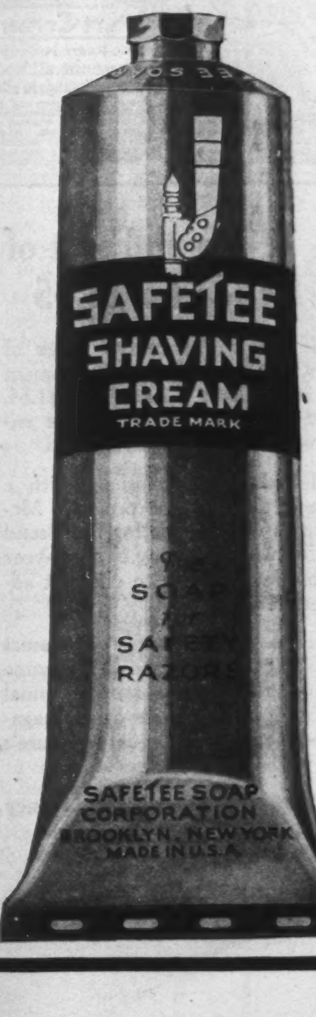

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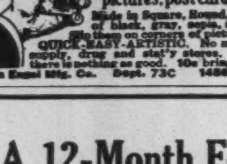

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fast was much like the dinner of the night before — rice, soup, fish and tea.

"If any one feels the need of coffee," said the linguist, "we may be able to get it, but the chances are it won't be very good. I've got a can of condensed milk here, too." He held up the can. I noticed that it was called *Bear Brand* Milk, and that the label bore the picture of a bear.

"Don't they have fresh milk at these inns?" some one asked.

"A few of them have it now," he replied, "but it is only in the last few years that the Japanese have learned to use milk at all."

This reminded him of a story which he told us.

On one of his walking trips he had stopped at an inn which boasted of having been patronized by an Imperial Prince. The friend who accompanied the linguist on this trip wanted coffee for breakfast, and the innkeeper managed to supply it. The linguist had a can of *Bear Brand* Condensed Milk in his haversack, but he did not wish to open it if milk could be produred at the inn.

"Can you get me some milk?" he asked the *nesan*.

"What kind of milk?" she inquired.

Perceiving that she knew nothing of our custom of using milk in tea and coffee, he amused himself by replying:

"Whale's milk."

The *nesan* went down-stairs and presently returned to say that there was no whale's milk to be had.

"This inn has been patronized by an Imperial Prince," exclaimed the linguist, affecting astonishment, "yet you have no whale's milk?"

The *nesan* admitted that such was the case.

"Then," said he, "bring me elephant's milk. I'll try to make it do."

Again she departed.

"The proprietor is very sorry," she reported when she came back, "but he has just run out of elephant's milk."

"Let me see the proprietor."

When the latter appeared he was most apologetic. There had been an unprecedented demand for elephant's milk in the last few days, he explained, and his supply had been exhausted. He expected to have some more shortly, but the express was slow.

"Very well," said the linguist, "I suppose I'll have to get along as best I can on bear's milk." Whereupon he opened the *Bear Brand* can and poured some of its contents into his coffee, while the hotel proprietor and the *nesan* looked on with bulging eyes.

"You ought to be ashamed of yourself," I told the linguist when he had finished the story.

"The joke rebounded on me," he said. "After that I became a personage in the inn, and I had to tip correspondingly when I left — for according to the old custom of the country the size of the tip in a hotel is not in proportion to the service received, but in proportion to the rank of the tipper. And besides, the proprietor was very curious to know how they milked the bears. I had a devil of a time explaining that."

AFTER breakfast we set out on foot for the village of Nabuto, several miles farther along the shore. The road, winding around the rampart hills, was as beautiful as that we had traversed the day before, and as full of interesting figures and intimate glimpses of the life of these amiable, industrious fisherfolk.

Nabuto proved to be a tiny settlement at the tip of a rocky promontory, sheltered from direct assaults of the sea by a small, upstanding island known as Niemon Island because it belongs, and has for eight centuries belonged to a family of that name, residing there.

An old sea-wife, looking like a figure from one of Winslow Homer's paintings, summoned the ferryman with a blast upon a conch shell, and a few minutes later we stepped from his skiff to a natural platform of granite at the island's edge. As we landed we were assimilated by a guide who began by indicating certain circular holes in the granite which, he declared, had been made by the hoofs of Yoritomo's horse. For legend has it that, when pursued, this medieval military hero used Neimon Island as a hiding place. Nor are the horse's hoofprints the only evidence supporting this tale. One may see the cave in which the great Yoritomo concealed himself.

Thither, by a rough, ascending path, the guide led us. It was a small, damp cave. If Yoritomo lived there long he must have feared his enemies more than he feared rheumatism. Within was a small shrine dedicated to the ancient warrior, and hanging near it was a cord by which a bell could be rung to notify the spirit of the departed that callers had arrived. The guide signified to us that Yoritomo's spirit would be profoundly gratified if we put a few coppers into the box in front of his shrine. Having contributed we were allowed to ring the bell.

The ledge outside commanded a view of leagues and leagues of amethyst sea into which jutted a succession of green bastioned promontories. Below us, at the base of the cliff, where the long swells were crashing in rythmic succession, several small skiffs were tossing dangerously near the margin of the foam. These, said the guide, were the boats of abalone fishers — for the Niemon family, besides receiving tourists, and selling them trinkets, picture postcards, and flasks of Osaka whisky, is in the business of canning abalone meat. I have attempted to eat abalone. Considering that it is a mollusk, leading an absolutely sedentary life, it has astounding muscular development. A man who can masticate it ought also to be able to masticate the can in which it comes.

EACH skiff contained two men; an oarsman and a diver. The former would nurse his light craft close to where the seas were breaking on the island's rocky wall, while the latter, standing and swaying with the rise and fall of the boat, peered eagerly into the blue depths. Then, suddenly, with the swiftness of a thrown knife, the brown body would cut the water and disappear. One waited. One waited long enough to become a little anxious. But when it seemed that human lungs could not have held a breath for such a length of time, a head of wet black hair would pop out of the water and the glistening body of the diver would slip over the gunwale with the sinuous ease of a swimming seal. A moment later he would be standing again in the bow of the boat, a figure beautifully poised, gazing with the rapt eyes of a seer into the swaying, streaky mysteries of the under-water world.

Out here the fresh sea breeze wove like a cool woof across the warp of rays from a hot noonday sun. Ashore there was no breeze. I was beginning to dread the baking dusty miles of highway leading back to Kamagowa. Then some one suggested that we sail there, and the linguist sent the guide to see about a boat.

The vessel he secured was a two-masted fishing boat with a brave viking prow and long, sleek lines. It was a piratical-looking craft and the appearance of the crew was even more so. They were like the Malay pirates in boys' books of adventure: almost naked, and tanned and weathered to a dark copper color. Two of them wore short white shirts, open in front and terminating at the waist, but the others were innocent of such sophisticated haberdashery, the entire costume of each consisting of a pair of towels — one at the loins, the other wound around the head.

All too soon they landed us upon the beach in back of the hotel.

"Now," said the linguist, as we waded up through the deep sand, "we'll pack our bags and get lunch and be off."

And precisely that we did.

The whole staff of the inn assembled to see us depart. The proprietress gave us little presents. There was much bowing. At last the *basha* creaked away.

In an exceptionally picturesque village a few miles on, I paused to take some photographs. On a platform outside an old house overhanging the gray sea-wall at the margin of the beach, three women were unloading baskets of fish from a heavy hand-cart. One of them was fully sixty years of age, another I judged to be thirty, but the third was a girl not over twenty, a sturdy brown lass with eyes like those of a wild deer, and a ready smile which showed a set of glorious white teeth. She was as pretty a peasant girl as I had seen in Japan, wherefore through my bi-lingual friend, I asked permission to take her picture.

From the amount of talking my friend did, and the laughter with which, on both sides, it was accompanied, I judge that the request, as it reached her, was festooned with gallantries. At all events, she readily consented — as a pretty girl generally will — and when the shutter had snapped she asked that I send her a print. This I agreed to do if she would write her name and address in my note-book. She did so in *kana*, which, being translated by my invaluable companion, revealed her name as Gen Tajima.

Asked if all three of them were of the same family, the women replied that they were merely neighbors. They resided in the village of Amatsu-machi, several miles farther along the road that we were traveling, and it was

their daily business to draw the cart from Amatsu-machi to this place, laden with baskets of fish to be salted and shipped. Their pay for this labor amounted to the equivalent of twenty-five cents a day in our money.

"I suppose you are all of you married?" asked my friend.

The old woman replied that she was; the other two laughed and declared that they were not. But they soon betrayed each other. "Don't you believe what *she* says!" they warned us gaily. "She *is* married. *I'm* the one who is looking for a match." Then, having had their little joke, each owned to a husband and children. Their husbands were fishermen, and earned, they said, two *yen* a day — about a dollar.

"You work hard?" asked my friend.

"Of course."

"Why 'of course'?"

"Everybody down here works hard."

"Even those who don't have to?"

"Yes. Even people with a lot of money work hard. Here any one who did not work would be laughed at."

They were typical Japanese women of the peasant class, happy, innocent, industrious. They interested me profoundly, but there was a long trip ahead of us and it was necessary to push on. We bade them farewell, got into the *basha* and drove away.

But we had not seen the last of them. When we had driven a quarter of a mile or so, they came running up behind us with their cart. Pretty Gen was between the shafts, the other girl was pulling at a rope tied to one side, and the grandmother was at the rear, pushing. They ran pigeon-toed, like Indians, and what with the commotion caused by their rope sandals and the wheels, left a cloud of dust behind them.

Full of merriment they closed in upon us. One of them called to us in Japanese.

"What did she say?" I asked.

My friend translated:

"SHE says that because we are strangers they will escort us."

"Come on," I said, jumping out of the *basha*. "Let's help them pull the cart."

He joined me at once. We took up our places, naturally, at either side of Gen.

She was full of questions. Where were we from? How long did it take to come all the way from America? What was America like? Didn't the American people like the Japanese people? Her brother was a sailor. He had made a voyage to America and said it was a very fine place, and that everyone was rich. It wasn't like that in Japan. Here almost everyone was poor. It was hard to earn enough to live on, now that food cost so much.

Finding that there were now too many willing hands at the cart, we discharged the grandmother and the other woman, placing them in our seats in the *basha*.

"It is a pity you can't ride, too," my friend said to Gen, "but it is better for you to stay here and see that we don't steal the cart."

To which the old woman leaning out of the back seat of the *basha* remarked that she thought us much more likely to steal the cart if Gen went with it.

This caused much hilarity. Gen, I think, was a little embarrassed, but she enjoyed it all the same.

"As things are," she said, smiling and looking at the road, "I am well satisfied to walk."

The chatter was so lively that I had a good deal of difficulty in finding out all that was being said; it was no small task for my companion to keep up his end of the conversation against all three of them, and at the same time translate for me. I began to find myself left out.

Moreover, I had not anticipated that we should attract so much attention. The mere fact that we were aliens made us conspicuous in this part of the country, and the sight of two foreign men helping a peasant girl pull a cart, while the girl's usual companions rode ahead in the comparative magnificence of a *basha*, caused people in the villages through which we passed not only to stare in amazement, but to call their friends to come and witness the unheard-of spectacle.

I remember an old woman bent under a great load of straw which she was carrying on her back, who, when she glanced up and saw us, looked as though she were going to fall over, and I shall never forget the quizzical, puzzled, fixed gaze of a middle-aged coolie, with a load of wood on his back and little pipe in his mouth, who, on sight of us, hurriedly seated himself on the bank at the roadside to pass us in review. He was a fine type. I dropped my hold upon the shaft, unslung my kodak, and embalmed his features on a film.

"Come on back here!" called my companion. "Gen and I need you with our cart."

Gen and I! . . . *Our* cart, indeed! Who first thought of helping Gen with her cart, I should like to know!

Without enthusiasm I returned and took hold of the shaft again. The cart was getting heavier. They weren't pulling as they should. They were too busy talking — that was the trouble with them!

"Say, how far is it to this town where they live?" I demanded.

"I guess it's not very much farther," my friend interrupted his conversation with Gen to reply.

"I should hope not! We've pulled this infernal cart about five miles already."

"If you don't like it," he answered, "why don't you get back in the *basha?*"

"How am I going to do that, when that old woman is in my place?"

"Tell her you want to ride. Tell her to come back here and get on the job again."

I looked up at her. It was quite out of the question to do such a thing. Much as I should have enjoyed my seat in the *basha*, she was enjoying it more. She and the younger woman were having a magnificent time, chattering, giggling, hailing every acquaintance they passed. And when other peasants who knew them gazed, astonished, they would burst into roars of mirth. All of which gave our progress more than ever the aspect of a circus parade in which it began to seem to me I figured as the clown.

Left to my own thoughts I endeavored to meet the situation philosophically. If I had been foolish to get myself into this cart-pulling adventure my folly was of a kind common to my sex. Other men without number had made even greater fools of themselves. And, whereas, in a little while this incident would be ended, some men got into scrapes that lasted all their lives. It was pleasant to reflect on that.

I began to see an allegory in the episode. In miniature it was like the story of a hasty marriage. . . . A man traveling the road of life in the comfortable *basha* of bachelorhood sees a pretty girl. Bright eyes, white teeth shown in a smile, and out he jumps.

"Let me help pull the cart!" he cries, without giving a thought to the future. So he takes hold, and as like as not she eases off and lets him do most of the pulling.

He wants companionship, but when he begins to look for it, what does he discover? He discovers that she doesn't know a single word of his language, nor he a single word of hers. He has sold his birthright for a mess of pulchritude.

The road is long, the hills steep, the cart heavy. Then along comes another man and offers to help — some smart-aleck who *can* talk her kind of talk. And, of course, this linguistic ass begins prattling a lot of nonsense to her and turns her head. The more she listens to him the more inflated he becomes. That's what happens to some men if a pretty girl shows them a little attention. Does he stop for a minute to consider that his advantage is purely one of language? Not at all! He thinks himself fascinating.

SO MUCH for that. But now imagine another picture. Take those two men out of a situation in which one has manifestly an unfair advantage and place them on an absolutely equal footing in a totally different environment. Take them, let us say, to an American city, place them in a ballroom, bring in a lot of beautiful débutantes — hundreds of them, all in pretty little evening gowns and satin slippers — start up the band. *Then* see what happens!

One of these men is a bookworm; he knows a lot about languages; he can speak Japanese. (You see I am being perfectly fair to him.) But the other, though he cannot speak Japanese, is — you understand this is purely an imaginary case — a handsome, dashing, debonair fellow. While one has been learning Japanese the other has learned a few effective steps. In the intricate mazes of the dance he seems to float godlike through the air.

All right! Now I ask you, which one of these two men is going to be a success with all those débutantes? Is Japanese going to advance a man very far with an American débutante? In all fairness I say, No! A débutante is too clever — too clever with her feet — to be intrigued by that sort of thing. True worth is the thing that counts with her. She looks for solid merit in a man. In other words, *what kind of a dancer is he?*

What is the conclusion? Is it not obvious? In this environment one of those two men will be left practically alone, while the other will find himself constantly surrounded by a bevy of dainty, beautiful ——

"This is Amatsu-machi," I heard my companion say.

With a start I came back to Japan.

"They're leaving us at the crossroads," said he.

The *basha* drew up. The two women got out. They thanked us prettily. Then amid many "*Sayonaras*" we drove off, while they stood and watched us, smiling and waving until we passed from their sight around a bend in the road.

"They have lovely natures — these Japanese women," he said presently.

"If you'll look over a lot of American débutantes," I replied, "you'll find that they are just about as ——"

"You don't understand," he interrupted. "I'm not talking about mere prettiness — though you'd hardly say that girl Gen wasn't pretty. I'm talking about spiritual quality. Couldn't you tell, just by looking at her, that she was sweet right straight through?"

"I guess she's all right," I answered in an offhand tone.

That did not half satisfy him. But though he kept at me for a long time, trying to make me say something more enthusiastic, I would not be coerced. He was too much puffed up as it was.

I had another reason, too, for withholding from that pretty peasant girl the fullest praise. I must be faithful to the débutantes who, from far away, had come floating like a swarm of fairies to console me as I tugged Gen Tajima's cart along a dusty road upon the seacoast of Japan.

The next chapter of these Japanese Impressions, by Julian Street, will appear in the May issue of McClure's.

In Place of God

——*Continued from page 32*

kiddin' Steve about that pink-sashed girl."

"Let 'em kid — I don't care!" But her arms went weak at the oars.

"Needn't be so snappish."

Their boat had neared the wharf and turned sharply toward shore. From the bright windows of the dance hall yellow light filtered through the big-branched cedars and on to the beach. The girls dragged the anchor above the driftwood, then struck up the steep trail to the hall.

Brushing by the men, huddled on the shadowy porch, they entered the long room. "Hurry," called Ceph Mangan, waving a can of wax, from which he generously sprinkled the floor. The girls disappeared behind the sheet that screened a corner for a ladies' dressing-room.

AS IRENE threw off her scarf and coat the usual ripple of admiration passed among the girls, who were restoring powder puffs to stockings, or, seatless, attempted to change dark shoes for light slippers. Irene was a fluffy white chrysanthemum, all ruffles and ribbons and curls. She took possession of the bit of mirror and preened before it.

Edith wore a simple white dress. She wasn't the type to frill and curl — and she knew it. Her straight brown hair, with its glints of gold, wound about her head in two braids. To-night her brown eyes held points of fire and the color of her cheeks was that of blood-roses.

"All set," called Mangan, professionally, as he thumped on the wall near the curtain. Girls scurried out as two violins struck up a waltz.

"Mine?" asked Mangan of Edith, the last to step out from behind the curtain. "Got to get 'em in early — or good night for Ceph!"

They had whirled to the end of the hall when a low choked whistle announced that the *Tide* was at the wharf. Edith's heart went pounding. She heard that whistle a dozen times each week and each time she heard it her heart went pounding. For she knew Steve blew it.

A moment later the door of the hall swung open and a knot of men entered, and stood blinking by the door, as they took in the room. An excitement as perceptible as the sudden turning on of an electric current ran through the girls. A scurrying for partners — and the real dance was on!

Joe Zerns, slim, eager, sen-sen smelling, signaled Edith as he waltzed by with Irene. "He'll be right up," he whispered.

It would be half-an-hour — no hoping it would be sooner! If he weren't *such* a good fellow Steve could leave the mail at the post-office on the way along, but he was the last man on earth to depreciate that half-hour's dancing for his men!

"Joe can't understand why Steve's so late. Don't s'pose he's tryin' to *chuck* you, do you?" Irene whispered as Mangan led Edith on the floor for their fifth dance.

"Sailor's got a sweetheart in every port but a Captain — Good Lord!" chuckled Mangan, who surmised the whispering was about Steve.

For a moment Edith wanted to strike him, then laughed in sheer self-defense.

"Ain't he comin' to-night?" he probed.

"Said he was." She flung her head high and struggled to keep the torture from her eyes.

"That little pink-sashed girl ——"

Something in Edith's eyes stopped him.

"Thought mebbe he was fetchin' her," he added lamely.

"Maybe he is."

But at the end of the dance she crept behind the curtain. She couldn't pretend any longer! Where *was* he? He hadn't gone *alone!* He knew how she loved him!

"Ain't it awful the way Steve's chucked you!" Irene stood by her.

Edith broke. "I'm goin' home," she whispered, and slipping on her coat, wound the crimson scarf about her white face. Her eyes burned like fire.

"Joe and I'll walk down the room with you," comforted Irene.

Edith shook her head, threw open the window and the next moment was on the damp grass outside. Unexpected strength came to her as she took the oars and rowed home. But inside the house her knees seemed too weak to carry her up-stairs. She took the steps slowly, between rests.

When the laughter of Irene and Joe floated from the front porch, after midnight, Edith pulled the cover close against her ears.

In the early morning a pounding came on the front door. In an instant Edith, in kimono and slippers, was facing Mangan. Her father, mother and Irene gathered behind her.

"See Royle last night?" panted Mangan.

"No — what's the matter?" she cried.

"Never showed up nowhere, never rowed over to the post-office or nothin' — but——"

"*What is it?*"

"Tender floated ashore, so . . . figure he's been — *drowned!*"

"Good God!" Her father turned toward Edith.

"Some think it's murder," panted Mangan. "Hard figurin' what else it could be. No reason on God's earth why Royle'd make way with hisself, and how the devil could the tender capsize last night?"

They questioned Mangan but he had little to tell. He was the last to leave the dance; when he reached his boat, about two in the morning, washing against it was the tender of the *Tide*. It looked suspicious; he spread the alarm. The last seen of Royle was when he called, "See you later?" to Zerns, as he struck toward the post-office in the tender.

"If it's murder, they got him under the very nose of the dance," ended Mangan, as he turned away.

Edith went back to her bedroom. Drowned — murdered — and she had never told him she would go with him to Seattle!

HER mother came noiselessly beside her. "Don't take it so hard," she tried to soothe. "Maybe it's for the best. I never trusted him."

"Now's a pretty time to say so!" she sobbed wildly.

The next Saturday night Edith sat on a twisted log that marked the high tide of the beach. Joe was coming to take Irene to the dance. Edith wanted to avoid him. He was Captain of the *Tide* now. Irene had announced her engagement.

Again how perfectly darkness came! But Edith longed for a storm that would tear the very heart from the bay! Amidst the wreckage that would be washed ashore she might find something of his — a scrap of what he'd worn! It would give to the shock of his disappearance the reality of death.

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Out in the bay a boat appeared coming toward her. It neared, headed for where she sat. Had the miracle happened — was Steve rowing to her! She didn't move as the nose of the boat struck the beach and a young man stepped out.

Edith's breath caught suddenly. It was the young fellow who had gazed in such torture when Steve and the pink-sashed girl danced!

He hesitated before her, then gave a quick jerk with his head back toward his boat. "Would you . . . be afraid . . . to row out with me?"

"Afraid?" asked Edith rising.

"Yes . . to row out with me . . . in the bay. I want to tell you — something. . . . We must be alone." His voice jerked but fought to be calm.

"How far?" she asked quickly.

"Not far. . . . anywhere . . . just out in the bay. . . . Want to talk to you *alone*. . . . We'd be interrupted here?"

"They'll be goin' to the dance," she hesitated.

"You'll come?" he begged.

"Yes," Edith agreed, sensing an agony greater than her own. "If I can help you, I'll go."

"You can help me. I must talk with you." He repeatedly moistened dry lips.

Edith took the stern seat, the youth the oars. The boat cut into velvety darkness. They seemed to be passing into a different world.

"A week ago," he began when they were well out in the bay, "I . . . I — murdered a man — and I want to do what's right now!"

Something like suffocation struck Edith. "*Murdered!*" she whispered.

"Yes — but I want to do — what's right now," he jerked on. "Not sure — what is right. Going to put it up to you — all of it — just as though I were putting it up to God. You can take *His* place. You're on the outside. You'll see it straight. My brain's gone back on me." He cleared his throat and paused.

"Out there, when I first saw you, thought you were a chunk of driftwood, you sat so still. But when I made out you were a person — came straight for you. Decided to tell it — to the first person I struck. If you'd been the sheriff — wouldn't have turned back." Again he moistened his parched lips. A flame of no mercy burned in him, seared his very soul, so that his nervous hands, his white face, his burning eyes were but the expression of its power.

Edith couldn't speak — couldn't motion for him to go on.

"It was — Royle . . You know him?" he whispered, leaning forward.

All power had gone from her but she tried to nod her head.

"Captain of the *Tide*. . . . Got him in his tender — when he was making it across to the post-office. Hid in the shadows of the maples — till he started across. Then struck toward him. At calling distance, sang out, 'Lend a fellow a match?' — boats drifted together — Dark as pitch as he reached matches to me — Grabbed a hammer — struck him on head — dumped him in water — tried to sink his tender — but couldn't bail in water enough to sink her — Beat it back to my home — Blakeley." He paused panting.

There was no moon but the sky was crowded with stars and the illumination that haunts spaces of water was making itself felt. Edith huddled in the stern of the boat, her eyes full on his white, clear-cut face, his restless, burning eyes.

"I killed him — Oh, God, I don't know! . . . Promised Mother I'd take care of Sis. I'm eighteen — she's my twin — but she's *young*. . . . I warned him. . . . He knew I meant business — but went ahead, anyhow. . . . Of course I did right — but I'd begun to think I'd committed a crime I ought to suffer for. . . .

"As I said before" — he made a desperate effort at calmness — "got to tell it to some one — some one who'll see it straight. Took a chance on the first person I came across. *He* was a gambler — ought to be willing to stand by that. Won't take long."

Again Edith nodded.

"Saw Royle the first day we struck these islands. When we piled off the *Tide* he leaned out of the captain's cabin and sized us up — especially Sis. Four months ago — that was. We'd been stung into paying our last cent for the Woodcock prune orchard on Blakeley Island. Dad had died and left us pretty much on the rocks, back in Ohio. Agent in Quilcine kidded us into thinking there were a lot of islands out here, like the Thousand Islands. Mother figured on a tea-shop and I was to rent boats in summer. Planned to send me to college on the first crop of prunes. Slim hope after we saw what we were up against. Four families on the island — two of them half-breeds. Prune trees were jokes. We took charge of the mail.

"Mother died after a couple of months of it. Went out like a candle against the wind. Wasn't the kind to battle against things. Dad always looked out for her. Before she died she made me promise to take care of Sis. Got to make you see how much of a promise that was — the kind you can't get away from all your life. Mother said Sis was on her mind every minute. That I must take care of her. Said Sis was just a child. Didn't know anything about — life. Said I had spirit — didn't worry about leaving me. But that Sis would get lonely. That she'd drift to people — that I must see they were the right kind. While we talked Mother pointed out of the window to Sis. She was digging up pansies from weeds and making a bed by the door. She's like that.

"After Mother's death Sis and I were down to bed-rock. Tried to sell the place but there wasn't a chance. Sis was a brick. Said for me to get work — she'd take charge of the mail. When we had enough to buy tickets we'd beat it back to Ohio. They took me on at the lime-kiln at Orcas. Raw work but the pay was fair enough. Made it home to Sis each Saturday night. She got a half-breed girl to stay with her through the week.

"On my first trip home the *Tide* was at the wharf and I met Royle coming from the house. 'What you doin' here?' I asked him. 'None of your business,' he said. Sis told me he carried the mail-sack up to the house for her. Saw the thing ahead of me that Mother was afraid of. The whole outlook was rotten! I knew she was lonely. It was a crime to put a girl like Sis up against a life like that. Found out what I could about Royle. Supposed to be engaged to some girl and didn't have the reputation of being square with women. So I decided to head off any acquaintance with Sis.

"I CAUGHT on to how things were going when Sis lost a pink ribbon. Wind blew it into the yard. She cried her eyes out when she thought it was lost. Said Royle had given it to her. I found it — she fussed over it till it glistened like new. Made a sash of it for a white dress she had. I decided it was time to talk to him.

"*Tide* reaches the lime-kiln at noon. He's on the wharf while freight's loaded. I said to him, 'Sis's just a kid. Rather you'd leave her alone.' He said, 'Shut your d — n mouth,' and turned away.

"Sis met me on the beach with her white dress on and that pink sash the next time I beat it home. Said she wanted me to take her to a dance at Madrona Point. I was dog-tired. Besides, I didn't want her at a dance where Royle was. Said I wouldn't take her. She burst out sobbing, said she'd go anyway, that she was so lonely! Threw a coat on after supper and ran down to the boat. Couldn't row a stroke but I believe she'd have risked her life in that boat. I gave in and rowed her over. Thank God I did!

"Maybe you go to Madrona Point dances?" he asked a moment later.

Edith was leaning forward, her heart like ice.

"Remember the one last week — when Royle danced with her?"

Again she nodded.

"I watched them dance from the window outside. Soon as it was over I took Sis home. Decided to tell her his sort. 'Spose I could? Tried — but 'twas like striking a baby across the face with a whip. Stopped when I saw her eyes. Mother had never told her things. Decided I'd deal with him.

"On the wharf at the lime-kiln on Thursday went straight to him. 'Want you to leave my sister alone,' I said. 'If you don't — I'll kill you.' He almost struck me then — but he turned his back and walked off. Ran in front of him and said, 'Mean every word I've said — so help me God!' 'Better have that kid locked up,' he laughed to the crowd on the wharf. 'He's cracked.' But I knew how angry he was.

"There wasn't a way in the world I could reach Sis before the *Tide* got here that night. Nearly went crazy thinking things over. But decided to work day and night till Saturday, — then we'd have enough for our tickets back to Ohio. Life was Hell with that fellow after Sis and her liking him. Remember last Saturday night?"

Edith motioned for him to go on.

"Queer for October — warm and still. Felt happy as I rowed home. Had the money to buy the tickets East. No smoke was coming from the chimney — and I was excited before I got inside. She wasn't there but she left a note pinned to my pillow. It said Royle was taking her on a little trip to Seattle. For me not to be cross — she was so lonely. That he'd bring her back in two or three days. That ——"

"Wait," Edith interrupted, in a voice like a stranger's — "it was — last Saturday — he planned to take her to Seattle?"

"That's what the note said. Knew there was just one chance — for me to get him before he got her. Figured they'd leave Quilcine on that two o'clock boat. That he'd pick her up along the shore. My mind never worked clearer in my life. Got the hammer, ran to the boat, rowed as fast as I could to Madrona Point. Pulled up in the shadows of the trees. Saw a raft of boats come in and strike up the trail to the dance. Music struck up — knew it was time for the *Tide*. She docked — fellows hurried up the trail. Heard Royle call, 'See you later?' then heard him begin to row across. I turned out to meet him — told you how I did it."

His hand ran over his face, as though even the memory of it caused exhaustion.

"Rowed home quick," he went on. "Knew Sis wouldn't hang about the shore long — alone. She came in before midnight. Said I thought she'd gone to Seattle as natural as I could. *Some woman's got to tell her — I can't!* She began to cry and said he didn't come. That he'd carried the mail up for her on Thursday and they'd planned it then. He didn't want her to leave a note for me. At the last moment she had scribbled it — thought I'd worry.

"There isn't much more to tell. We packed up and got to Quilcine on Tuesday. But couldn't get accommodations on a train out of Seattle East till Sunday. That left four days to put in — and they've been — Hell. I tried — but I couldn't get away from it — as I had at first. Thought I'd drowned him — but he came back *here*." He struck his head. "I can't get away from him! It's too big for me to carry alone! I knew if I went away with this thing on my mind I'd go crazy! I couldn't tell Sis — I had to tell some one."

He waited a breathless moment, then his face shot suddenly forward. "What shall I do?" he asked hoarsely.

Edith's voice seemed chained in her heart.

"Tell me," he implored. "Shall I go East with Sis to-morrow or row over to the sheriff's to-night?"

"Take . . . your sister . . . away . . ."

"Thank God!" He crumpled, his hands over his face.

When he looked up Edith smiled at him, a smile that held in it something of the serenity of the night. It brought a flood of joy to his face. He took the oars and the boat sliced through the still water.

"I want to thank you." On the beach his hand clung helplessly to hers.

"Good-bye," she murmured, and turned from him, toward the path over the bridge.

But he ran after her and again caught her hand. "I can't ever thank you enough," he breathed. "You have brought me — *peace* . . ."

"And you have brought me peace," she answered quietly, and left him gazing strangely after her.

Edith turned toward the bridge. She was trembling. All the suspense, despair and blinding grief were gone now, and in her heart were quivering tenderness and pity. She paused amid the driftwood, as the beauty of the night flooded to her — the stars, the sound of the waves, the clean salt fragrance of the bay.

A boat crunched on the shore. Irene and Joe leaped out, back from the dance. They walked toward the bridge. Edith sank on a log to avoid them.

"I was figurin' on Seattle . . ."

"*Joey!*"

"Pretty decent honeymoon — eh?"

The slow-moving figures, the loverlike voices, brought back *her* nights with Steve, up the same path, over the same pine-scented bridge. . . . She fought for a moment a fierce triumphant battle. It left her weak, too weak to rise; she fell on her knees on the rocks, her hands groped toward the sky. "Oh God," she prayed aloud, that her own words might steady her, "bring the boy peace . . . and me, peace . . . and, oh God . . . forgive *him!*"

The Wanderer of the Wasteland

[*Continued from page 34*]

Dismukes truly. The ox-eyes had the shadow of supreme tragedy. Yet they held peace. The broad face had thinned. Gone was the dark healthy bronze! And the beard that had once been thick and grizzled was now scant and white. The whole face expressed resignation and peace. Those wonderful wide shoulders of Dismukes's appeared just as wide, but they sagged, and the old tremendous brawn was not there. Strangest of all, Dismukes wore the ragged, gray, prospector's garb which had been on his person when Adam saw him last. There!— the yellow stain of Death Valley clay — and darker stains — sight of which made Adam's flesh creep!

"Ah! — so you went, after all," replied Adam, haltingly. "Well! Well! . . . Let's sit down, old comrade. Here on this stone. I confess my legs feel weak. . . . Never expected to see you again in this world!"

"Wansfell, no man can ever tell. It's folly to think an' toil an' hope for the future."

WHAT strong, sad history of life revealed itself in that reply!

"Ah! . . . I — but never mind what I think — Dismukes, you've not been on the desert long."

"About a week. Outfitted at San Diego an' came over the mountain trail through El Campo. Landed in 'Frisco two weeks an' more ago. By ship from Japan."

"Did you have these old clothes hid away somewhere?" inquired Adam.

"No. I packed them wherever I went for the whole three years."

"Three years! Has it been that long?"

"Aye, friend Wansfell, three years."

Adam gazed out across the desert with slowly dimming eyes. The wasteland stretched there, vast and illimitable, the same as all the innumerable times he had gazed. Solemn and gray and old, indifferent to man, yet strengthening through its passionless fidelity to its own task!

"Dismukes, I want you to tell me where you went, what you did, why you came back," said Adam, with earnestness that was entreaty.

Dismukes heaved a long sigh. He wagged the huge, shaggy head that was now gray. But he showed no more indication of emotion. How stolid he seemed — how locked in his aloofness!

"Yes, I'll tell you," he said. "Maybe it'll save you somethin' of what I went through."

Then he became lost in thought, perhaps calling upon memory, raking up the dead leaves of the past. Adam recalled that his own memory of Dismukes and the past brought note of the fact how the old prospector had loved to break his habit of silence, to talk about the desert, and to smoke his black pipe while he discoursed. But now speech did not easily flow and he did not smoke.

"Lookin' back, I seem to see myself as crazy," began Dismukes. "You'll remember how crazy. You'll remember before we parted up there on the Mojave at that borax camp where the young man was — who couldn't drive the mules. . . . Wansfell, from the minute I turned my back on you till now I've never thought of that. Did you drive the ornery mules?"

"Did I?" Adam's query was a grim assertion. "Every day for three months! You remember Old Butch, that gray devil of a mule. Well, Dismukes, the time came when *he* knew me. If I even picked up the long bull-whip Old Butch would scream and run to lay his head on me."

"An' you saw the young driver through his trouble?"

"That I did. And it was more trouble than he told us then. The boss Carricks had was low-down and cunning. He'd got smitten with the lad's wife — a pretty girl, but frail in health. He kept Carricks on jobs away from home. We didn't meet the lad any too soon."

"Humph! That's got a familiar sound to me," declared Dismukes. "Wansfell, what'd you do to thet low-down boss?"

"Go on with *your* story," replied Adam.

"Aha! That's so. I want to make Two Palms Well before dark. . . . Wansfell, like a horned-toad on the desert, I changed my outside at 'Frisco. Alas! I imagined all within — blood — mind — soul had changed! . . . Went to Denver, St. Louis, an' looked at the sights, not much disappointed, because my time seemed far ahead. Then I went to my old home. There I had my first jar. Folks all dead! — Not a relation livin'. Could not even find my mother's grave. No one remembered me an' I couldn't find any one I ever knew. The village had grown to a town. My old home was gone. The picture of it — the little gray cottage — the vines an' orchard — lived in my mind. I found the place. All gone! Three new houses there. Forty years is a long time! — I didn't build the church or set out a park for the village of my boyhood. . . . Then I went on to Chicago, Philadelphia, New York. Stayed long in New York. At first it fascinated me. I felt I wanted to see it out of curiosity. I was lookin' for some place, somethin' I expected. But I never saw it. The hotels, theatres, saloons, gamblin'-hells, an' worse — the operas an' parks an' churches — an' the wonderful stores — I saw them all. Men an' women like ants rushin' to an' fro. No rest, no sleep, no quiet, no peace! I met people, a few good, but most bad. An' in some hotels an' places I got to be well known. I got to have a name for throwin' gold around. Men of business sought my acquaintance, took me to dinners an' theatres, made much of me — all to get me to invest in their schemes. Women — Aw! the women were my second disappointment! Wansfell, women are like desert mirages. Beautiful women, in silks an' satins, diamonds blazin' on bare necks an' arms, made eyes at me, talked soft an' sweet, an' flattered me an' praised me an' threw themselves at me — all because they thought I had stacks an' rolls an' bags of gold. Never a woman did I meet who liked *me*, who had any thought to hear my story, to learn my hope! Never any keen eye that saw through my outside!

"Well, I wasn't seein' an' findin' the life I'd hoped for. That New York is as near hell as I ever got. I saw men with quiet faces an' women who seemed happy. But only in the passin' crowds. I never got to meet any of them. They had their homes an' troubles an' happiness, I figured, an' they were not lookin' for any one to fleece. It was my habit to get into a crowd an' watch, for I come to believe the mass of busy, workin' ordinary people were good. Maybe if I'd somehow made acquaintance with a few of them it'd have been better. But that wasn't seein' life. I thought I knew what I wanted.

"All my yearnin's an' dreams seemed to pall on me. Where was the joy? — Wansfell, the only joy I had was in findin' some poor beggar or bootblack or poor family, an' givin' them gold.

"AT LAST I knew I couldn't find what I wanted in New York, an' I couldn't hunt any longer there. I had to leave. My plans called for goin' abroad. *Then* came a strange feelin' that I must have had all the time, but didn't realize it. The west called me back; I seemed to want the middle west, where I'd planned to buy the green farm. But you know I'm a man who sticks to his mind, when it's made up. There were London, Paris, Rome I'd dreamed about an' had planned to see. Well, I had a hell of a fight with somethin' in myself before I could get on that ship. Right off then I got seasick!

"From Paris I went to Rome, an' there a queer state of mind came to me. I could look at temples an' old ruins without even seein' them — with my mind on my own country. All this travel idea, seein' an' learnin' an' doin', changed so that it was hateful. I cut out Egypt, an' I can't remember much of India an' Japan. But when I got on ship bound for 'Frisco I couldn't see anythin' for a different reason, an' that was tears. I'd come far to find joy of life, an' now I wept tears of joy because I was homeward bound. It was a great an' splendid feelin'!"

Here Dismukes choked and broke down. The deep rolling voice lost its strength for a moment. He drew a long, long breath that hurt Adam to hear.

"Wansfell, when my feet once more touched land it was as though I'd really found happiness," presently went on Dismukes, clearing his throat of huskiness. "I was in the clouds. I could have kissed the very dirt. My own, my native land! . . . Now for the last leg of the journey — an' the little farm — the home to be — friends to make — perhaps a sweet-faced woman an' a child! — Oh! it was as glorious as my lost dreams!

"But suddenly somethin' strange an' terrible seized hold of me. A hand as strong as the wind gripped my heart. . . . *The desert called me!* . . . Day an' night I walked the streets. Fierce as the desert itself I fought. Oh, I fought my last an' hardest fight! . . . On one hand was the dream of my life — the hope of a home an' happiness — what I had slaved for. Forty years of toil! On the other hand the call of the desert! — Loneliness, solitude, silence. Ah! The desert was my only home. *I had to go back!* . . . I could live nowhere else. . . . Forty years! My youth — my manhood! . . . I'm old now — old! My dreams are done. . . . Oh, my God! . . . *I had to come back!*"

Adam sat confounded in grief, in shock. His lips were mute. Like a statue he gazed across the wasteland, so terribly magnified, so terribly illumined by the old prospector's revelation. How awful the lonely limitless expanse of sand!

"Comrade, take the story of my life to heart," added Dismukes. "You're a young man still. Think of my forty years of hell, that now have made me a part of the desert. Think of how I set out upon my journey so full of wild, sweet hope! Think of my wonderful journey, through the glitterin' cities, round the world, only to find my hope a delusion! . . . A desert mirage!"

"MAN, I cannot think!" burst out Adam. "I am stunned. . . . Oh, the pity of it — the sickening pitiless fatality! Dismukes, of what use is hope? Oh, why do we fight? Where — where does joy abide for such as you and me?"

The great rolling ox-eyes gleamed upon Adam, strong with the soul of peace, of victory in their depths.

"Wansfell, joy an' happiness, whatever makes life worth livin', is in *you*. No man can go forth to find what he hasn't got within him."

Then he gazed away across the desert, across sand and cactus and mesquite, across the blue-hazed canyon-streaked ranges toward the north.

"I go to Death Valley," he continued slowly, in his deep voice. "I had left enough gold to grub-stake me. An' I go to Death Valley, but not to seek my fortune. It will be quiet and lonely there. An' I can think an' rest an' sleep. Perhaps I'll dig a little of the precious yellow dust, just to throw it away. Gold! . . . The man who loves gold is ruined. Passion makes men mad. . . . An' now I must go."

"Death Valley? — No! No!" whispered Adam.

"Straight for Death Valley! It has called me across half the earth. I remember no desert place so lonely an' silent an' free. So different from the noisy world of men that crowds my mind still! There I shall find peace, perhaps my grave. See! life is all a hopin' to find! I go on my way. Wansfell, we never know what drives us. But I am happy now. . . . Our trails have crossed for the last time. Good-bye."

He wrung Adam's hand and quickly whirled to his burros.

"He-haw! Gedap!" he shouted, with a smack on their haunches. Adam whispered a farewell he could not speak. Then, motionless, he watched the old prospector face the gray wastes toward the north and the beckoning mountains. Adam had an almost irresistible desire to run after Dismukes, to go with him. But the man wanted to be alone. What a stride he had! The fruitless quest had left him that at least. The same old rolling gait, the same doggedness! Dismukes was a man who could not be halted. Adam watched him — saw him at last merge and disappear in the gray, lonely sage. And then into Adam's strained sight seemed to play a quivering mirage — a vision of Death Valley, ghastly and white and naked, the abode of silence and decay set down under its dark red walls — the end of the desert and the grave of Dismukes.

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The November morning was keen and cold, numbing Genie's fingers and nipping her nose, flushing the gold-brown skin of her face. She glowed with life and vitality. She could not stand still, nor content herself with Adam's stride, quick as that was. No frost had yet fallen so far down on the desert, but the scent and the touch of it was in the keen air from the heights.

Adam and Genie were on their way to spend the day at Andreas Canyon. Adam carried a lunch, a gun and a book. Genie seemed so exuberant with wonderful spirits that she could scarcely keep her little moccasined feet on the sand. Adam had an unconscious joy in the sight of her.

A dim, old Indian trail led up one of the slopes of Andreas Canyon, to which Adam called Genie's attention.

"We'll climb this some day — when it comes time to take you away," said Adam. "It's a hard climb, but the shortest way out. And you'll see the desert from the top of old Jacinto. That will be worth all the climb."

His words made Genie pensive. Of late the girl had become more and more beyond Adam's comprehension — wistful and sad and dreamy by turns, now like a bird and again like a thundercloud, but mostly a dancing, singing creature full of unutterable sweetness of life.

Beyond the oasis, some distance up the canyon, was a dense growth of mesquite and other brush. It surrounded a sandy glade in which bubbled forth a crystal spring of hot water that boiled up in the center like shining bubbles. The bottom was clean and white. Indians in times past had laid stones around the pool. A small, cottonwood tree, on the west side of the glade, had begun to change the green color of the leaves to amber and gold. All around the glade, like a wild untrimmed hedge, the green and brown mesquites stood up, hiding the gray desert, insulating this cool, sandy, beautiful spot, hiding it away from the stern hardness outside.

GENIE had never been here. Quickly, she lost her pensiveness and began to sing like a lark. She kicked one moccasin one way and the other in another direction. Straightway, she was on the stones with her bare, slender brown feet in the water.

"Ooooo! It's hot!" she cried, ecstatically. "But, oh! it's fine!" And she dipped them back.

"Genie, you stay here and amuse yourself," said Adam. "I'm going to climb. Maybe I'll be back soon — maybe not. You play, and read, and eat the lunch when you're hungry."

"All right, Wanny," she replied, gayly. "But I should think you'd rather stay with me."

Adam had to be alone. He needed to be high above the desert where he could look down. Another crisis in his transformation was painfully pending. The meeting with Dismukes had been of profound significance, and its effect was going to be far-reaching.

He climbed up the zigzag, dim trail, rising till the canyon yawned beneath him, and the green thicket, where he had left Genie, was but a dot. Then the way led round the slope of the great foot-hill, where he left the trail and climbed to the craggy summit. It was a round, bare peak of jagged, bronze rock, and from this height half a mile above the desert, the outlook was magnificent. Beyond, and above him, the gray walls and fringed peaks of San Jacinto towered, sculptured and grand against the azure blue.

Finding a comfortable seat with rest for his back, Adam faced the illimitable gulf of color and distance below. Always a height such as this, where like a lonely eagle he could command an unobstructed view, had been a charm, a strange delight of his desert years. Not wholly love of climbing, or to see afar, or to feel alone, or to revel in beauty, had been accountable for this habit.

Adam's first reward for this climb, before he had settled himself to watch the desert, was sight of a condor. Only rarely did Adam ever see this great and loneliest of lonely birds — king of the eagles and of the blue heights. Never had Adam seen one close. A wild, slate-colored bird, huge of build, with grisly neck and wonderful clean-cut head, cruelly beaked! Even as Adam looked the condor pitched off the crag and spread his enormous wings.

A few flaps of those wide wings — then he sailed out over the gulf, and around, rising as he circled. When he started he was below Adam; on the first lap of that circle he rose even with Adam's position; and when he came around again he sailed over Adam, perhaps fifty feet. Adam thrilled at the sight. The condor was peering down with gleaming, dark, uncanny eyes. He saw Adam. His keen head and great crooked beak moved to and fro; the sun shone on his gray flecked breast; every feather of his immense wings seemed to show, to quiver in the air, and the tip feathers were ragged and separate. He cut the air with a soft swish.

Around he sailed, widening his circle, rising higher, with never a movement of his wings. That fact, assured by Adam's sharp sight, was so marvelous that it fascinated him. What power enabled the condor to rise without propelling himself? No wind stirred down there under the peaks, so he could not lift himself by its aid. He sailed aloft. He came down on one slope of his circle, to rise up on the other, and always he went higher. How easily! How gracefully! He was peering down for sight of prey in which to sink cruel beak and talons. Once he crossed the sun and Adam saw his shadow on the gleaming rocks below. Then his circles widened across the deep canyon, high above the higher foot-hills, until he approached the lofty peak. Higher still, and here the winds of the heights caught him. How he breasted them, sailing on and up soaring toward the blue.

Adam watched the bird with straining eyes that hurt, but never tired. To watch him was one of the things Adam needed. On and ever upward soared the condor. His range had changed with the height. His speed had increased with the wind. His spirit had mounted as he climbed. The craggy gray peak might have harbored his nest and his mate, but he gave no sign. High over the lonely, cold heights he soared. There, far above his domain, he circled level for a while, then swooped down like a falling star, miles across the sky, to sail, to soar, to rise again. Away across the heavens he flew, wide-winged and free, king of the eagles and of the winds, lonely and grand in the blue. Never a movement of his wings! Higher he sailed. Higher he soared until he was a fading speck, until he was gone out of sight to his realm above.

"Gone!" sighed Adam. "He is gone. And for all I know he may be a spirit of the wind. From his invisible abode in the heavens he can see the sheep on the crags — he can see me here — he can see Genie below — he can see the rabbit at his burrow. . . . Nature! Life! — Oh! what use to think? What use to torture myself over mystery I can never solve? — I learn one great truth only to find it involved in greater mystery."

Adam had realized the need of shocks, else the desert influence would insulate him forever in his physical life. The meeting with Dismukes had been one.

Why had Dismukes been compelled to come back to the desert? What was the lure of the silent places? How could men sacrifice friends, people, home, love, civilization for the solitude and loneliness of the wastelands? Where lay the infinite fascination in death and decay and desolation? Who could solve the desert secret?

Like white living flames, Adam's thoughts leaped in his mind.

THESE wanderers of the wasteland, like Dismukes and himself, were not laboring under fancy, or blindness, or ignorance, or imagination, or delusion. They were certainly not actuated by a feeling for some nameless thing. The desert was a fact. The spell it cast was a fact. Also it began to dawn upon Adam that nothing in civilization, among glittering cities and moving people, in palaces or hovels, in wealth or poverty, in fame or ignominy, in any walk of worldly life, could cast a spell of enchantment, could swell women's hearts and claim men's souls like the desert. The secret then had to do with a powerful effect of the desert — that was to say, of lonely and desolate and wild places — upon the minds of human beings.

And now Adam, stirred to his depths by the culminating fatal tragedy of Dismukes' life, and a passionate determination to understand it, delved into his mind to discover forgotten lessons and larger growths.

What had he done, what had gone on in his mind, during all these seemingly useless and wasted hours? Nothing! Merely nothing it seemed to sit for hours, gazing out over the desolate, gray-green, barren desert, to sit listening to the solitude, or the soft wind, or the seep of sand, or perhaps the notes of a lonely bird. Nothing, because most of that time he did not have in his mind the significance of his presence there. He really did not know he was there. This state of apparent unconsciousness had never been known to Adam at all until Magdalene Virey had given him intimation of it. He had felt the thing, but had never thought about it. But during these three years that he had lived near San Jacinto, it had grown until he gained a strange and fleeting power to exercise it voluntarily.

Adam realized that during these lonely hours he was one instant a primitive man and the next a thinking, or civilized man. The thinking man he understood; all the difficulty of the problem lay hid in this other side of him. He could watch, he could feel without thinking. That seemed to be the state of the mind of an animal. Only it was a higher state — a state of intense, waiting, watching suspension!

Beyond all comprehension was the marvel of inscrutable nature.

THE sun was westering when he descended the long, zigzag trail. He walked slowly, tired from his mental strain. And when he got down, the sun was just tipping the ramparts above, flooding the canyon with golden haze and ruddy rays. Adam thought that Genie, weary from long waiting, would be asleep on the sand, or at least reading; and that he could slip into the glade to surprise her. They played a game of this sort, and to her had gone most of the victories.

Like a panther he slid through the grasping mesquite boughs, and presently, coming to the denser brush, he stooped low to avoid making a rustle. As he moved along, bending so that he touched the sand with his hands, he came upon two fat beetles wagging and contesting over possession of some little particle. Scooping up a handful of sand he buried them, and then, as they so ludicrously scrambled out he gathered them up, intending, if he could get behind Genie unobserved, to drop them on her book or her bare feet.

Thus it happened that he did not look ahead until after he had straightened up inside the glade. All before him seemed golden gleams and streaks of sunset rose. The air was thick with amber haze. Genie stood naked, ankle-deep in the bubbling spring. Like an opal, her slender white body, caught glimmer and sheen. Wondrously transparent she looked, for the sunlight seemed to shine through her! The red-gold tints of her hair burned like a woven cord of fire in bronze. Glistening crystal drops of water fell from her outstretched hands and her round arms gleamed where the white met the line of tan. The light of the sun shone upon her pensive, beautiful face, as she stood wholly unaware of intrusion. Then she caught the sound of Adam's stifled gasp. She saw him. She burst into a scream of startled, wild laughter that rang with a trill through the dell.

Adam, breaking the spell of that transfixed instant, rushed headlong away.

Gaining the open, Adam strode swiftly down the trail to where the canyon spread wide and ended in the boulder-strewn desert.

The world in which he moved seemed transfigured, radiant with the last glow of dying day, with a glory of golden gleam. His heart pounded, and his blood flooded to and fro, swelling his veins. Life on the earth for him had been shot through and through with celestial fire. His feet were planted on the warm sands, and his hands reached to touch the gray old boulders. He needed these to assure himself that he had not been turned into the soft, cool wind, or the slanting amber rays so thickly glistening with particles of dust, or the great soaring king of the eagles. Adam crushed a bunch of odorous sage to his face, smelled it, breathed it, tasted it; and the bitter sweetness thrilled his senses. It was real.

The luminous desert stretched before him. Adam felt himself a part of it all. His ecstasy was that he lived. Nature could not deny him. He stood there, young and strong and vital.

Then he heard Genie calling him. With a start he turned to answer. She was running down the trail. How swift, how lithe, how light! The desert had given her the freedom, the grace, the suppleness of its wild denizens. Like a fawn she bounded over the stones; and her hair caught the last gleams of glowing sunlight. When she neared Adam she checked her flying steps, pattering to a halt, one brown hand over her breast.

"Wheooo!" she burst out, panting. "I — couldn't — find — you. Why'd — you come — so far?"

The something that had come between Adam's sight and the desert now surrounded Genie. Immeasurably she was transformed, and the change seemed a mystery.

"We must hurry back. It'll soon be dark. Come," he replied.

With step as free and swift as his, she kept pace with him.

"Wanny, you stole up on me — tried to scare me while I was bathing," she said, with arch reproach.

"Genie, it was an accident," he returned hurriedly, and how strangely the blood tingled in his face! "I meant to scare you — yes. But I — ı never thought — I never dreamed. . . Genie, I give you my word. . . . Please say you believe me."

"Why, Wanny," she said in surprise, "of course I believe you. It's nothing to mind about. I didn't mind."

"Thank you, I — I'm glad you take it that way," replied Adam. "I'm sorry I was so — so stupid."

"How funny you are!" she exclaimed, and her gay laugh pealed out. "What's there to be sorry about? . . . You see, I forgot it was getting late. . . . Ooooo! how good the water felt! I just couldn't get enough. . . . You did scare me just a little. I heard you — and was scared before I looked. . . . Wanny, I guess I was imagining things — dreaming, you call it. I was all wet and looking at myself in the sunlight. I'd never seen myself like that. I'd read of mermaids with shining scales of gold, and nymphs of the woods catching falling blossoms. And I guess I thought I was them — and everything."

Then Adam scorned the old husk ofworldliness that had incased his mind in his boyhood, and had clung around it still. This child of nature had taught him many a thought-provoking lesson, and here was another, somehow elevating and on a level with his mental progress of the day. Genie had never lived in the world, nor had she been taught many of its customs. She was like a shy wild young fawn; she was a dreaming, exuberant girl. Genie had been taught to write and study and read, and was far from being ignorant; but she had not under stood the meaning of Adam's apology. What struck Adam so deeply and confounded him again was the fact that her innocent and sweet smile now, as she gazed up at him, was little different from the one upon her face when she saw him staring at her nude. She had been surprised at his concern and had laughed at his contrition. And that low rippling laugh, so full of vital and natural life, seemed to blow, as the desert wind blew worn and withered leaves, all of Adam's recalled sophistications back into the past whence they had come.

Adam and Genie walked hand in hand down the long boulder-strewn slope to the valley floor, where the cholla shone a paling silver in gathering twilight. The lonely November twilight deepened into night. The stars shone brightly. The cool wind blew. The sage rustled.

Sleep did not soon woo Adam's eyelids this night, with the consequence that he awoke a little later than his usual hour. The rose of the dawn had bloomed

Then Adam, on his knees by the brown, running stream, in the midst of his ablutions, halted to stare at the sunrise. Had it ever before been so strangely beautiful? During his sleep the earth had revolved and lo! here was the sun again. Wonderful and perennial truth! Not only had it revolved, but it had gone on its mysterious journey, hurtling through space at inconceivable rapidity. While he slept! Again he had awakened. A thousand years ago he had awakened just like this, so it seemed, to the sunrise, to the loneliness of lonely places, to the beauty of nature, to the joy of life. He sensed some past state, which, when he thought about it, faded back illusively and was gone. But he knew he had lived somewhere before this. All of life was in him. The marvelous spirit he felt now would never die.

There dawned upon Adam a sudden consciousness of Genie's beauty. She was the last realized, and the most beautiful creation of the desert around him.

It came to him as a great surprise. She, too, knelt at the stream, splashing the cool water, bathing her face, wetting the dark, gold-tinted locks and brushing them back. Curiously and absorbingly Adam gazed at her, with eyes from which some blinding shutter had fallen. Yes, she was beautiful. It seemed a simple fact that he had overlooked, yet it was amazing. It distracted him.

"Wanny, you're all eyes," cried Genie, gayly. "What's the matter with me? Why do you look so?"

"Genie, you're growing up," he replied, soberly.

"Well, you'd have known that before if you'd seen me sewing," she said.

"How old are you?" he asked.

"Guess I'm nearly seventeen," she said, and the words brought back the dreams.

"Why, you're a young lady!" ejaculated Adam. "And — and — " He had been about to add that she was beautiful, but he held his tongue.

"I guess that, too. . . . Hold out your arm."

Adam complied, and was further amazed to see, as she walked under his outstretched arm, that the glossy, wavy crown of her head almost touched it She was as tall and slim and graceful as an arrow-weed.

"There! I'll have you know you're a mighty big man," she said. "And if you weren't so big I'd come clear up to your shoulder."

"Genie, don't you want to leave this desert?" he queried, bluntly.

"Oh, no," she replied, instantly. "I love it. And — and — please don't make me think of towns, of lots of people. I want to run wild, like a road-runner — I'd be perfectly happy if I didn't have to spend half the day mending these old clothes. . . . Wanny, if they get any worse they'll fall off me — and *then*, I'll have to run around like you saw me yesterday. . . . Oh, but for the thorns, that'd be grand!"

Her light rippling laugh rang out sweet and gay.

Adam waited for her later, in the shade of Taquitch Canyon, where, from the topmost of a jumble of boulders, he watched a distant waterfall, white and green as it flashed over a dark cliff.

He watched her coming. Her ragged boy's garb with its patches and rents no longer hid her femininity and her charm from his eyes. He saw anew. The lightness of her, the round and graceful figure, from flying feet to glinting hair, cried aloud to the loneliness of Adam's heart, the truth of her. An enchantment hung upon her very movements. She traveled from rock to rock, poising, balancing, leaping, and her curly hair danced on her head. Quick as those of a wild-cat were her leaps. And her gay, sweet call or cry, bird-like and wild, echoed from the cliffs.

She was coming to Adam across the great jumble of rocks — a girl wonderful as a sprite. And her coming was suddenly realized as the fulfilment of dreams. Adam faced the truth of some facts about his dreaming. Lonely hours on lonely slopes, of waiting and watching, had created the shadow of a woman or a girl gliding in the golden glow of the afternoon sunlight, coming to charm away forever the silence and solitude. So innumerable times he had dreamed, but never realized till now those dreams. She was coming, and the sleepy canyon shade awoke to a gleam and a voice. The lacy waterfall shone white and its murmur seemed music of many streams. A canyon swallow twittered.

Adam thought how passing strange had been the tortures, the awakenings, and changings of his desert experience. And here was a vague dream fulfilled! This realization was unutterably sweet — so sweet because these years had been barren of youth, steeped in unconscious growing worship of beauty, spent alone with pains and toils. He watched her coming. Fresh as the foam of the waterfall, clean as the winds of the heights, wild as the wild young fawn — so she seemed! Youth and gayety — beauty and life!

But, suddenly, Adam seemed struck by an emotion, if not of terror, then of dread at some inconceivable and appalling nature of her presence. That emotion was of the distant past as was the vague peril of her approach. A girl — a woman creature — mystery of the ages — the giver of life as the sun gave heat — had come to him, out of the clouds or the desert sands, and the fatality of her coming was somehow terrible.

Genie reached the huge boulder upon which Adam sat, and like a squirrel she ran up its steep side, to plump herself breathless and panting against his knees.

"Ah! Old Taquitch — here's another — Indian maiden — for you to steal," she said roguishly, remembering an old legend he had once told her. "But before you — carry me up to the clouds — duck me under the waterfall!"

All the accumulated thought and emotion of recent hours concentrated in the gaze he fixed upon her face.

Her thrilling laugh pealed out. She thought he was playing Taquitch, god of the heights. He was teasing her with his piercing eyes.

"Look! Look at me, O Taquitch!" she cried, with deep pretended solemnity. "I am Ula, princess of the Coahuilas. I have left my father's house. I have seen the sun shining in your face, O, God of the Lightnings! And I love — I love — I love with all the Indian's heart. I will go with you to the peaks. But never — nevermore shall you steal another maiden!"

Adam scarcely heard Genie. He was piercing through eyes and face to the mind and soul and life and meaning of her beauty. Her skin was creamy, golden-brown, transparent, with tiny tracery of veins underneath and faint tints of rose. The low forehead and level brows showed moist and soft and thoughtful under the dark damp curls with their amber glints. A hint of desert leanness hid in the contour of her oval face. Her mouth was strong, with bowed upper lip, the under sensitive and sad — a red, sweet mouth, like a flower. And her eyes, now meeting his so frankly, losing the mock solemnity and the fun, became deep brown crystal gulfs of light and shade, of thought and feeling, beautiful with the beauty of exquisite color, but lovelier for the youth, the joy and wonder of life, the innocence of soul.

"Wanny — are you — playing?" she asked tremulously, and her warm little hand clasped his.

That changed the spell of her. To look at her beauty was nothing comparable to the warm throb of her young pulsing life. Out of Adam's slow and painful and intense thought at last evolved a nucleus of revelation. But those clear eyes strangely checked this growing sense of a truth about to overwhelm him. They made him think, and thought had begun to waver and pale beside some subtler faculty of his being. Thus he realized the slow preponderance of feeling over thought, of body over soul, of physical over spiritual. And in this realization of unequal conflict he divined the meaning of his strange sense of peril in Genie's presence. The peril lay in the sophistication of his mind, not in Genie's beauty. Naturally as the mating of the birds, he wanted her. That was all. It was like her simplicity, inevitable as life itself, and true to nature! But in his thoughts, flashing after comprehension, the simple fact loomed with staggering, overwhelming significance.

Bidding Genie rest or amuse herself, Adam climbed to a ledge above the waterfall, and there with the mighty mass of mountain crowding out the light he threw himself upon the bare stone.

Not long did he torment himself with wonder and fury and bewilderment over an indubitable fact. Almost at once he sank into a self-accusing state which grew from bad to worse, until he was sick, sore, base and malignant in his arraignment of self. Again the old order of mind, the habit of youthful training, the learned precepts and maxims and laws, flooded back to augment his trouble. And when they got their sway, he cursed himself, he hated himself, he beat his breast in the shame of an abasement terribly and inevitably and irretrievably true at that hour.

But this was a short-lived passion. It did not ring true to Adam. It was his youth that suffered shame — the youth trained by his mother — the youth that had fallen upon wild and evil days at old Picacho. His youth flaming up with all its chivalry, its ideals, its sense of honor and modesty, its white-hot shame at even an unconscious wrong to a girl! Not the desert philosophy of manhood that saw nature clearly and saw it whole!

"Peace!" he cried, huskily, as if driving back a ghost of his youth. "I am no beast — no animal!"

Nay, he was a lonely wanderer of the wasteland who many and many a time had dreamed himself sweetheart, lover, husband of all the beautiful women in the world. Ah! it was his love of beauty, of life!

And so in his dreams, nature, like a panther in ambush, had come upon him unawares to grip him before he knew. Aye — he wanted Genie now — yearned for her with all that intense and longing desire which had falsely seemed love and joy of the whole living world. But it was not what it seemed. All the tenderness of a brother, all the affection of a father Adam had for Genie — emotions that now faded before the master spirit and the imperious flame of life. How little and pitiful arose the memory of Margarita Arralanes — how pale before this blood-fire of his senses! Life had failed him in his youth; life had cheated him. Yet he had risen on stepping-stones of agony to intenser love of that life. He had been faithful while life had mocked him.

There came a knocking at the gate of his mind. The tempter! The voice of the ser-

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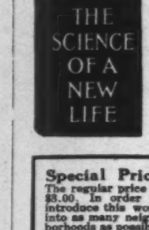
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